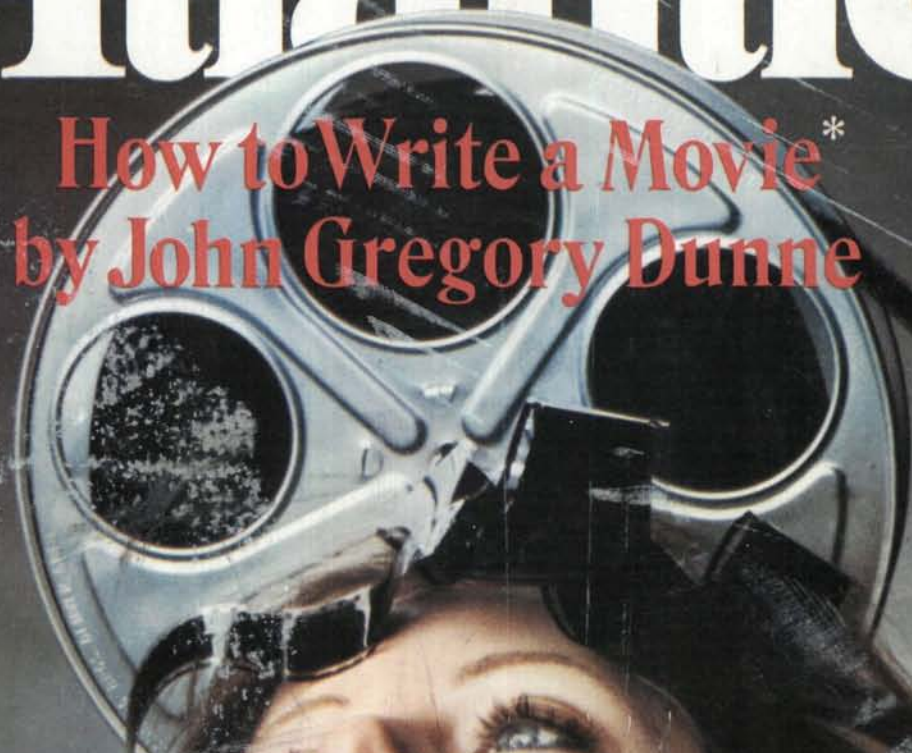


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THE EDITOR'S PAGE

It was not just another spring Saturday in Boston, not at 191 Commonwealth Avenue anyway. The magnolias that help to make the avenue one of the most beautiful in the world were losing their petals, but the flowering crab apples burst white against the brown façades and the stately green elms. Mrs. Louisa Thoron arose and breakfasted; one is tempted to say “as usual,” but it was more than a usual day. It was her hundredth birthday. On the day before she had gone to Symphony, as usual, and on the day after she would go to church, as usual. On this day she journeyed out for a birthday lunch with some friends and relatives and came home to enjoy, we hope, flowers sent by her admiring fellow residents of 191 Commonwealth.

The building in which she lives, a commodious and engagingly obsolescent structure of six stories, the first apartment building constructed in Boston’s land-filled Back Bay, is only slightly older than Louisa Thoron. The elms on which she has gazed for longer than anyone we know are slightly younger than she. And the tree just broken into leaf by the curb where the intrepid lady enters and leaves taxicabs is only a few months old. It is an earnest young flowering pear, planted a short time ago by Jedediah Morfit’s father to celebrate Jedediah’s arrival, the first child to be born at 191 Commonwealth in more years than any of us can remember. Sometimes, when Louisa Thoron emerges to savor her hundredth spring, Jedediah

Morfit emerges, too (with a little assistance), to savor his first.

There is something about this cast of characters—the old lady, the infant boy, the towering elms, the young pear tree, the new season—that perfumes the senses, that applies that ounce of civet to sweeten one’s morale at a sour time. Man indeed prevails. Life goes on, begins anew, goes on. These are useful truisms to entertain at a moment when talk abounds of crumbling institutions, failed concepts, inept leaders. They are thoughts appropriate, for example, as accompaniment to the comments in this issue of *The Atlantic* (beginning at page 63) about a proposal to change the way the country governs itself. An essay in the May *Atlantic* suggested abolition of the vice presidency of the United States. A majority of persons invited to comment on the article, including the present Vice President, find themselves trusting the system as it now stands.

“The Constitution is a good structure,” writes former Chief Justice Earl Warren. “Little harm has ever come to the nation as a result of following with integrity the principles embodied in it.” Wise and helpful words in a time of cynicism and confusion. We suspect they’ll be worth repeating when Jedediah’s tree is one hundred years old.

Robert Manning

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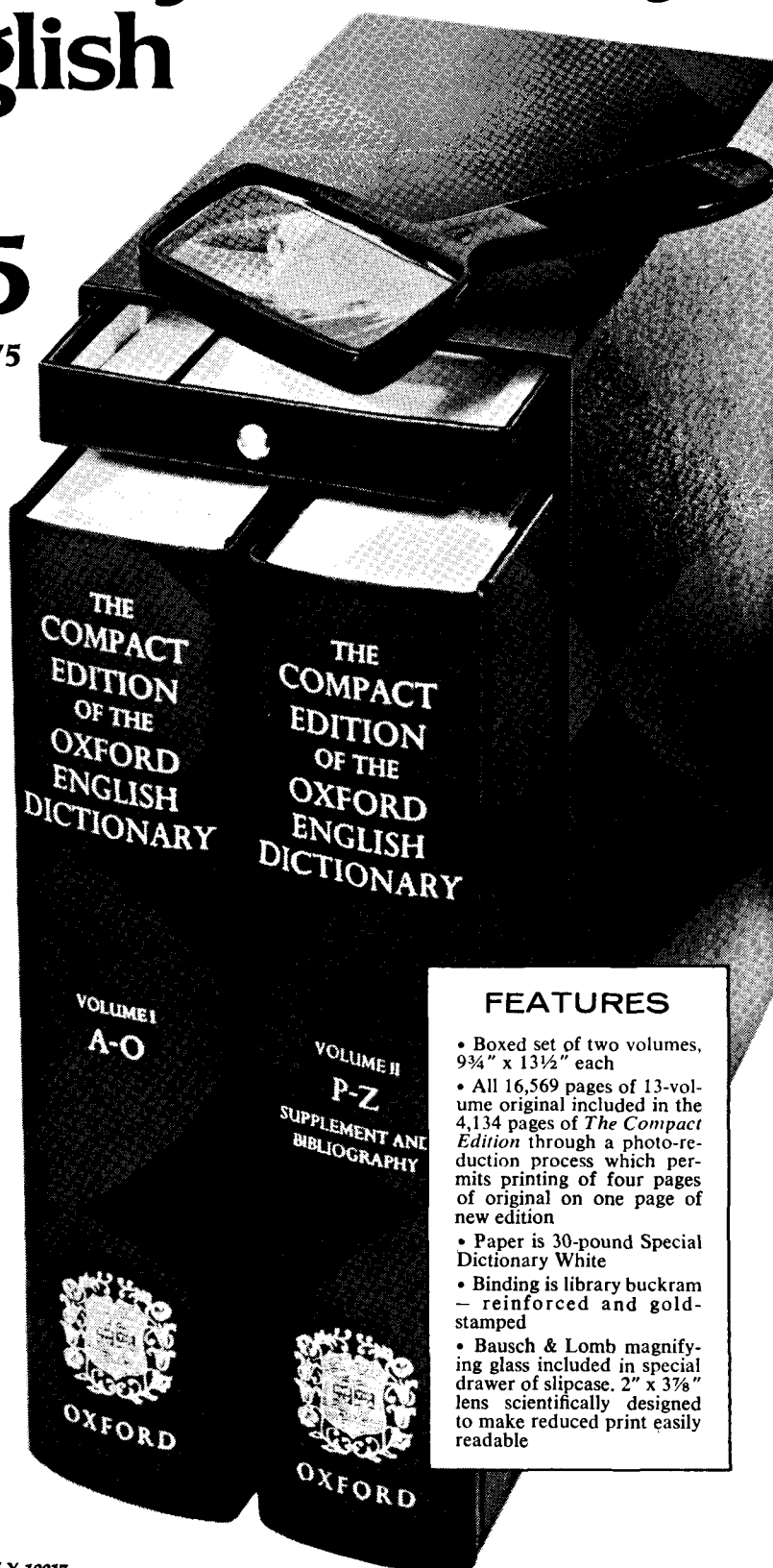
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REPORTS & COMMENT

THE VOLUNTEER ARMY

Fort Benning, Georgia, is a 285-square-mile ecological filigree of long-needle pine forests, ridges, swamps, clay banks, and foot-high anthills bordering lonesome pre-Civil War cemeteries, and networks of dirt trails and two-lane macadam highways named for long-forgotten heroes. It is one of America's last official sanctuaries of machismo, a place where middle-aged warriors direct textbook wars of their own design against imaginary enemies, using pistols loaded with blanks, with troopers who were adolescents when the officers were cursing real artillery falls in Vietnam. Fort Benning is the home of the 197th Infantry Brigade, one of the first and still best examples of the Nixon Administration's plan for an all-volunteer army, an end to the draft. As the plan goes into its second year of trial, all is not well at Fort Benning or with the Army.

Long good-bye

Some of the more gung-ho generals up north at the Pentagon see the volunteer army as the hottest device since Moshe Dayan invented the Israeli Defense Forces. It has been a handy excuse for instituting reforms delayed by the war, such as overhauling training methods and trimming deadwood. But their opinion was not always thus. Until recently the signals coming out of the Pentagon said, clearly, don't commit

yourself on the volunteer army. Stay loose and wait for the antiwar hysteria in Congress to pass and the retributions to play themselves out, and the draftees will be back. But the signals have changed. A warning has gone out from the Pentagon, and it is that the draft will not be back for a while. The volunteer army is the only army the generals are likely to have for some time, and they have received intimations that failure to make it work could bring personal retribution.

"We get some bad soldiers through the volunteer program, but we did in the draft system too," a battalion commander in the 197th remarked as our jeep bounced down a narrow dirt road in the middle of a Fort Benning forest after dusk. He was on his way to join the battalion for a night exercise. "I would say we're making the volunteer army work because we've got a lot of professional people who are taking the right attitude to make it work. Now, some of the noncommissioned officers and the lower-ranking commissioned guys are skeptical, and without the draft I don't get people with college degrees and skilled people like draftsmen to make pretty charts for me. I have to develop people to do that myself, and it makes me do a little more work." The officer, a stocky, graying lieutenant colonel from San Antonio named Charles Arneke, shrugged, as if it was of no consequence. As we lurched into the assembly area, I asked Arneke what he thought would happen if the volunteer army didn't work out. He wrinkled his nose, as if he smelled a trap.

"I think we can make a fighting unit out of the men we're getting now," he said.

"But what if you yourself come to a point where you can see it's just not working?"

Arneke thought for a long moment.

"We'll have to draft 'em," he allowed.

That is not likely to happen in the near future. If it even begins to appear that the draft will have to be restored because the volunteer army has flopped, there is every indication that supporters of the volunteer experiment in Congress would launch a hunt for scapegoats. Advocates of the plan in Congress and in the upper strata of President Nixon's Defense Department are chewing over a body of evidence suggesting that until about October, 1973, somebody in the Army was subtly undermining the system with the aim of provoking a quick restoration of the draft.

Sabotage?

"Nothing has been as traumatic for the Army since the removal of the Air Force in 1947," notes one civilian Defense official who asked not to be identified because he sees himself as being on the trail of saboteurs. "This is an institution that's in a state of virtual revolution. This thing is rocking the Army from top to bottom. Everybody's affected. It's hard to pinpoint where the resistance was coming from without saying who it was, which we can't do, simply because we're still trying to deal with the problem

and solve it permanently. We would have had some firings long before this if Watergate hadn't gotten in the way. The case has to be proven to people who are not inclined to believe it, like [White House chief of staff Alexander M.] Haig, who was never a friend of the volunteer army. I don't know if the President knows how much harm Haig can do us over there or not, just by not letting the word get through."

The Army's failures since the last draft call went out in January, 1973, were mostly in the area of recruiting. For the first nine months of the year, the Army consistently missed its enlistment goals, falling as low as 49 percent in April. During the same period the Navy hit above 90 percent five times and 100 percent twice. The Marines made their monthly goals all but twice, and the Air Force hit every month.

As the Army's lag became noticeable, Defense Department officials began wondering about a number of curious circumstances.

Item: In June, 1973, the Army chose to move its recruiting command from Washington, D.C., to Chicago. June is the very month when the Army normally expects to recruit its greatest number of high school graduates, and it also happens to have been the month when the volunteer force officially came into being. Naturally, the shift in location threw the recruiting command's communications and coordination out of step.

Item: Until Assistant Secretary of Defense for Manpower William Brehm ended the practice, the Army routinely tacked onto the next month's goal the number of men by which it missed its recruiting goal during the month just ending, thereby systematically inflating the monthly recruiting failure—on paper, anyway.

Item: The Army had 6500 recruiters in the field in July, 1972, when the draft was still in effect. By September, 1973—nine months after the draft had ended—the Army had *reduced* its on-station recruiting force by almost 18 percent at the recommendation of the Army's audit agency. The Army later claimed that this reduction was an innocent error in managerial judgment.

Item: Out of eighteen colonels and eight lieutenant colonels in the

recruiting command eligible for promotion last year, not one was promoted. Out of eighty-eight officers eligible for assignment to senior service schools, which are prerequisites for entry into the super ranks, not one was sent. This could be read either as evidence that the Army had picked unpromising officers to man its recruiting stations in the first place, or that it was deliberately discouraging promising officers from volunteering for recruiting duty.

"Adversaries"

One who holds the sabotage theory is Roger T. Kelley, a civilian whom a trial lawyer might call an expert witness. Kelley directed the Pentagon's switch to all-volunteer policies from 1969 to 1973 as Brehm's predecessor, and left the government last June. On his way out he set off a few explosions.

"As I leave I am very sensitive that the adversaries [of the volunteer system] are bolder and more frequent in their acts of sabotage against the system," Kelley told a wire service reporter as he was

cleaning out his desk. And: "I found more cooperation than resistance, but certainly enough resistance that it's a danger signal to my successor." And: "[Enemies of the system] can demonstrate a need for the draft by letting failures occur and then observe once again the services have missed their goal."

Since then Kelley has calmed a bit. "On balance I would give the armed forces decidedly high marks for making as much progress as was made in a relatively brief period of time in which the whole system was being turned around," he says. But, "I very deliberately used the term sabotage because any lack of willingness or positive commitment to make it work under the circumstances would be sabotage of the system, and I saw plenty of evidence of that. The draft system was more comfortable and secure, since all you had to do was reach into the well and call up more people whenever you had shortages. Military careerists could count on always having a sufficient number of people. The volunteer system puts you in competition with other employers



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VOLUNTEER ARMY

and therefore it demands considerably more leadership than does the draft system. I think—I know—some of the senior military leaders felt a good deal more secure with the draft.”

Kelley refuses to name culprits, but he says he puts the responsibility for the Army's failures “squarely on those who are running the service,” by which he clearly means to include General Creighton W. Abrams, the Army's chief of staff.

“Abrams has been very equivocal,” says a Defense Department official. “There was no clear pattern, and his commanders and everybody else in the Army interested in getting ahead are very alert to picking up that kind of equivocation from their chief. If the chief of staff is talking volunteer force, they're going to talk volunteer force. If he's not, they're not. It's a follow-the-leader game. That's what it's all about.”

Last October, Abrams called a conference of major commanders and ordered them—unequivocally—to get behind recruiting and push the volunteer system. Abrams' critics hold that this turnaround was a response to a visit to Army bases last August by Senator John C. Stennis, Democrat of Mississippi, chairman of the Armed Services Committee, after which Stennis publicly, and somewhat testily, warned that the volunteer system had better work because the draft was not going to be restored any time soon. Some sources believe that soon after the Stennis statement, former Secretary of Defense Melvin R. Laird, then Nixon's chief domestic counselor, either told Abrams directly or sent a warning to him that further deterioration would not be tolerated. In any case, the Army's performance suddenly took a radical turn. In November, the month after Abrams' conference, the Army hit its recruiting goal for the first time since the volunteer system had gone into effect. It surpassed its goal by 4 percent.

A spokesman for Abrams, Deputy Chief of Army Information Major General DeWitt C. Smith, Jr., discounts the talk of sabotage. “We be-

gan without knowing much,” he says. “We've been feeling our way, and we began with very bad luck in July, August, and September [of 1973]. But we took a major number of initiatives in policies and programs and revitalizing people in the recruiting effort across the board. I don't expect the volunteer army not to work. That would represent a total failure by all of us. We're not trained to failure and not accustomed to failure.”

Nixon's ploy

The more fundamental question—whether the volunteer army should be made to work—remains.

The system traces its parenthood back to 1967, and the warm-up of Richard M. Nixon's presidential campaign. One new member of his entourage was Martin Anderson—then thirty—a Republican economist associated with Milton Friedman and Arthur Burns. Anderson was interested in the issue of the volunteer army from a theoretical and ideological viewpoint. He is a conservative libertarian who believes in minimum interference by government in the lives of individuals, and so opposed conscription as unwarranted interference. The military had argued over the years that a volunteer army would be a poorly motivated, untrainable, undisciplined army. With the help of some young Ripon Society Republicans, Anderson marshaled the arguments rebutting this view and drafted a paper claiming exactly the opposite.

Anderson circulated the paper among his colleagues in the Nixon policy group. Although some thought that an all-volunteer force would lead to problems associated with a mercenary army, the consensus was favorable. If the system were militarily feasible it would be a legitimate piece of conservative thought. The more pragmatic wing of the Nixon team was pleased by the prospect of Nixon embracing a plan that would attract war-weary voters, and confuse and divide the antiwar movement. Coupled with Nixon's vague pledge to “end the war and win the peace,” the proposal seemed sure to confound further an already splintered and dispirited Democratic Party. Liberals in Congress were split on the issue,

some fearing that a volunteer force would encourage a President to use the Army recklessly, since he would be less likely to come under the kind of public and congressional scrutiny that commitment of an Army of draftees would invite. For varying reasons, liberals and conservatives worried about the prospect of a volunteer army heavily manned by poor, ill-educated blacks. Some liberals sided with conservatives who oppose the draft as an invasion of civil liberties. On the other side of the divide, some congressmen simply saw the volunteer force proposal as a painless way to cast an antiwar vote. Important opposition to the plan came from traditional conservatives such as those on the House Armed Services Committee, including F. Edward Hebert, Democrat of Louisiana, who is now the chairman; they felt that any such change would weaken the nation's military preparedness. Anderson's paper was a persuasive argument against that view—which Hebert, nevertheless, still holds.

Nixon endorsed the concept in late November, 1967, during an interview with a reporter on a campaign flight. He liked the response he got and continued to advocate the volunteer system all the way through the last weeks of the campaign, finally issuing a major policy declaration, written by Anderson, during a radio campaign speech in October, 1968.

Soon after his inauguration, Nixon appointed a commission headed by Eisenhower's Secretary of Defense Thomas S. Gates to make an official study of the military feasibility of the proposal. In due time the commission unanimously ratified the idea, and in April, 1970—at the height of student protests over U.S. involvement in the clandestine war in Laos and shortly before Nixon announced his decision to send U.S. forces into Cambodia—Nixon ordered the Defense Department to start planning for an all-volunteer force to go into effect by June, 1973. Though protests continued, an order that foreshadowed the end of the draft had obvious dampening effects.

“It's pretty simple,” says General William C. Westmoreland, then the Army's chief of staff, when dis-

cussing the volunteer army's origins. "It was a campaign problem of the President."

Westmoreland, who retired in July, 1972, had always opposed the concept, partly on philosophical grounds and partly because he was convinced the absence of the draft would deplete the Army reserve system, which he still believes cannot survive without the motivation of the draft to produce enlistees.

"I opposed ending the draft—not just the volunteer army," Westmoreland said in an interview in Charleston, South Carolina, shortly before he announced his candidacy for the Republican gubernatorial nomination. "The two are related, but it's an entirely different approach. The approach I had hoped for was to take extraordinary steps to increase the number of volunteers through increasing the pay and improving service attractiveness, putting more effort into our recruiting program, and improving professionalism. It was my opinion that with the inducement of the draft we could attract the volunteers we needed and we would not have had to exercise the draft very often, to a point where it would become politically odorous. From a social standpoint it seemed to me that our armed forces should represent a cross-section of America from the standpoint of economic status and ethnic and racial status of our society."

Black and white

Defense Department officials praise Westmoreland for suppressing his doubts about the system once Nixon ordered the planning to proceed. He appointed one of his most innovative generals, Lieutenant General George I. Forsythe, who had commanded the First Air Cavalry Division in Vietnam, and gave him wide powers to develop a program and budget and to oversee testing of the system at three sites: Fort Carson, Colorado; Fort Ord, California; and Fort Benning. But bureaucratic resistance began to develop almost immediately.

"I don't think the Army is completely with it yet," says Forsythe, who has also since retired. "The performance is still spotty. But there are a lot of young generals coming

along now who understand what needs to be done, and they are doing it. At first there was a sense of insecurity on the part of a lot of officers and noncommissioned officers. This is a frightening experience for many people."

"Everything we do here is geared toward professionalism," says Fort Benning's 197th Brigade Commander, Colonel William R. Steele, a tall, bushy-eyebrowed, forty-four-year-old veteran of twenty-three years in the Army. He has a polished manner that fits an officer who once served as Westmoreland's senior aide. Steele regards command of the 197th as "the best job in the Army."

The brigade intelligence and civil affairs officer, Lieutenant Colonel Douglas Snell, was standing at rigid parade rest between two easels, flipping charts as Steele flowed through his narration. Off to the side on a sofa were Steele's deputy commander, Lieutenant Colonel Watha J. Eddins, Jr., and the brigade information officer, a forty-one-year-old black major, Willie R. Cage, Jr.

Like most combat units, the 197th has a high proportion of black soldiers. Steele estimates that blacks account for 31 to 33 percent of the brigade's approximately 4300 men, compared to an Army-wide figure of 20 percent. Blacks form about 13 percent of the total U.S. population. Steele said he couldn't furnish statistics for the black-white ratio in the front-line rifle and mortar platoons, but from what I saw at Fort Benning I estimated some of these units were from 50 to 75 percent black.

Less than 11 percent of the unit's 275 officers are black, and Major Cage is the only black officer above the rank of captain. Race relations in the 197th appear to be good, however, with no racial incidents showing on Steele's charts so far in 1974, though there were two in 1973 and six in 1972. Steele credits the brigade's active race relations program of classes and seminars with this improvement. Good or bad, the upward trend of black enlistments in the Army has been more or less steady since February, 1973, peaking at 34.1 percent in August and averaging 27 percent in fiscal 1974. In 1970, 13.2 percent of the Army was black, compared to 17 percent

in 1972 and the current figure of 20 percent.

Cage and I had lunch at the battalion's headquarters mess hall, a large, hollow room with linoleum floors, water pipes exposed along the ceiling, and furnished with wooden tables, covered with red plastic sheets, and molded turquoise plastic chairs. Cage broke into a group of black troopers who had just come in and were making their way through the cafeteria-style serving line. "Tony, are y'all waiting for hamburgers?" a distinctly white Southern voice called from behind us. "Yeah," replied one of the black privates.

The Southern voice belonged to Captain Harold E. McClelland, the headquarters company commander, a bony, twenty-seven-year-old native of Montgomery, Alabama. As we moved around the hamburger line he apologized for the confusion. "When the mess hall is redesigned, the short-order area will be moved so we don't have the mess we have here," he said.

After lunch McClelland took me upstairs for a look at the barracks. All the enlisted quarters are undergoing remodeling to conform more closely with the Army's recruiting poster promises. The rooms I saw still had a long way to go.

The first one we came to was painted a sort of traffic-signal yellow and had seven months' worth of *Playboy* centerfolds hanging on the walls. "We allow anything on the wall as long as they're not too ridiculous, like hard-core pornography," McClelland said. "They're allowed to decorate and paint their rooms any way they want."

As we entered, five black soldiers were gathered at the rear of the room near a portable radio that was playing soul music, very loud. One looked around at us, lowered his gaze, and turned back. After several moments McClelland said in a low, intense drawl that pierced the music, "Can you come to attention?" They turned and stiffened, faces blank. The one nearest the radio switched it off.

"Where do you belong? Where are you supposed to be right now?" McClelland asked in the same tone of voice.

One of the men made a muffled reply. After an awkward silence,

VOLUNTEER ARMY

they filed out one by one. When they were gone McClelland dropped his stern pose and grinned sheepishly. "They're some of our problem children," he said. He looked up at Cage and then amended, "Not really."

The room looked depressingly bare, despite two handsome Army-issued mahogany dressers and a desk, all of which Cage told me later were made by Duncan Phyfe. Other items included three plain wooden chairs and a pair of battered, dull gray metal lockers. The floor had no rug. Two metal frame bunks covered by sagging Army blankets projected from the wall. The other rooms looked much the same. Many had pinups, mostly of nude black women in provocative poses, and hand-painted posters carrying antidrug and religious slogans. There were also photographs of younger brothers and sisters, girlfriends, parents, and on a wall in one room a letter from something called the National Photographers Album Company. It began, "Dear _____: Your credit record is one of your most valuable possessions. . . . Your payment is past due. . . ."

What can money buy?

Money is one of the keys to the volunteer force. In 1968 recruits received \$102.30 a month. Now they get \$326, a raise of more than 200 percent, and salaries go up to \$363 after two months' service, plus, of course, free room, board, and medical care. Privates with dependents receive an additional \$105 a month. There is a \$2500 bonus for service in a combat unit, and everyone gets a bonus of up to \$10,000 for reenlisting.

Supporters of the volunteer system say a soldier getting this kind of pay should be sufficiently motivated and well-disciplined, considering the fact that he volunteered. But it was the almost unanimous opinion of the noncommissioned officers and commissioned officers at the company level whom I talked to (when out of range of senior officers) that money has bought neither motivation nor discipline. One dis-

senter was a thirty-four-year-old staff sergeant from Kentucky whose platoon was practicing setting up mortars in a remote part of Fort Benning. The unit was the first he had been in charge of training since the end of the draft. "I haven't had any discipline problems," said Sergeant Billy M. Whitaker, a fifteen-year veteran. "It surprised me. Usually you have a few bad eggs at least."

However, a black lieutenant in the field with a support battalion said, "We're getting immature soldiers and guys out of jail, where the judge orders him to join the Army or else. You can't do anything with them a lot of the time. Guys below the rank of Spec. 4 can't see the need for some of the things we do, and you can't get the backing of higher-ups when you call them for discipline problems."

"A couple of months ago I surprised some troopers who were trying to lift the hubcaps off my car, which was parked on one of the brigade streets," the lieutenant said. "One of them took a shot at me as they got away in another car. The Army refused to prosecute, even though I later identified the men, because there were no corroborating witnesses."

"I *think* there's a lot of politics involved in this," grumbled a thirty-seven-year-old sergeant first class who was in charge of a mortar platoon. "If you have a big scuttle and a whole bunch of guys are kicked out of the Army on account of discipline problems, it's going to be in the news real fast and people are going to be embarrassed. So the higher-ups are afraid. They take a private's word for something before they do a platoon leader's or even a company commander's."

One of the sergeant's squad leaders, a black Spec. 5, nodded in agreement. "Once I had to tell my squad in the unit I just came from in Korea [where the Army is about 90 percent volunteer] that we had orders to move a hundred meters to the rear and let the other two squads stay up on the line and make a lazy W. And what they said was, 'Why the hell does it have to be our squad? Why can't it be the one over there? How come we have to move this heavy thing? Let them come over and help us.'"

"If that happened, the man ought

to be a private instead of a Spec. 5," snapped General Smith, the information deputy, when I told him that story. "There really is no connection at all between the volunteer army and permissiveness. I don't think the shout, kick, and shove school of discipline is necessary and I don't think it's effective. But when they say they can't get people to obey them with alacrity and sharpness and so on, I just think the people who say that are not effective leaders."

If so, the 197th has a serious leadership problem. The volunteers themselves, mostly eighteen- to twenty-year-olds from towns, cities, and farms in the Southeast, seem for the most part bewildered and unsure of themselves. Many acknowledged that they had spent their entire bonuses during short leaves and were left wondering what they had gotten themselves into.

Drug use appears to be rising at the 197th, though it involves mostly marihuana, Colonel Steele says, and the upward statistical trend may be due to better methods of detection such as the use of dogs trained to discern the odor of marihuana. In fiscal 1972, the battalion arrested 114 men for drug use, compared to 155 in fiscal 1973 and 114 in the first half of 1974. "Very seldom do we find a hard-drug user," Steele says, "and most of those get identified pretty quickly." The Department of the Army reported at the beginning of 1974 that the trend in identified drug use was "generally level" and that the Army's policy was to rehabilitate drug (and alcohol) abusers or to discharge them when they cannot be rehabilitated "within a reasonable period."

One person who is convinced the volunteer army is bound for failure is former Lieutenant Joe Hooper, thirty-six, the most decorated soldier to come out of Vietnam, according to the information officer at his last duty station, Fort Polk, Louisiana. Hooper's chestful of ribbons includes a Medal of Honor, delivered personally to him by President Nixon. Hooper quit the Army in January after seventeen and a half years of service, two and a half years short of eligibility for full retirement, partly because his battlefield commission was about to expire and partly because he

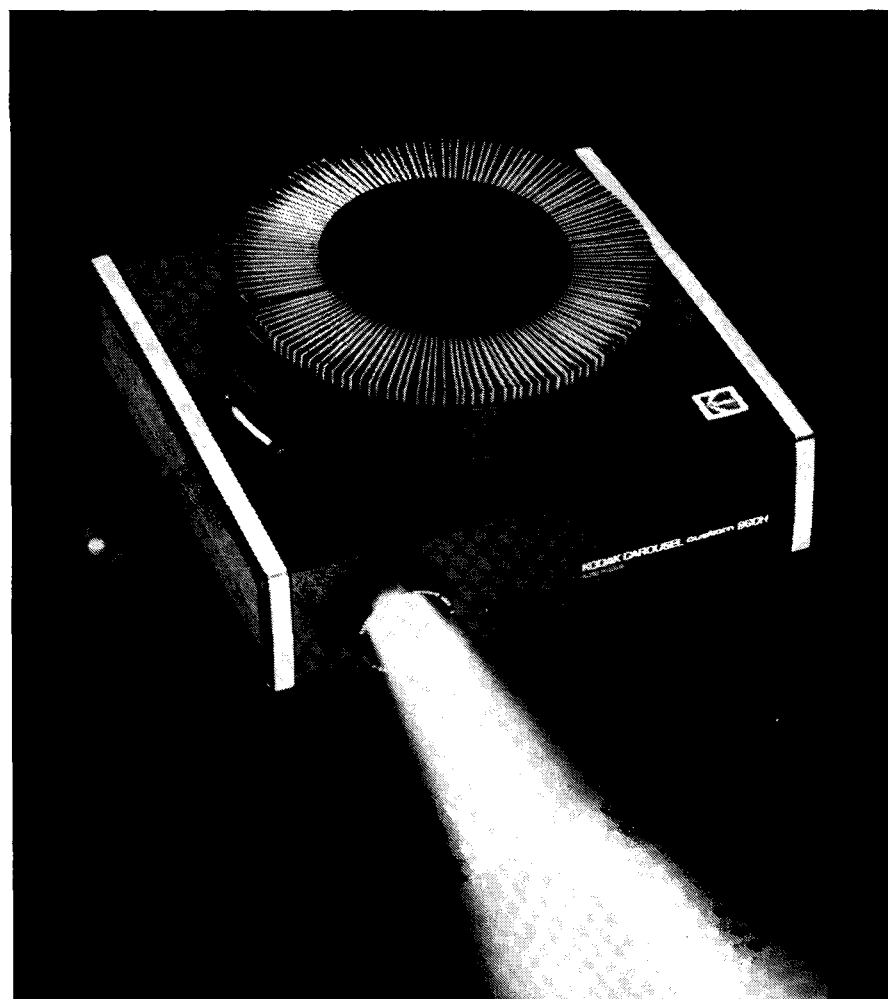
couldn't stand the volunteer army.

"I would just as soon be a private as a general as long as I'm happy with what I'm doing," Hooper says. "But you see what's happening and you become discouraged. There's no discipline now, or it's just way, way, way down. The Army would fall apart if it had to go into combat now. We're a third-rate military power, and the officers are afraid to say anything because they're running scared."

Though much of what Hooper and others have to say about the volunteer army may be owing to natural resistance to change, one is still left with a dour picture.

The last time the United States had a volunteer army was shortly after World War II, when Harry S. Truman allowed the draft to die, to the general applause of a war-worn and politically hostile Congress. After a disastrous recruiting effort, Truman went back to Capitol Hill in 1947 and pleaded for restoration of the draft.

The problems haunting today's volunteer army experiment can be summed up this way. First, it seems clear that no army is likely to perform well in combat if officers and noncommissioned officers who are directing the fighting have to argue with troops about tactics. Second, assuming the volunteer army could be turned into a military success, one can't discount the danger of an essentially mercenary force at the disposal of a President given to arbitrary decisions. As Adam Yarmolinsky, who served in Robert McNamara's Defense Department, put it recently, "If this great hulking creature is allowed to go bumping about in American society and the rest of the world, the range of consequences runs from broken china to shattered civilizations." And yet, third, a return to the draft system, with its gross class inequities, would be almost impossible to legislate now. (If the volunteer army fails disastrously, there could be a move to a universal service system, under which a person could choose between spending two years in uniform or two years in a government-sponsored civilian occupation serving the public in some way, for example helping alleviate the shortage of health service manpower. This idea was dismissed by Con-



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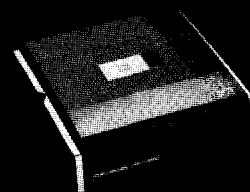
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gress without debate as it considered the volunteer army scheme.)

For now officers such as Lieutenant Colonel Arneke are likely to continue running volunteer troops through night operations and the like even though the operations look more and more like empty charades. Before I left Arneke's exercise around midnight, one of his soldiers collapsed and swallowed his tongue and had to be taken out of the field by helicopter. The medic who first looked at the soldier reported that it looked like a drug overdose.

I caught up with Arneke about 2 P.M. the next day. He seemed as energetic as before, even though he said he had slept only three and a half hours. He was poring over a map propped up on the hood of his jeep, which was parked near his command post tent on a bed of pine needles. His fatigues were starched to a marble finish and his boots were gleaming.

"We had a pretty good time last night," he said. "Alpha Company crossed the starting point, here, about 12:45, and Bravo went along Red Arrow Road to the north. Once they got moving we turned the scout platoon into aggressor troops and set up ambush sites. Bravo moved up so fast that they passed through before the aggressors got set up. Charlie came along seven hundred meters behind and was caught with an M-60 machine gun. Charlie dispersed along the road and sent out an element to find out what had fired on them, and as soon as they got squared away they were hit with tear gas."

Arneke stared at the map, and absentmindedly fingered his scarf.

"I had planned to start a voluntary night withdrawal tonight, leave a third of the people in position and deceptively withdraw the main force to another position, but I dunno. . . . I'm thinking now about trying a night attack. It's a much more complicated maneuver."

He looked around for his deputy commander and then remembered he was asleep in the tent.

"Go wake up Major Windham," Arneke said to a droopy-eyed soldier standing nearby.

The soldier wandered off.

"What the hell, I think I'll do a night attack."

—DONALD SMITH

POPE PAUL

Greeting a line of visitors at an audience, Pope Paul VI grasps their arms firmly, as a man trying to keep his balance might. His gray eyes, as surprising as pools of clear water in an old quarry, hold each guest firmly for a moment. He is indeed getting his balance, forgetting for a while the furies of the world and of the Church he leads, as well as the severe judgments that have been made about his more than ten years in office. Writer Malachi Martin calls him the first "un-pope," and author Garry Wills accuses him of "unerring maladroitness" in "wrecking . . . the Roman Catholic Church's institution." Even psychologist B. F. Skinner, reflecting on the problems of Catholicism, says, "I think the Pope should move out of Rome. He seems to get a lot of bad advice there."

As Irving R. Levine noted in *The Atlantic* (September, 1970), many observers consider Paul a pope battling somewhat ambivalently to preserve the Roman Church against the reformers who challenge its authority from within. Despite his preoccupation with such internal pressures, Paul has not abandoned the heritage of renewal bequeathed to him by John XXIII. He has moved at his own pace in his attempts to transform the Catholic Church, keeping an undramatic but consistent schedule aimed at long-range change both inside and outside the Vatican. "The apostolic art," he wrote in his first encyclical, "is a risky one." And so, in a strategy that has done little to please progressives or conservative ideologues, he has exercised it.

Détente

He has internationalized the character of the papacy. Through journeys to almost all the continents, Pope Paul has repudiated the "prisoner of the Vatican" identity that had prevailed for so many generations. It is no longer a surprise to hear that the Pope has left Rome; he has become a visible, mobile presence in the world.

He has also internationalized the consciousness of the Church in

terms of its commitment to the Third World, to which one of his first major encyclicals was addressed. "Development," he wrote then and has repeated many times, "is the new name for peace." He has extended the Church's contacts with non-Christian religions, meeting with their leaders at the Vatican and strongly supporting the new Vatican office set up to formalize this effort at dialogue. As he mentioned in a talk on his tenth anniversary as Pope, the doubled number of countries that established diplomatic relations with the Vatican during that time "are mainly non-Western and non-Christian in culture."

He has extended the Church's diplomatic dealings with Communist countries, especially in Eastern Europe, where his version of ecclesiastical détente has resulted in improved political relationships and a broadening of rights for Catholics in those lands. This represents an enormous conversion of the foreign policy of the Church, which once conceived of itself as the unfailing bulwark against what it has always described as "atheistic Communism." The opening notes of an overture to mainland China were sounded last fall by Vatican diplomats in a high-powered conference on relationships with the People's Republic. Paul has also publicly applauded the United States' new relations with China and Russia as an example of hope, of "something new . . . happening in the world." None of these things could have taken place had a draft document condemning Communism come to the floor during the last session of Vatican Council II. Only with Paul's approval was this proposal tabled. It was also his pragmatic political work to persuade Cardinal Joseph Mindszenty to leave his exile at the American legation in Budapest and finally to resign as primate of Hungary; he thus removed a major anti-Communist symbol from Eastern Europe.

He has introduced reforms in the Roman Curia, the central, long-entrenched, and mainly Italian body of careerist administrators with whom even Pope John XXIII hesitated to do battle. Paul has overseen a revamping of the various departments of the Church, breaking the blade of their previous power by making the top jobs into five-year

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POPE PAUL

renewable appointments rather than lifetime rewards for ecclesiastical civil servants. Paul has also managed to introduce mandatory retirement for bishops at seventy-five and has surprised many powerful prelates by accepting what they had presumed were only pro forma letters of resignation when they submitted them. Not even the United States Congress has been able to come up with such a practical solution for superannuated committee chairmen. Pope Paul has, of course, reinforced his own authority by ending the long tradition of bishops dying with their miters on.

In the heady atmosphere toward the end of Vatican Council II, many reformers suggested that the time was right to abolish altogether what was considered the outmoded College of Cardinals. Paul's response has been rather to enlarge the number of cardinals and internationalize the composition of the group once heavily dominated by Italians. Red hats have gone to new countries in Africa and Polynesia where the Church is still young and growing. He is thereby reshaping this ancient body of counselors, infusing it with fresh viewpoints that are bound to have a long-term effect on Church policy.

While he managed this, Paul also stripped all cardinals over eighty of their active vote in future papal elections, thus breaking the electoral influence of a potentially powerful bloc of old-time churchmen. Paul, in another symbolic gesture, was the first pope to address the cardinals without the swords of the Swiss Guard at the ready. Every time Paul names new cardinals he uses the occasion to simplify the installation ceremonies. Gone now are the yards of red watered silk, flowing trains, and buckled red shoes, as well as half the rituals formerly associated with the office.

The eight-hundred-year-old procedure for choosing his successor now includes patriarchs from Lebanon, Iraq, and Egypt in the list of electors. This obvious gesture to Catholics in countries sympathetic to Arab causes balances his recent efforts for better Church relations with Israel, symbolized by his somewhat chilly

audience with Golda Meir early in 1973.

Paul has made repeated efforts to decentralize the Church by increasing his collaboration with bishops and introducing democratic parish councils in the most remote parishes of Christendom.

Merely by breaking the once tight curial grasp on all ecclesiastical decisions, he has reintroduced a healthy tension into Church administration. The various countries now have their own national conferences of bishops to decide on many issues and policies—such as seminary training—that formerly had to be referred to the home office in Rome. Perhaps the most powerful symbol of his commitment to a decentralized Church will come with the proposed dissolution of the six-hundred-year-old Sacred Roman Rota, a Vatican tribunal which has had exclusive jurisdiction over petitions for the annulment of Catholic marriages. This right would be given to diocesan courts in individual countries. Such a practical move would not only simplify the question of dealing with Catholic marriage cases but would alter Rome's image of insisting on the last say on all Church matters. This also opens the way further for the influence of non-Roman and non-Western thinking on ecclesiastical policies.

Storm

Paul has never publicly rebuked those theologians who have disagreed with *Humanae Vitae*, his 1968 encyclical letter on birth regulation. His silence has been interpreted by many as a symbol of his willingness to allow appropriate theological discussion to proceed after he had repeated the traditional teaching of the Church on the subject. There is no doubt that the storm which arose over this encyclical has overshadowed almost everything else he has done.

Some observers feel that, in judging public reaction, his mistakes are seldom small ones. Evidence of this was found in his encouragement of the unsuccessful bishops' campaign to overturn the Italian divorce laws in May.

Paul has introduced subtle changes in a wide variety of Church practices. For example, within a few

months of issuing a fairly traditional statement on woman's relatively small and controlled role in Catholic services, he also set up an international study commission to assay the needs and place of women in the Church. Shortly after, he received feminist leader Betty Friedan in a brief but hardly accidental audience. "We wish to thank you," he told her, "and congratulate you on your work."

A few months later, in a lengthy encyclical, he spoke of the Virgin Mary as the prototype of the modern liberated woman rather than as the passive maternal figure of a thousand Church paintings and statues.

His tenth anniversary as Pope was marked by a cultural celebration in the Vatican: a concert directed by Leonard Bernstein followed by the opening of new galleries in the Vatican Museum for the exhibition of modern art, including that of Picasso, Klee, and Matisse, as well as Americans Ben Shahn and Jack Levine. The new gallery was set up in the Borgia apartments adjoining the Sistine Chapel. Paul's reflections on this occasion, in the form of a dialogue with himself, reveal more about his sensitivity and style than do many of his more strictly ecclesiastical writings and comments. Observing that the Church's past tradition of patronizing art had become "almost sterile," he asked, "would the Church have only museums, jealous custodians of the work of ancient artists, only superb and magnificent cemeteries therefore, to offer for our admiration and imitation?" He continued with a defense of the subjectivity of modern artists: "It obliges us to get to know it . . . to read within the soul of the artist, or rather the contemporary soul, whose interpreter and sensitive mirror he becomes, whether he realizes it or not."

Paul's appointments to significant posts have brought new national representations to some of the Church's most sensitive jobs, positions which had been in the hands of old-line Italian churchmen for generations. Such, for example, was his appointment in 1969 of the French Cardinal Jean Villot as Vatican secretary of state and of a Belgian archbishop, Jean Jadot, as the papal representative in Washington.

Jadot, a soft-spoken non-curialist who publicly defended fellow countryman Cardinal Leo Suenens against high-level Vatican criticism of his liberal positions a few years ago, is a sharp contrast to his Italian career diplomat predecessors. They had gained a reputation for operating like military governors in a still basically Roman ecclesiastical empire. Jadot told an old friend that the Pope had spoken simply and directly to him before he left for America: "This is our number-one post, and we must change the image of what the Pope's representative is in Washington."

One thing is clear: what Jadot does is precisely what Paul VI wants done in the American Church. The best example is the recent appointment of two strongly progressive men, William Borders and Peter Gerety, to become, respectively, archbishops of Baltimore and Newark. Roman observers say that Paul has sent a clear expression of his displeasure to the American bishops who failed to support the strong papal initiatives to end the war in Vietnam. It is extraordinary that the impetus for greater forward movement in the American Church has come not from its own, generally conservative, bishops but from Rome. The leadership in reforming the American Catholic Church seems to be in the hands of Paul VI.

"Accept me"

Paul's own somewhat elusive personality is at the heart of these systematic changes, all of which are built on the value of symbols and their power to outlast temporary disputes and wordy official decrees. Pope Paul VI has relied heavily on symbolic gestures to communicate his deepest convictions, much as did the apostle Paul, from whom the present Pope takes his name, and with whose approach to the Church he closely identifies.

The apostle Paul is regarded as the figure who brought the teachings of the infant Christian community to the world beyond Jerusalem. He is considered a mystical theological activist, as famous for his journeys as for his cosmic religious vision and his personal sense of an almost predestined role in it. The present Pope spoke to the Church

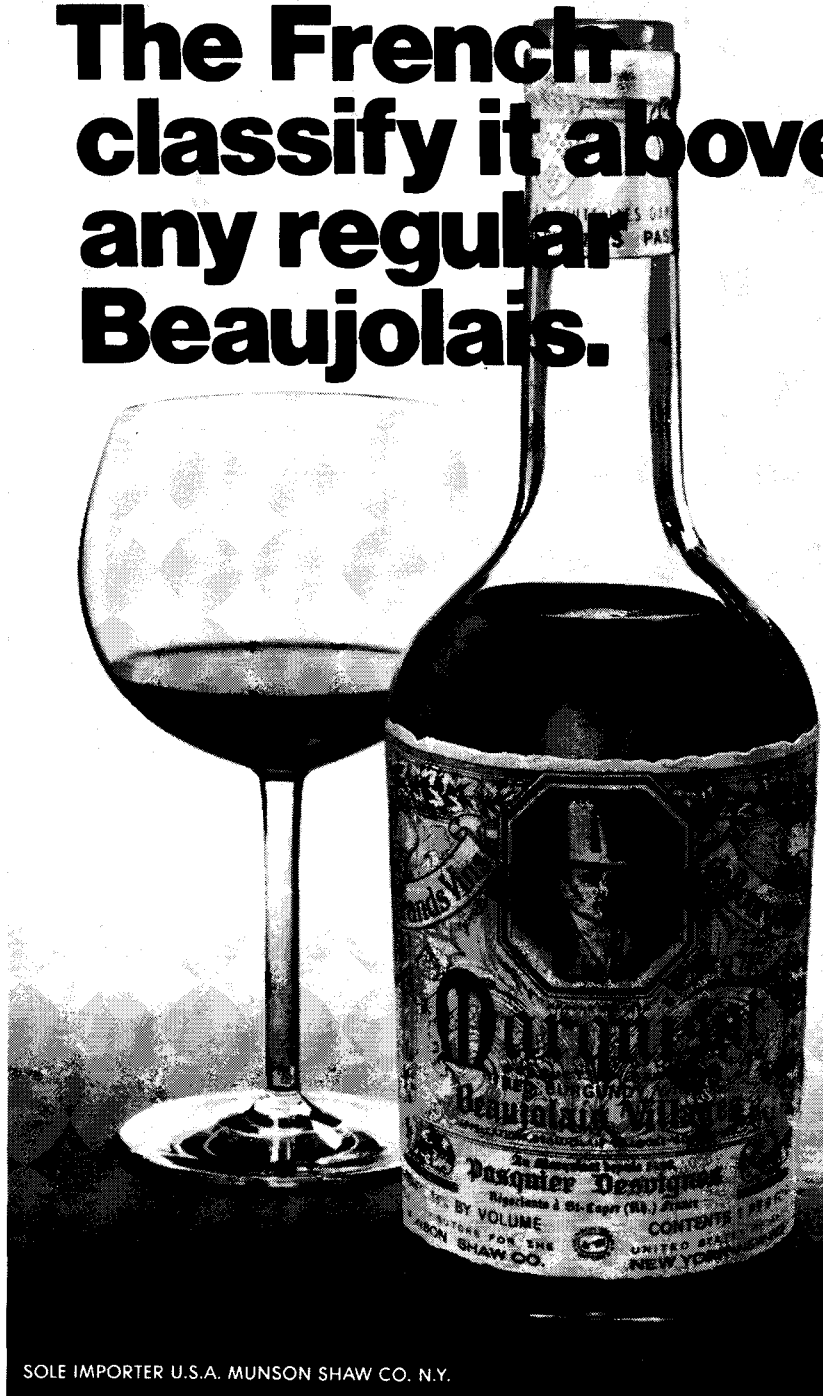
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POPE PAUL

and the world in the selection of his name and in the series of journeys on which he embarked after his election. His chief point of identification with the early apostle may be his sense of religious tradition and his mission to transform it without destroying its riches. What the apostle named Paul did, while mindful of his Jewish heritage, the Pope named Paul builds on, aware of the Roman Church's history, while almost painfully accepting the charge of leading it into a new age.

Both men could be described as emotional, public sufferers, agonizers over the challenges and the hurts and misunderstandings they sustain repeatedly. Just as the apostle Paul upbraided the Christians in his early communities when they failed to respond to his urgings, so the present Pope, shaking and frail, sometimes expresses his own frustrations in a manner that leaves his hearers stunned by his unexpected intensity. Such was the case in the fall of 1972, when he

denounced the devil as a personal presence whose "smoke and stench" could be felt in the Church; so too, a year later, trembling on the edge of tears in a ceremony at the basilica church of St. John Lateran, he lamented the number of priests who have resigned from the Church's ministry: "Accept me. Don't despise me. I am the Vicar of Christ. . . ." The Pope's obviously beleaguered humanity breaks through in such moments.

Pope Paul shares what theologian Richard Rubenstein calls "a symbolic consciousness" with the apostle Paul; he consistently does a modern thing in an old-fashioned manner, betting on the substance of the action to endure long after its circumstances or superficial characteristics have been forgotten. Paul described his style in a recent address to the College of Cardinals: "We will be able to continue in this effort, which we have very much at heart, to contribute to the happy synthesis of new and old, of tradition and reform, of conserving and updating. . . ." Thus, he has traveled throughout the world in a jet com-

partment at 600 miles per hour while attired in the ancient white cassock of his office and in the company of a retinue of aides who look as though they have just stepped out of a medieval painting. He writes a historic letter about the modern problems of the Third World and its need for development, but he does it in the venerable and highly stylized form of a Latin encyclical, *Populorum Progressio*. It is always the mixed action, the gesture of an artist-diplomat which demands interpretation. The symbols are never radical enough for progressives, and they are not restrained enough for conservatives. As an American bishop says of Paul's style, "He is always stating a progressive principle and then pulling back a little from it, hedging it around with legislation that seems to contradict it. He knows, however, that the hedge will wither away and that the main principle will survive into the future."

Sour rind

Giovanni Montini was not surprised to be elected Pope. Only in scenarios by novelist Morris West do romantic and astonishing things occur during the conclaves at which popes are chosen. Montini fell into a class of polished and talented ecclesiastics who spend their careers, frequently in the diplomatic service, learning how to be Pope. The sequence has been followed so regularly in the selection of modern popes that a relatively small number of able men is almost always identifiable as likely candidates. They are always Italian, and they have spent a long apprenticeship in the service of the Church.

Montini, son of a journalist and politician, was obviously on the road to the papacy long before his election. He had known high honors and intimate secrets of Vatican procedure as a chief diplomatic aide to Pope Pius XII. He had even tasted the sour rind of Vatican politics when, in what has come to be known as "Operazione Giuseppe," in honor of the cardinal who engineered it, he was sent, supposedly because of his progressive views on Italian Catholic Action, to head the archdiocese of Milan in 1954. Montini had ample time to consider



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to

M. F. BEAL

for her book in progress entitled *AMAZON ONE*, a novel dealing with a West Coast radical feminist collective and its encounters with the law, conventional society and the discontinuities of radical belief. M. F. Beal, a writer and teacher of English at Fresno State College in California, is a strikingly original writer whose stories have appeared in *The Atlantic*, *The New American Review*, and in various anthologies. Her book will be published by Atlantic-Little, Brown.

what he might do if he ever became Pope.

There were plenty of indications that he was the choice of his predecessor, Pope John XXIII, who put him at the top of his initial list of cardinals, calling him his "*prima creatura*," and giving him the white typewriter which Pope Pius XII had used to send a torrent of papal communications to the world. John, for all his homely warmth, also understood the complexities of the reform which he instituted when he convened an ecumenical council. He knew that continued reform would require a man of experience and subtlety, an ecclesiastic with long and close experience in the Church, a man, in other words, very much like Giovanni Montini, whom he affectionately called "my Benjamin."

When John died and the world wept, Montini traveled from Milan, where he had been visited by the conclave-bound and power-wise Cardinal Francis Spellman of New York, with an awareness that he was the leading candidate. Never naïve, he understood the political realities of becoming Pope just as he appreciated the expectations made on him as a reformer.

Rome is a difficult city in which to carry out any program of change. It is a city that has learned to survive, to suffer, and finally to absorb a wide variety of human experience. In the city, and in the ecclesiastical city within it, men have learned to accommodate themselves to history, to wait it out with a combination of shrugs and knowing winks that buy time and ward off the evil one until a new cycle begins. The Church itself had learned survival through adjustment—to anarchy, dictators, and democracy, and to a long list of saints, sinners, and reformers. Paul must have had a feeling for the conservative resiliency of the Church bureaucracy as well as for its weaknesses and its inability to transform itself overnight. Time has always been different in the Eternal City; Paul has understood this and, in fact, has used Rome's long temporal perspective as an instrument of gradual change.

Paul was faced with the challenge of maintaining the central authority of the papal office while trying to carry out his program. He has, in fact, always mixed his gestures of

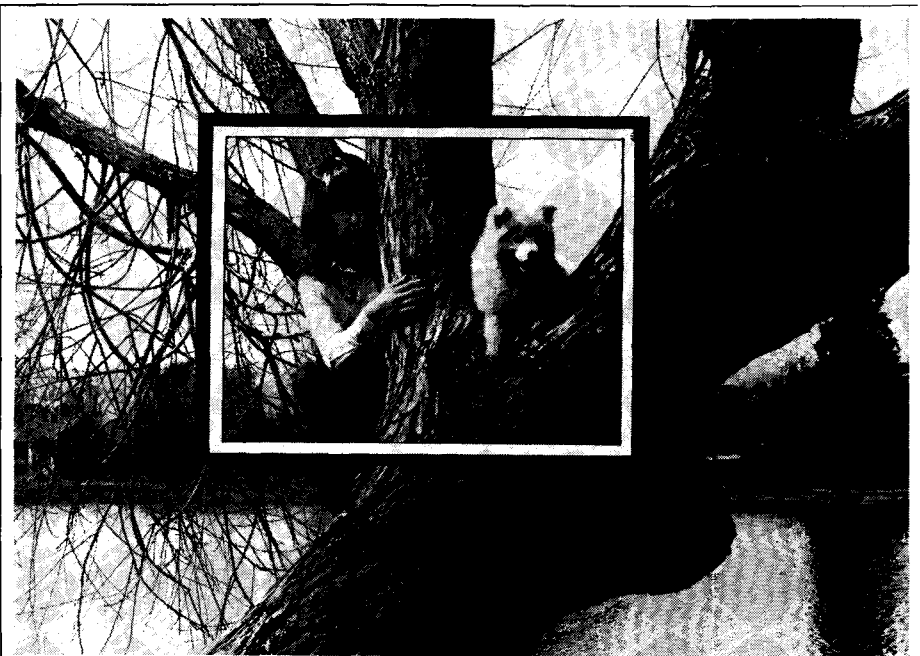
reform, on the one hand speaking of wide participation in Church activities and on the other insisting on his own rights and privileges as Peter's successor. He has, for example, called many newly named bishops to Rome to be ordained personally by him in recent years; it is a clear demonstration of his wish for close bonds and loyal responses to insure the kind of unity among Catholics that has been powerfully symbolized by the office of the papacy. The changes he has made have been subtle. For example, Paul inspired the talk about his own possible resignation on his seventy-fifth birthday; his purpose was not to resign but to make the subject discussable on the practical level. Paul, by beginning changes, has made it possible for his successors to complete them.

To carry out such a plan has clearly cost Paul VI an enormous amount of physical and mental energy. He seems a man drained by his burdens, a man who does not appear to enjoy much of what goes with being head of the Church, a man who may wonder whether he

has lost his bet on slow change. Nor has he received much support from some progressive Church leaders who have misread or have grown impatient with his studied moves toward reform.

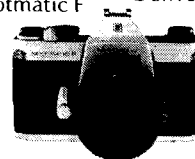
On the occasion of the 1971 synod of the world's bishops held to discuss the priesthood, for example, Paul indicated his willingness to have the delegates introduce the idea of ordaining married men. The Pope opened the door only a crack, but he was inviting others to push it open the rest of the way. Under a barrage of conservative criticism led by the lordly Cardinal William Conway of Ireland against any possible change in the traditional law of celibacy, the progressives stepped back and the door closed tightly on the discussion. Church progressives frequently fail to unite on even minor questions of change. This has left the balance of power in the hands of conservatives and has led the Pope to the kind of political innovation he has currently exercised in the American Church.

If he has experienced difficulty in communicating his intentions to his



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POPE PAUL

bishops, the Pope has had even greater problems in projecting himself and his aims to the average Catholic who lives with little consciousness of or concern for symbols of reform. In cold fact, he has failed to win the hearts of the world's people. Many well-educated Catholics feel that his reiteration of an unmodified Church position on birth control has led to inattention if not marked disregard for the authority of papal teaching.

His efforts to use the once-powerful network of pulpits to rally support for political issues have met with serious rebuffs, as in the recent vote maintaining Italy's divorce laws by a three-to-two margin. Indeed, the last vestiges of the Vatican's favored temporal position may soon be voted away by the Italian Catholics who no longer automatically respond to papal signals.

"*Il paisano!*"

Paul has also been known as a man of great feeling, a person whose vulnerability runs to emotional involvement rather than aloofness. As a substitute secretary of state under Pope Pius XII, he was always behind schedule because he became so concerned about his visitors' problems that he could not turn them out without a genuine show of sympathy and concern. "That's still his problem," notes a high-ranking American priest working in Rome. "He just doesn't want to hurt anybody's feelings. That's why he uses the style he does; he doesn't want anybody, especially an old-time cardinal, to be personally injured or affronted. He just couldn't bear that, so what looks like hesitation is really his round-about way of getting something done without hurting anybody. He leaves that to others at times, but he doesn't want to do it himself."

The affable John XXIII was a difficult act to follow. Paul's humanity has seemed hidden beneath the solemn visage of the public burden-bearer. An American bishop notes that "old John could be a stern country gentleman with you, but Paul will weep with you." And another American recalls, "Paul is ac-

tually a warmer and more interested person than John. John looked warm at a distance and Paul looks cold at a distance, but when you got close to John he might be very perfunctory and turn away smiling to something else. Paul is warm up close; he wants to know about you and what you do."

The private Paul emerges less and less these days: the man with the face of a septuagenarian Robert De-Niro laughing heartily because he cannot understand what the Green Bay Packers are when he chats with the bishop of that city. The bishop mentions Vince Lombardi and the Pope's eyes light up in recognition and he claps the bishop on the shoulder, exclaiming, "*Il paisano!*" Seldom heard of are such intensely personal gestures as his paying for the hospitalization and care of a Roman seminarian's mother in order to make the young man's ordination to the priesthood possible. Paul has invested himself in a method of long-range change, and short-range problems have mounted up all around him. He seems more and more to be the exhausted man in the role of tragic leader, which, in a way, he has fashioned for himself.

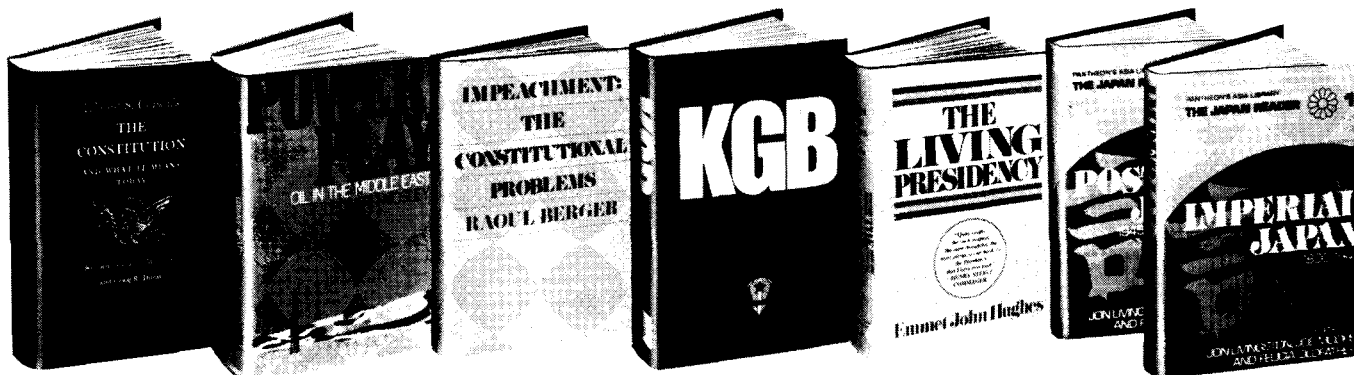
He is not yet without resources, however, and part of his overall plan is to insure that his successor will be a man who understands and appreciates him and his methods. Paul is arranging for the man who follows him to be a modern churchman, a prelate from the pool of cardinals who have, in various ways, spent their mature years in apprenticeships to the papacy. To this end, in restructuring the College of Cardinals, Paul appointed in March, 1973, thirty cardinals, centrists who will take their cues from his own style and vision. Paul has seen to it that the important votes in the college are in the hands of men who will not depart radically from the course of change that he has initiated.

—EUGENE C. KENNEDY

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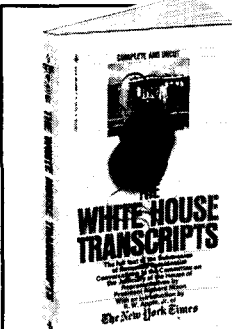
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Innocent Bystander

Reviewer's Dues

by L. E. Sissman

Perhaps because I started out as a poet, and poets' responsibilities are—and should be—mostly to themselves, I find it difficult to master each new kind of writing I'm confronted with. In school, I took quite naturally to verse, but my prose papers, essays, and thesis (what a terrible thesis it was!) were knotty, spastic, dense, and freighted far more heavily with words than with ideas.

For some reason—possibly because my father was an advertising man and I more or less grew up in the business—I didn't find it quite as difficult to solve the problems of print copywriting when I first went to work, in 1953, for an advertising agency; but I came a long-term cropper on television when I essayed that slippery medium, and it wasn't for years that I could turn out a creditable sixty-second script.

At the hoary age of forty, I became—because I suddenly wanted to—a book reviewer. To my surprise, I found it an almost intolerable burden and a long-acting pain. After years of stumping and (I hoped) dazzling other people with anything I cared to try in verse, I was now faced with the opposite situation; the biter had been bit. Now it was my sworn and bounden duty to penetrate and unravel the obscurities of other writers' methods and messages, to dissipate the wet and inky smokescreen in which the wily squid conceals himself, and to set the delicate skeleton of the author's true design in so many words before my readers. Besides being hard, grueling detective work, this was both

scary and risky; armed only with a shaky analytic gift and my spotty, idiosyncratic store of reading, I was laying my sacred honor on the line each time I tried to pick another literary lock in public.

For the first couple of years, I heaved, floundered, and rolled like a drowning man in the trough of my overweening ambition. I drove myself to write reviews like an aristocrat driving himself to the gallows, with superficial sangfroid as thin as onion-skin and a real clutch of fear each time I sat down at the typewriter.

Then, mercifully, I began to learn the ropes, to rise out of my funk (or muck sweat, as the English say), and look a little more objectively around me. I discovered that reviewing was not simply something that a soi-disant literary man did to fill time, amplify his tiny reputation, and (of course) earn a little money. *Au contraire*. Reviewing, it was slowly and astoundingly revealed to me, was a vocation, a craft, a difficult discipline, with its own rules and customs, with a set of commandments and a rigid protocol. Mostly by making painful mistakes and leaping brashly into pitfalls, I began to amass some notion of the shape of a reviewer's obligations to himself, to the author he reviews, to his editor, to his readers.

In short, I became aware of the moral imperatives of book reviewing. Funny as that may sound in a literary world raddled by cliques and claques and politics, by back-scratching and back-stabbing, by overpraise and undernotice, I now believe that the would-be conscientious reviewer must be guided by a long list of stern prohibitions if he is to keep faith with himself and his various consumers. In the interests of controversy (and, I hope, of air-clearing), I set these down herewith.

1. Never review the work of a friend. All sorts of disasters are implicit here; a man and his work should be separate in the reviewer's mind, and the work should be his only subject. If you know the man at all well, you become confused and diffident; your praise becomes fulsome, and you fail to convey the real merits and demerits of the book to the poor reader. The hardest review I ever wrote was of the

(quite good) novel of a friend four years ago. Never again.

2. Never review the work of an enemy. Unless you fancy yourself as a public assassin, a sort of licensed literary hit man, you will instinctively avoid this poisonous practice like the plague it is. Corollary: never consent to be a hatchet man. If Editor X knows you are an old enemy of Novelist Y, he may (and shame on him, but it happens all the time) call on you to review Y's latest book. Beware, on pain of losing your credibility.

3. Never review a book in a field you don't know or care about. Once or twice I've been touted onto titles far from my beaten track. The resulting reviews were teeth-grindingly difficult to write and rotten in the bargain. Unless you're a regular polymath, stick to your own last.

4. Never climb on bandwagons. You are not being paid to subscribe to a consensus, nor will your reader thank you for it. If a book has been generally praised (or damned), you add nothing to anybody's understanding by praising (or damning) it in the same terms. Only if you have read the book with care and found something fresh to comment on should you attempt a review. Otherwise, find something else (how about the work of an unknown?) to write about. Or skip it; you'll earn that money you need for a new 500-mm. mirror lens somewhere else.

5. Never read other reviews before you write your own. This is a tough rule to follow, because all reviewers are naturally curious about the reception of Z's latest book. Nonetheless, you can't help being subtly influenced by what John Leonard (or whoever) has to say. Eschew!

6. Never read the jacket copy or the publisher's handout before reading and reviewing a book. Jacket copy (I know; I used to write it) is almost invariably misleading and inaccurate. The poor (literally: these downtrodden souls are, along with retail copywriters, the most underpaid people in advertising) writer is probably working from a summary compiled by the sales department, not from a firsthand reading of the

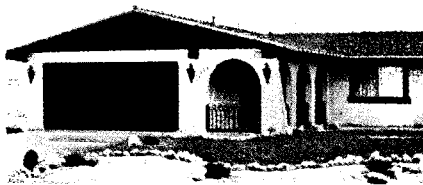
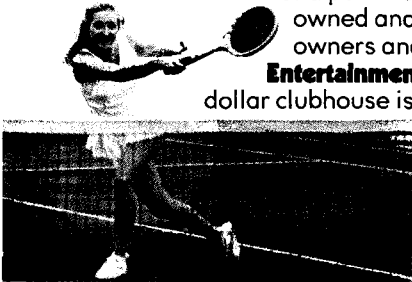
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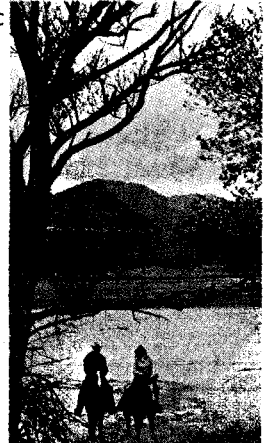
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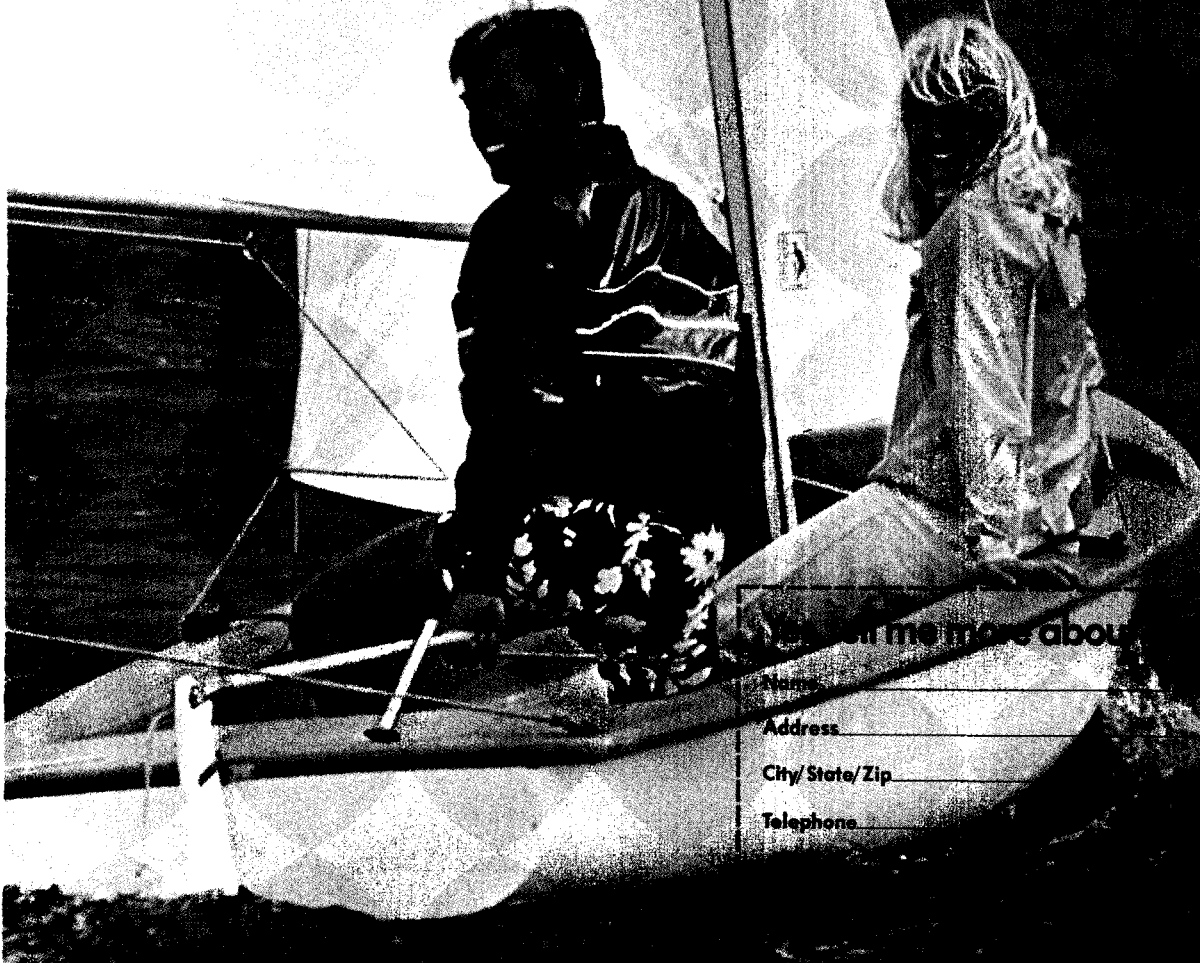
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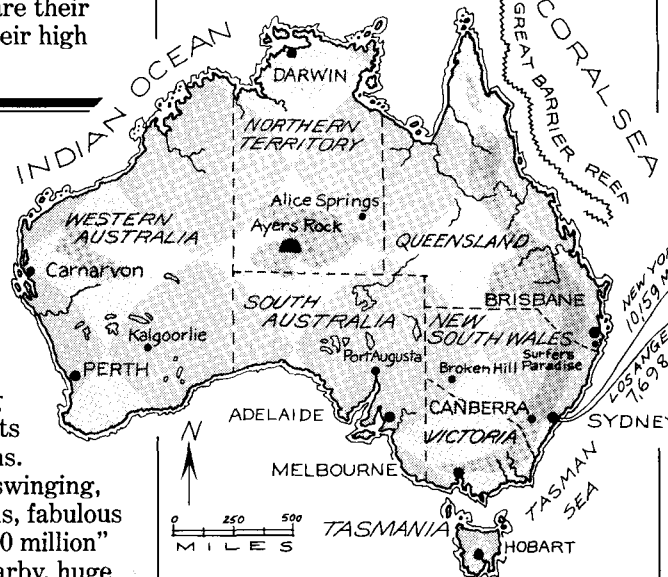
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BYSTANDER

book. The handouts are more of the same, only flackier.

7. Never review a book you haven't read at least once. Believe it or not, some reviewers merely skim a book (or even depend on, horrors, the jacket copy) before reviewing it. Not only is this a flagrant abdication of responsibility; there is always the lurking danger of missing a vital clue in the text and making a public spectacle of yourself. It should happen frequently to all such lazy reviewers.

8. Never review a book you haven't understood. If *you* haven't figured out what the author is up to, there's simply no way you can convey it to your reader. Reread the book; if necessary, read some of the author's other books; if you still don't know, forget it. The cardinal sin here is to go right ahead and condemn a half-understood book on the covert grounds that you haven't found its combination.

9. Never review your own ideas instead of the author's. Unless you're the ranking pundit in the field and you have a scholarly bone to pick with the author, you have no right to use the book under inspection as a springboard for a trumpet voluntary of your own.

10. Never fail to give the reader a judgment and a recommendation on the book. And tell why. A reviewer is really a humble consumer adviser; his main job is to tell the public what to read and what to skip. It's an important job because nobody can possibly keep up with all the books being published today.

11. Never neglect new writers. First novelists, in particular, get passed over too frequently for several reasons. The obvious reason is that Norman Mailer's new novel is better copy than Hannah Furlong's maiden effort. The less obvious reason is that it's much harder for a reviewer to get an intelligent fix on an unknown. In short, it's harder work to review a debutant.

12. Never assume that a writer is predictable. This is, in a way, the converse of the previous proposition. Part of the pleasure of picking up a new book by a writer you've read before is *knowing* what you're

about to read—the themes, the style, the old, familiar tricks. But what if the novelist has *grown*; what if he does something daring and unexpected? That's when a lot of reviewers, myself included, are tempted to put him down for not rewriting himself. The only answer is to approach the book with great caution and read it on its own merits, forgetting what has gone before.

13. Never forget to summarize the story or the argument. What's more maddening than a review that rhapsodizes (or bitches) for two thousand words about the author's style, his technique, his place in letters without ever giving us a clue to the nature of the story, beyond the mention of an incident or two?

14. Never, on the other hand, write a review that is merely a plot summary and nothing more. This happens surprisingly often, especially in newspaper reviews. The reader of the review deserves a judgment, a rating, not simply a recapitulation.

15. Never impale a serious writer on his minor errors. Nobody's perfect, as the old gag line says, and, given the susceptibility of even the most powerful piece of work to ridicule, it is frighteningly easy for the reviewer to have his fun at the author's expense and end up distorting the value and import of the book. (Example: I recently read a good novel in which the author consistently misused the word "fulsome" and mixed up "she" and "her." It would have been an act of willful irresponsibility to take the author to task for these small misuses, which were also his editor's fault.)

16. Never write critical jargon. The day of the New Criticism, for all its goods, is mercifully past, and so, I'd hope, is the compulsion of some reviewers to pose and posture as anointed gospelers of the true and beautiful. The reviewer who writes for a general-circulation newspaper or magazine should have his typewriter unplugged if he persists in pedagogies.

17. Never fail to take chances in judgment. Because it forces you to enter the mind of another on his own terms, reviewing is literally mind-expanding. Often the reviewer is astonished at his new conclusions and afraid to put them down on pa-

per. This is a mistake; one of the highest critical acts is to arrive at a new understanding and communicate it to the reader.

18. Never pick a barn-door target to jeer at. Not long ago, one of the daily reviewers in the *New York Times* wasted an entire column on the new novel by one of the Irving Wallaces. Irving Stone? Jacqueline Susann? Or whoever. Anyway, it was painfully easy—shooting fish in a barrel—and painfully unworthy of the reviewer's taste and talent. He might far better have reviewed a good first novel.

19. Never play the shark among little fishes. Being a reviewer does not entitle you to savage the beginner, the fumbler, the less-than-accomplished writer. A sincere and decent effort demands a sincere and decent response. If you've ever struggled to write a book yourself, you know the vast amounts of pain and love it takes. To put down an honest attempt in gloating arrogance is to deal a crippling blow to a nascent career of possible promise.

20. Never compete with your subject. A reviewer is not, at least during his hours as reviewer, a rival of the person he's reviewing. If he sees flaws in the work under inspection, he should report them, but he should not give vent to a long harangue on how *he* would have written the book. (If his hubris is that keen, perhaps he should take time off and write a book himself.)

In a word, then, the sins and temptations of reviewers are legion. As an incumbent sinner, I have more often than I like to think about been brought up short by the realization of my own weaknesses. Thus the list above. While I know I don't have the constancy and fortitude to follow it to the letter, I try to bear it in mind, like a catechism, when I sit down to write about another person's work. It is the least I can do for another poor sufferer who has taken the supreme risk of letting his dreams and talents go forth between covers, and for all those poor sufferers who simply like to read, and who rely, for better or worse, on the dim and uncertain skills of reviewers for a guide through the maze of new titles in their bright, unrevealing jackets on the shelves.

THE MAIL

SUCCESSFUL PARENTS

SIR: In the April *Atlantic*, your reviewer [Benjamin DeMott, "The Future of Children"] in part attacks *Successful Parenthood*, which I co-authored, because it uses sound principles of behavior science which your astute reviewer attributes to B. F. Skinner. The first principle quoted, however (how to establish a conditioned reinforcer), is based on Pavlov's early work in classical conditioning and not Skinner, and the second one (using some activities to reinforce others) is based on the work of David Premack. My point is not to dissociate the book from Skinner's brilliant contributions to behavioral science, because the book is clearly and intentionally indebted to them, but to point to the reviewer's ignorance of what she is *evaluating*.

The reviewer's ignorance, bias, and irresponsible attitude are further demonstrated in this next quote:

Parents of a kid who is, speaking bluntly, a pain in the ass will find several useful notions about effective bribery in the book.

The reviewer is telling the reader that maybe some of the ideas (from modern learning principles) might be helpful to the parent who is already a loser if they want to bribe their kid. The implications are that the positive approaches to handling kids recommended in the book are not appropriate unless you are already a loser, and, even then, to use them is *bribery*.

Somehow, any reward to help children learn to become responsible adults is a bribe in your reviewer's uninformed head.

Your reviewer is offended that the book does not convey certain

feelings involved in the "texture" of the parent-child interaction, and "ignores" the fact that kids have "insides." She concludes: "A moral of *Successful Parenthood* is that Method could make monsters of us all."

As a clinical psychologist who has worked for many years with families and seen the ways in which parents can hurt children, I can only say that your reviewer has missed the message.

The Orwellian fear that knowledge of how to effectively teach others will somehow make monsters and controllers of us all clearly fails to recognize that the *values* which we hold determine what we *try* to do. The *knowledge* that we have only determines whether or not we will be *successful* in implementing those values.

WESLEY C. BECKER

Department of Special Education
University of Oregon
Eugene, Oreg.

Mr. DeMott replies:

Mr. Becker is mistaken in holding that I attacked his book because it uses some sound principles of behavior science. My reason for criticizing it, as I believe I made clear in the piece, had to do with the nature of the Ideal Parent portrayed in the book's hundred-odd sketches of positive parental dealings with children. This Ideal Parent comes on in *Successful Parenthood* as a chill, driven, remorselessly intentional and miserably unplayful character bent exclusively on Success, and unwilling to be distracted even by odd accidents of child-rearing delight. I believe this Ideal Parent would have the devil of a time getting anything right, either at superficial or deeper levels of identity,

about the particular person he was addressing. I might add, in passing, that Mr. Becker doesn't get my sex right: I'm male.

ADVICE AND CONSENT

SIR: As a long-time Dundee neighbor of Watkins Glen, I enjoyed L. E. Sissman's article on that village in the May *Atlantic*'s "Innocent Bystander." A couple of minor inaccuracies might be noted. The town is at the head, rather than foot, of Seneca Lake, whose outlet is at the Geneva end. It is Route 14, rather than 414, that bisects the village and connects Elmira with Geneva (and thence with the N.Y.S. Thruway).

GEORGE M. DIVEN
Dundee, N.Y.

SIR: Contrary to the statement of Garry Wills in "The Impeachment Man" (May *Atlantic*), the 1867 Tenure of Office Act was not nullified by the Supreme Court; rather, it was repealed by Congress in 1887. The Supreme Court did void a tenure act (1876) that applied solely to postmasters of the first, second, and third class in *Myers v. U.S.*, 272 U.S. 52 (1926).

It was the 1867 act that applied in the Johnson impeachment.

In that impeachment is a legislative prerogative, judicial review or a guilty finding by Congress is most assuredly "hypothetical." The members of the judiciary are subject to impeachment and removal for cause. Would it not be strange to assume that the Supreme Court could review the removal of a member of that body assuming conviction in the Senate?

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SIR: Having gotten good results from several methods of rating restaurants much like the one for barbecue restaurants suggested by Calvin Trillin in "Any Decent Barbecues in This Town?" (April *Atlantic*), I thought he, and you, might find my method of rating fried chicken restaurants useful: the quality is inversely proportioned to the number of employees. In fact, in my experience, the best ones have only one employee who "does it all." If you are ever in Austin, I would heartily recommend Virginia's Cafe on South First Street. Of course, we have a Belgian restaurant only twenty miles out in the hill country that serves food almost as fine as that of . . .

TOM HESTER
Austin, Tex.

SIR: The luster of Alfred Kazin's reportorial skills, as evidenced by his recent article ("What Do We Do Now? What? What?") in the April issue, was diminished by his attribution of quoted material to the *Palestine Post*.

The name of Israel's prominent English-language daily was changed to the *Jerusalem Post* approximately twenty-five years ago and I presume it was that newspaper to which Mr. Kazin referred.

ROGER A. GERBER
Scarsdale, N.Y.

The article erred.

—THE EDITOR

SIR: Re: the reference by the Peripatetic Reviewer (May *Atlantic*) to Hitler's last "grizzly days in the bunker": I can't bear it!

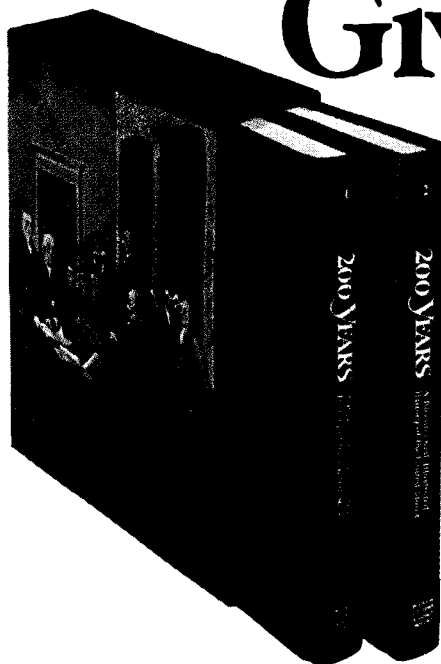
GWEN PYM LOUGHEED
Bowling Green, Ohio

SIR: Richard Poirier's "Robert Frost: The Sound of Love and the Love of Sound" (April *Atlantic*) is somewhat marred by the fact that he misreads the poem with which he clinches his argument. "Never Again Would Birds' Song Be the Same" is, I agree, "one of the most beautiful poems in our language," but Mr. Poirier fails to see that it is also one of the most gently ironic. Far from being "a marvelous illustration of the creative power of love upon sound and upon form," the poem is a sweet joke on sentimentalists.

It should be read in the context

In celebration of the American Bicentennial...

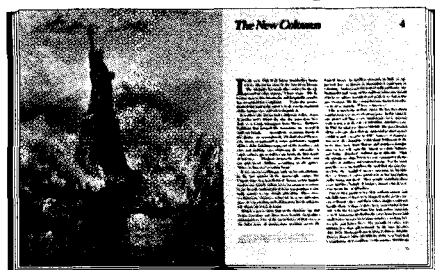
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of such poems as "For Once Then, Something," "Come In," and "The Most of It," in which Frost chides man for his potentially dangerous habit of anthropomorphizing the universe.

I agree that in comparison with Yeats and Eliot, Frost is an accessible poet. But in arguing that Frost is not the "terrifying poet" that Lionel Trilling thought, Mr. Poirier too readily accepts him as an exponent of (the words are Brower's) "the Wordsworthian sympathy between man and his world." Frost is not quite that tame. It is clear that Frost *hopes* there is sympathy between man and his world, but it is equally plain that he is fascinated by its probable absence. It is the latter probability which energizes "Never Again Would Birds' Song Be the Same." Frost *mocks* the modern Adam who "could himself believe" that birds in the Garden of Eden imitated Eve's accents. This man is no poet delicately detecting human "oversounds" in nature; he is a self-deluded fool. Anyone who listens to birds and hears Eve's voice is ripe for the sting of the last

line: "And to do that to birds was why she came." Eve had better things to do than influence birds, who, like the rest of nature, are essentially indifferent to man. Frost never denies that there are analogies between man and nature, but he never lets us forget that these analogies originate with man. As he says in another tricky poem about neutral nature:

One had to be versed in country things
Not to believe the phoebes wept.

One has to be versed in Frost not to believe that birds' song would never be the same.

JEFFREY M. HEATH
Department of English
University of Toronto
Toronto, Ontario

Richard Poirier replies:

Mr. Heath gets the sense of the poem under debate but misses what Frost called the "sound of their sense." In neglect of that his readings tend to be a bit heavy-handed. They flatten out the delicate, lovingly complicated interplay in

"Never Again Would Birds' Song Be the Same" between Frost as a contemporary Adam and the Adam Frost imagines as the lover of our maternal predecessor.

About anthropomorphizing nature. This is by now a standard warning to readers of Frost, or for that matter of Wordsworth. But it needs to be corrected by our remembering, from Emerson or wherever, that language itself, the very naming of things, constitutes an anthropomorphizing of nature which the poet cannot escape. Hence all poems about nature, if they are at all intelligent, are committed to a dialectical play of will by which the poet resists doing what the very medium to some degree forces him to do.

Indeed, Frost is the greatest American poet of this century mostly because of his full engagement with this problem.

CORRECTION:

The Atlantic regrets two errors which appeared in Arthur Schlesinger Jr.'s article "Is the Vice Presidency Necessary?" (May *Atlantic*), which were not the fault of Professor Schlesinger. John Randolph of Roanoke was identified as former Speaker of the House, later Senator; the reference should have been to Jonathan Dayton. And Roger Griswold was incorrectly identified as Matthew Griswold, his father.

In the same issue, in reply to a letter concerning his article "The Runaway Presidency" (November, 1973, *Atlantic*), Professor Schlesinger is quoted as referring to "De Tocqueville"; as Professor Schlesinger notes, "Tocqueville" is the correct form of reference when his last name appears alone.



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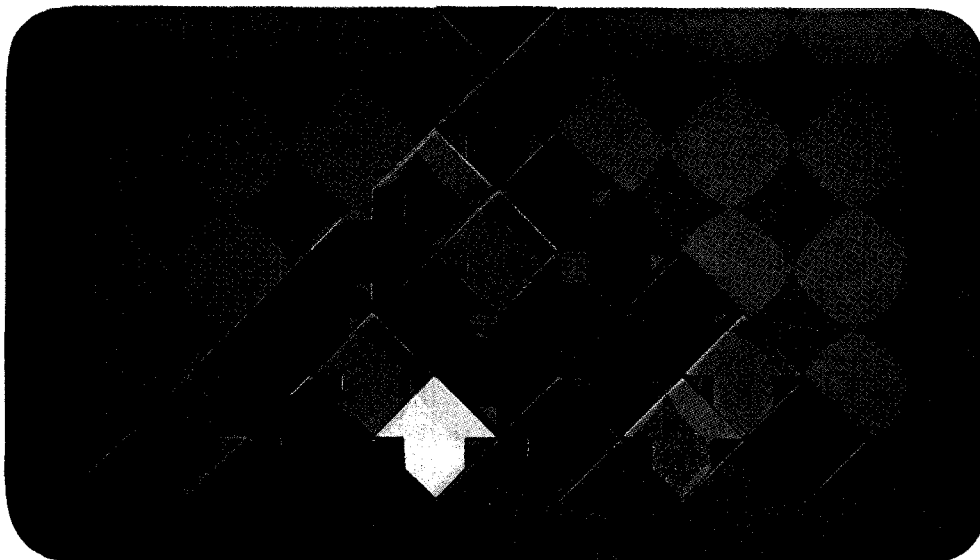
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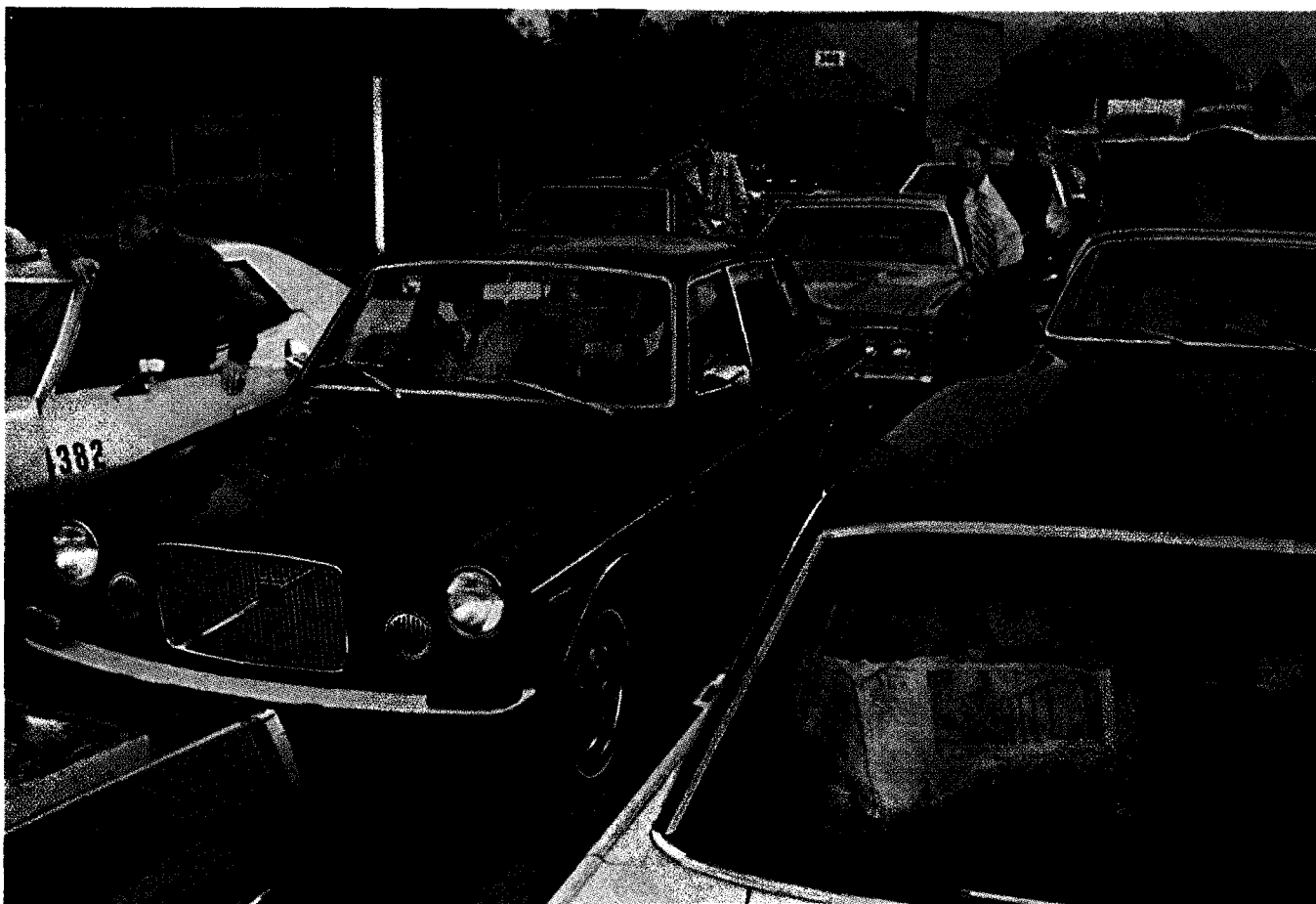
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BURNING UP PEOPLE TO MAKE ELECTRICITY

by Fred Harris

In Harlan County, Kentucky, are some of our country's richest natural resources—and some of its poorest people.

Among coal miners, Harlan County, Kentucky, is known as "Bloody Harlan." The name comes from a series of United Mine Workers strikes and labor-management battles which ended in a gunfight between deputized mine guards and miners on May 4, 1931, in the tiny community of Evarts. When the smoke had cleared, the bodies of three guards and one miner were found, and an undetermined number of other dead and dying had been carried away into the mountains.

Soon after the "Battle of Evarts," novelist Theodore Dreiser led a citizens' group to Harlan County to find and publicize the bloody facts. The group included John Dos Passos, Sherwood Anderson, and a number of other writers and artists. Now, forty-three years later, Harlan County is again gripped in a UMW strike, this time at the Brookside mine of the Eastover Mining Company, and another citizens' group has been formed. Arnold Miller, who was an active coal miner until three years ago and is now the reform-minded president of the United Mine Workers, has asked me to serve as a member of a "Citizens Public Inquiry into the Brookside Strike."

It was Miller who defeated W. A. ("Tony") Boyle for the national presidency of the UMW in 1972 in an election closely supervised by the federal government. Prior to Miller's election, the

union had become corrupt, dictatorial, and a frequent collaborator with the mine owners. In 1970, Joseph Yablonski had led a rank-and-file revolt against Boyle, and Yablonski and his wife and daughter had been brutally murdered by killers hired with union funds. Now, Tony Boyle is among those who have been convicted of complicity in the murders, and Arnold Miller is the head of the revamped union. The Brookside labor dispute erupted spontaneously soon after Miller's election. He decided to make Harlan County a test case in the UMW's new, more aggressive organizing efforts.

At Washington's National Airport, I board Piedmont Airline's fat little silver jet on a Sunday afternoon in early March. I glance at the new Piedmont magazine, *Pace*. It reports that "Piedmont" is an adjective derived from Italian words that literally mean "formed at the foot of the mountains." In America, the word describes a region, including Harlan County, Kentucky, between the Appalachian Mountains and the Atlantic coast. The airline magazine contains an article on southern skiing, a feature on hot, winter drinks for the "Piedmont palate," an article on how tough it is to be thirty-three and middle-class today, and a success story about an Atlanta bra, sleepwear, girdle, and pantie company. The magazine presents a different picture of the people and conditions in the Piedmont region than the one I am to see in Harlan County, Kentucky.

On the plane with me, it turns out, is another member of the Citizens Inquiry, Jacqueline Brophy, who is the director of the Labor-Liberal Arts Program of Cornell University's School of Industrial Labor Relations in New York. Jacqueline

Brophy is the daughter of Pat Brophy, who went into the mines when he was twelve, and who, in 1926, ran against John L. Lewis and lost. Brophy's was the last reform insurgency against UMW leadership until Joseph Yablonski's fatal try.

We are picked up at the airport by Si (for Simon) Kahn, a Pennsylvania rabbi's son who graduated from Harvard, came to the Southern mountains as a Vista worker, and remained here, working for local community groups. Si has signed on as head of the staff for the Citizens Inquiry, which is funded with a five-thousand-dollar grant from the Field Foundation. It will be a two-hour, winding drive through the Cumberland Mountains to the town of Harlan. Si sticks a wad of Red Man chewing tobacco in his cheek and begins to fill us in on the background of the Brookside strike.

At first, heading northwest on modern Route 23, through Kingsport, Tennessee, Weber City, Virginia, and Gate City, Virginia, the sights are the same as almost everywhere else in America today. Trailer parks called Walnut Grove Mobile Manor and Mesa Village Mobile Manor. New subdivisions named Tall Oaks and Colonial Heights. Burger Chef. Big Boy. McDonald's. We stop for fish and chips at a chain-operated Long John Silver's Sea Food Shoppe, as out of place in the Cumberlands as a clam in a spruce tree.

Crossing the Clinch River, we turn onto Highway 421 and leave the modern world. Now, along a cloudy green stream, or through deep cuts in the mountains, or high atop a timbered ridge, looking down on green quilt-patch valleys, we wind our way toward Harlan. Frame houses with rusty tin roofs. Isolated trailer houses. Working barns of gray-black weathered wood. Faith Primitive Baptist Church. Now and then, there is a neat, new frame house or a Pic and Pay market between scattered tarpaper shacks. And, all around, there are the rolling mountains, covered with second-growth timber. And always there is a murky roadside stream, beech and sycamore trees lining its banks. It is too early for color. The trees are barely beginning to bud in the early March warmth.

"This whole country is like a layer cake," Si Kahn says, "a layer cake of shale, coal, and sandstone. Drift mines back into the mountains follow the seam of coal wherever it goes." Duke Power Company of North Carolina, he says, is the sixth largest utility company in the world. It has assets worth \$2.5 billion. Its profits in 1973 were \$90 million, up 14 percent from the year before. Duke went into the coal business directly in 1970 when it organized Eastover Mining Company as a wholly

owned subsidiary and, through it, bought several mines in eastern Kentucky, including the one at Brookside. Kahn says that the miners were encouraged by Eastover's management, headed by Norman Yarborough, to join a small "company union," the Southern Labor Union. There was no standard contract for the miners. Each contract varied from mine to mine. Pay ranged from \$17 to \$32 a day, the average being \$25. There was no functioning safety committee. Medical and retirement benefits were minimal and unreliable.

In June of 1973, in a National Labor Relations Board election, the miners at Brookside voted 113 to 55 to affiliate with the United Mine Workers. But negotiations for a contract with Eastover soon broke down, and on July 30 the miners at Brookside began the strike that now, as we arrive, is in its eighth month.

Si Kahn says that Eastover tried for a time to operate the mine with "scabs," but that the mine was shut down when the coal miners' wives and other women joined the men on the picket line. There had been several clashes with the "scabs," the mine guards, and the state police, Kahn says. Some of the women went to jail with the men, and some took their children with them.

We come into Harlan County at dusk. It is a warm night and at every bend in the asphalt road we hear a chorus of croaking frogs. The sign man for R C Cola has worked this territory well. Si says Harlan is a dry county—no legal liquor and no beer. We drive through the streets of the town of Harlan, past the stores and houses, past the Harlan Baptist Church with a sign out front which reads: "If you are unkind, you are the wrong kind." Five miles north of Harlan, we drive up Inspiration Mountain. A historical marker says we are near the Little Shepherd Trail, the setting for the novel *Shepherd of the Hills*. Perched atop Inspiration Mountain is the modern Mount Aire Motel. What a marvelous view! "Yeah," a coal miner says, "but the land's so poor, you can't hardly raise an umbrella on it."

Before the first meeting of the Citizens Inquiry, we sit around and talk with the Inquiry chairman, Daniel Pollitt, a professor of law at the University of North Carolina. We are joined by Bernie Aaronson, the young public relations director of the UMW, and John Ed Pierce, a reporter for the Louisville *Courier-Journal*. We soon get into a discussion about Dreiser's 1931 inquiry. Pierce mentions the "toothpick incident." It seems that unfriendly local law enforcement officials kept a constant surveillance on Dreiser, hoping to catch him in something that would justify a criminal charge against him. One night, they saw a secretary for the Dreiser group enter Dreiser's hotel room, and they placed toothpicks against the door

Fred Harris was United States Senator from Oklahoma from 1964 to 1972.

Burning Up People to Make Electricity

to determine whether she ever came back out during the night. The next morning the toothpicks were still in place, it was said. The local grand jury returned an indictment against Dreiser for adultery, but by that time Dreiser had finished his work and had left the county on the train. The warrant was never served.

Pierce has brought the actual *Courier-Journal* clippings about the Dreiser inquiry and shares them with us. "Dreiser, Woman Indicted," one headline reads. Dateline Newport News, Virginia, November 12, 1931: Dreiser denies the charge and says he wants people to concentrate on the facts of the labor dispute and "get the American mind off sex for a moment." Dateline New York City, November 13, 1931: Dreiser again denies the charge and adds, "Even if it were true, I wouldn't give a damn. If any attractive woman became interested in me, I'd think it was a very lovely thing. But you must remember I am an immoral man. I am the only man in the United States who would do that sort of thing."

Other clippings detail the earlier bloodshed and misery in Harlan County. The Harlan County Coal Operators Association, still functioning today, spent nearly a half million dollars from 1927 to 1938 to combat unionism, most of it going to pay strong-arm men to terrorize the miners and their families. The Sheriff reportedly got rich on payoffs from the companies, and he used 181 mine company gunmen as special deputies.

Pollitt, Jacqueline Brophy, and I meet the other members of the Citizens Inquiry in a private dining room in the Mount Aire: James David Barber, chairman of the Political Science Department at Duke University and author of *The Presidential Character*; Monsignor Geno Baroni, president of the National Center for Urban Ethnic Affairs, a Catholic priest whose father is a retired Pennsylvania miner with black lung; Barbara Bode, president of the Children's Foundation in Washington; and Dr. Raymond Wheeler of Charlotte, North Carolina, president of the Southern Regional Council. Harry Caudill, attorney and author of *Night Comes to the Cumberlands*, will not be able to join us in Harlan because of legal business. Neither will Dr. Robert Coles, psychiatrist and author of *Children of Crisis*.

The committee has invited owners as well as workers to participate in the hearings, but the impression we get is that management will not appear. Dan Pollitt reads a letter from Carl Horn, Jr., president of Duke Power Company, respectfully declining our invitation. Norman Yarborough, head of Eastover Mining Company, is not coming either. Horn's letter questions the fair-mindedness of the inquiry members. We agree that most of us lean toward the miners, but we think we can be fair in trying to learn the facts. The letter states that Eastover has now raised the wages in their

other mines to the UMW scale and is paying the miners for time spent with the mine moving to and from the face of the coal. They have done this only since the Brookside strike.

Back in my motel room, a gathering place, Bernie Aaronson of UMW says that the union is paying strike benefits and medical bills for the 160 strikers. Strike benefits are \$100 weekly for a family, \$90 for a couple, and \$80 for a single man. It comes to a bill of about \$20,000 a week for the national union. On top of that, we learn later, the union is spending \$108,000 a year for medical and hospital coverage for the striking miners and their families. Altogether, it is a heavy financial burden for the UMW.

Up at seven on a Monday morning, I walk out onto the balcony of my motel room. I'm standing at 2800 feet above sea level. A thousand feet below me lies a small, green valley, partly shrouded by the morning mist. I can see twenty-five miles to the southeast, five ridges. The nearest ridge is green with spruce and pine. Past that, the other undulating ridges are blue and hazy. It is beautiful in Harlan County, as pretty as any place in the world. Here, too, are some of the richest natural resources in the country—and some of the poorest people. In the year of "the energy crisis," Coal is King again at \$30 a ton. But what of the people of Harlan County? I look at the government statistics once more. There are nearly 40,000 people in the county, a drop of 36 percent since 1960. The median family income is \$4600 a year. Only 23 percent of those in the county over the age of twenty-five have completed high school. Forty percent of the county's dwellings lack some or all of plumbing, water, or toilet facilities. Thirty percent of the families lack automobiles. More than twenty-four babies out of a thousand die before they are one year old, and the expenditure per child in the public schools is one-half the national average. The unemployment rate in the county is 7 percent; that doesn't count those who have long since given up looking for the scarce or nonexistent jobs.

After breakfast, we travel fifteen miles east to Evarts. Along the way, we pass through the community of Brookside, its mine-camp houses dominated by the brooding tin presence of the Eastover mine building on the hill. Bright yellow forsythia has begun to bloom in the yards of Harlan and Brookside and Evarts. Here and there, we also see white-blossoming pear and dogwood trees. But mostly the scenery is depressingly bleak. Garbage along the roadside. Overturned car bodies everywhere. Our drive takes us upstream along the yellow-brown Clear Fork River. Toilet paper clings to the bushes and tree limbs five or six feet up from the rushing stream. Toilets are built out over the

river, and the water has obviously been much higher in the recent past. Jacqueline Brophy asks why public services have broken down. Why haven't the car bodies been removed from the highway and the streets? Why is garbage left on the roadway? Why are people allowed to dump raw sewage in the streams? Typical of counties with low income, counties where the mine companies own everything and pay low taxes, our UMW driver says.

The Citizens Inquiry meets in the attractive, river-rock Evarts Community Center, directly across the Clear Fork from the site of the 1931 "Battle of Evarts." Two hundred people crowd the meeting room. CBS is represented by a camera crew, and there are a number of national reporters. Two more Inquiry panel members join us, Willard Wirtz, who was Secretary of Labor under Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, and the Reverend Max Glenn, executive director of the Commission on Religion in Appalachia.

We first hear from a number of the striking miners about safety conditions in the Brookside mine. They relate federal mine-safety figures which show that in 1971 the accident rate in the Brookside mine was three times the national average, and in 1972 was twice the national average. They file with us copies of specific federal safety violation reports, and they say that nothing was ever done to correct these violations. Three of the federal reports state that there was no safety committee at Brookside, as required by law. J. D. Skidmore says that, back in the mines, the phones are always out of order, there is no transportation out until the end of the shift, and it's a one-hour walk to daylight. The roof is approximately forty-eight inches high in the mine. "Try walking out of there, carrying a man with a broken back," one of the miners says. "Roof falls are a constant hazard, but the bosses just keep on rushin'."

Darrell Deaton, president of the Brookside UMW local, says he was caught in a belt line last year because he had to work alone, without a helper. A shoulder blade and five of his ribs were broken. He'd worked seventy-eight hours straight the preceding week. It was two o'clock on a Monday morning when the accident occurred, and he'd been in the mine more than twelve hours. It took forty-five minutes for someone to come and help get him out, Deaton says.

The miners say that they often have to stand knee-deep in water while handling 440-volt electrical cables. There's water in the mine because the pumps often won't work. When fuses blow, they are not immediately replaced; the cable is spliced or "hot-wired" around the fuse. Breaks in the cable, they say, are often just wrapped with mask-

ing tape and exposed again to the water. When a miner complains, Jerry Johnson says, the foreman says, "If you don't like it, you can always get your bucket," meaning pick up your lunch bucket and get out.

Bill McQueen says that the shuttle car into the mine usually has no brakes, and that it can only be stopped by putting it in reverse. If you protested this safety violation, he says, "the boss would just say, 'Run it.'" McQueen says that in late 1972 he burned his fingers to the bone on a switchbox where a blown fuse had been hot-wired. Why wasn't the fuse replaced at once? "You could hunt for one, but there just weren't one there," he says. "The way I figured it, they done that because it was just a faster way of getting coal." When McQueen was hurt, his foreman drove him to the hospital and left him there, and he was two hours hitchhiking home. "We've took about all we can take," he says.

Leroy Helton says miners often have to splice electrical cable, even though they're not qualified to do so. "I don't like to handle that raw juice," he says. "I don't know nothing about the electrical part." He says that, standing knee-deep in water, he has experienced many electrical shocks. "I've been juiced a lot, and I've had to just set down thirty-five minutes because it just takes the pep out of you." What did the foremen say on those occasions? "They didn't say nothin'; all they want's coal. They just laughed about it, and we kept on cuttin' coal."

Bill Doan says that he was hurt in a rockfall at 7:15 one morning and that he didn't get out of the mine until nine o'clock. Other times, he says, "Roof was workin', rock was a-hangin', and it sounded like thunder. The bosses wouldn't go in, but I've had them make me go in and pin it because it wasn't done right the first time. If you wouldn't do it, they'd just say, 'Get your bucket.' I don't like workin' in them kind of conditions." James Sizemore says that frequently float dust, which is dangerously explosive, would get too heavy in the mine, and he would complain, but that the foreman would just say, "We gotta run coal."

What about the Southern Labor Union? They had no safety committee, the miners say, and the federal reports bear them out. "Here at Brookside, if you called someone from SLU, he might come in a week, he might come in two weeks, but when he did come, he'd go into Eastover's office and talk for an hour," Bill Doan says. "Then he'd come out looking like a sheep-killing dog and get in his truck and run. We never would find out what happened."

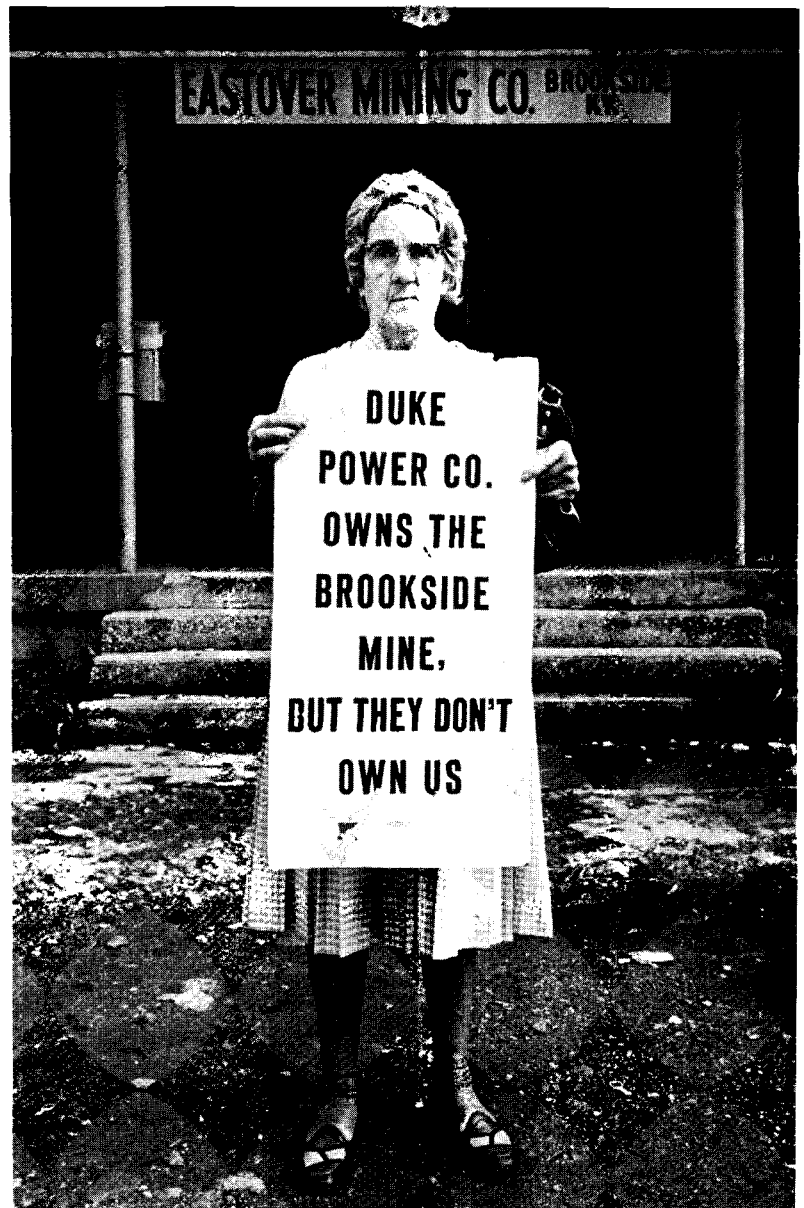
What about federal inspection? The miners say that, somehow, management always knows when the government inspectors are coming. Don Dalton, UMW Safety Director for Region Six, explains

this. On one excuse or another, such as not having the personnel readily available to accompany the inspector into the mine, the company can delay the inspection. And, even so, it usually takes forty-five minutes to an hour for the inspector to get from the mine entrance to the face of the coal. Word precedes him. "Boss walks up and says, 'We've got to make this mine look good now, boys; the inspector's comin','" Jerry Johnson says. Louis Stacy says that he has several times been running a defective roof-bolting machine when word came that the inspector was on his way. "I've had the foreman to tell me to set timbers or something until the inspector got gone. The men's life depended on my job, but I knowed if I protested I'd a got fired."

Bill McQueen says that when the shuttle's lights and brakes were not working and the inspector was coming, the foreman would say, "Park it." Bill Doan says that the roof bolts often didn't have enough torque on them, sometimes causing roof falls as high as thirty-five feet above the regular ceiling, and that once he complained about this to the visiting inspector in the presence of his foreman. He was transferred to a worse section, he says. "They sent me to 'Waterhole No. 3.' You come out of there lookin' like a hog that's been rootin' in the mud." Darrell Deaton says there is a direct telephone line to Washington for safety complaints, "but if you identify yourself, you're gonna be out of a job."

The miners say that they want their own safety committee, elected by the miners, as the standard UMW contract provides, with the right to walk out, losing their pay, when there is eminent danger in the mine. "We want safety all the time, not just when the inspector comes," Jerry Johnson says. Apparently, this is one of Eastover's major objections. "Yarborough says he just don't want nobody tellin' him how to run his mine," Deaton says. "They don't want the miners havin' any say in safety." Dalton points out that there were 132 mine fatalities in the United States in 1973, only seventeen of them in UMW mines. "If we could monitor these inspections, perhaps we could cut down on the fatalities," he says.

The miners speak of other dissatisfactions with Eastover and the old Southern Labor Union contract. They want the terms of the standard UMW contract or better. That means, among other things, an average daily wage of \$45. Prior to the strike, the pay of the Brookside miners started and stopped at the face of the coal. They want portal-to-portal pay from the time they enter the mine until they leave it. "The danger's just the same," they say. (Eastover, to repeat, now pays portal-to-portal wages for inside workers in its other mines and has raised the wages of nonstrikers to the UMW level.) The miners express extreme dissatisfaction with Eastover's medical and retirement benefits. They



Minnie Lunsford, the wife of a retired miner, pickets the Eastover Mining Company.

are demanding the standard UMW provision requiring the company to pay a royalty of seventy-five cents a ton on mined coal into the UMW Welfare & Retirement Fund. At Brookside, this would amount to \$400,000 a year. (Eastover offered fifty cents a ton.) Bill Doan says, "When I got hurt, I couldn't find Jim Miller, the man who had charge of the sick fund." Leroy Helton says he still owes a lot of bills that should have been paid by SLU. "I've got so many duns from the hospital that I just quit lookin' at them."

We break for lunch, prepared by the women of the Evarts Community Center. A young woman from the Associated Press asks me, aren't we getting only one side of the story? I remind her that Duke and Eastover executives were invited, and have refused to appear before us. But, I say, even without further investigation of each of the complaints, it is possible to

conclude that fear is an everyday part of the miners' lives. I remind her of what Bill Doan has said: "You work with one eye on the roof, one eye on your job, and your mind's outside."

During the rest of the afternoon, the miners talk about what has happened on the picket line and in the local court. Special Judge F. Byrd Hogg, a neighboring county judge who has been assigned to the case, entered an early order limiting the strikers to three pickets at each of two entrances to the Eastover Mining Company property. Fifty miners and their wives have at one time or another been held in contempt of this order.

The miners charge that Eastover has hired what they call "gun thugs." That's an old term in Harlan County, used to describe special, plain-clothed guards. They tell of two night incidents when rifle shots were fired at the picketers by unidentified persons. We are handed copies of court records concerning a certain Claude Beach, who has been hired by Eastover during the strike as a "security guard." The records show that Beach was convicted of voluntary manslaughter in 1954 and sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary, that he was later charged with carrying a concealed pistol (no disposition shown), and that in 1966 he was tried and acquitted on a murder charge. Some of the miners also claim that the state police have tried to intimidate them.

The miners charge that the Harlan County Coal Operators Association is behind Eastover's refusal to sign a contract. They point out that most of the big coal companies, such as U.S. Steel and others, have signed UMW contracts, but that the smaller companies of eastern Kentucky have held out. (Fifty million tons of union coal are mined in western Kentucky; only 6.5 million tons of union coal are mined in eastern Kentucky.) The miners say that all of the strikers have been blacklisted by the Association. J. D. Skidmore says, "I have no chance of getting a job in Harlan County if this strike is not settled." Grover Jennings says that six months ago he applied for a job at the Mary Helen mine and was apparently accepted, but that when he went back for his physical, Clyde Goins, an official at the mine, said, "Buddy, there just ain't no way I can do anything for you. I've talked to Norman Yarborough, and you ain't bringing no union down here."

"They've done discriminated me," Grover Jennings continues. "I cain't get a job nowhere in this county. But I ain't leaving because this is my home."

On the way back to the Mount Aire at the end of the day, we pass back through Brookside with its deteriorating mining-camp houses along the stinking Clear Fork River. Our driver points out Norman Yarborough's two-story frame house, across the highway from the camp and up out of the river bottom. We are told that Eastover has

announced its intention to tear down the mining-camp houses and move the striking miners out. One of the better houses is already being demolished. Where will the families go? There are very few vacant houses in Harlan County and virtually no available land to build on. Most of the land is owned by the mining companies. What will happen now that the first full year after the union election is ending? The company will probably demand a new election. Nobody knows how long the UMW can keep paying strike benefits.

Tuesday morning: Norman Yarborough has agreed to meet some of our group. Our delegation arrives on time at the Eastover office in Brookside. Yarborough comes out of a staff meeting and ushers us back to a large, paneled meeting room with folding tables and chairs. He is a sturdily built, self-assured man of about fifty, with a strong, square jaw and a rough, weathered face. He is dressed more like a miner than a mining executive. There is one ostentatious feature about him, though: a large, multi-diamond ring on the third finger of his left hand.

Willard Wirtz asks how it will all come out, how the strike will end. "This troubles me; I don't sleep," Yarborough says. He speaks of "my people" and "my men." He says that they do not need the UMW to look after them; he will do that.

Is the safety provision in the UMW contract the sticking point for Eastover? "Not at all," Yarborough says. The main problem, he says, is that the company wants a "no-strike" clause, so that the union cannot strike during the contract period. Is that the only objection that is holding up a settlement? "It's one of 'em," Yarborough says. He says that he will not agree to the Brookside contract applying to "all" of Eastover's operations. (The union has told us that they are quite willing to limit the contract to the Brookside mine.) Yarborough says that he will not agree to the contract applying to Eastover's subcontractors. (That is a tough point.) He says that wages are no longer a problem and that the amount of the royalty to be paid into the UMW Welfare & Retirement Fund is not crucially important. Yarborough tells us that the company does not now object to paying the miners for portal-to-portal time for inside mine work, but that the union wants comparability for outside workers too, in effect requiring the company to pay outside workers overtime for all work in excess of a seven-and-a-quarter-hour regular day. (There is such a provision in the standard UMW contract.)

How does the Harlan County Coal Operators Association fit into the picture? They are merely a service organization, Yarborough says. They lobby in Frankfort and Washington and sponsor an annual "Coal Miners Day" to try to get more high school students interested in mining engineering.

Does the Association hire for all the mines in the county? No, Yarborough says; it just serves as a central clearing house, so that job applicants won't have to go around and apply at each of the mines separately. He then answers a question he wasn't asked. "I don't try to blacklist anybody," he says. "But if they call me and ask if a man works for me, I simply say yes or no."

Yarborough is tough and unyielding. He does say, I think primarily for the record, that he would like to see negotiations begin again. He says that negotiations were broken off on November 28, 1973, because of the miners' insistence on the full terms of the standard UMW contract. Why couldn't Eastover live with the same national UMW contract that so many other companies have accepted? "Why couldn't the original thirteen colonies live with the same British policy that applied to all other British colonies?" Yarborough replies.

We drive to the Evarts Community Center and report to the other members of the Citizens Inquiry. Willard Wirtz says he senses that the Harlan County Coal Operators Association is a major factor in the dispute, that it doesn't want a settlement with higher wages and benefits and tough safety provisions to be made by Eastover, because it fears the domino effect of such a settlement on the rest of the companies in the county. Duke Power Company appears to be the key to breaking the deadlock in negotiations. But is it really hurting? The Brookside mine is capable of producing only about a half-million tons of the 15 million tons of coal Duke uses each year. Wirtz says that his arbitration experience tells him that if Eastover really wants to negotiate in good faith, the remaining issues, tough as they are, can probably be worked out. But will Norman Yarborough ever agree to recognize the UMW?

It is also women's day before the Citizens Inquiry. The women are nervous about testifying, afraid of retaliation. But Barbara Bode has arranged for eleven of them to come up onto the stage at the same time, and they seem to take strength from their numbers. They range in age from about twenty-one to seventy. They are neatly and attractively dressed. Lois Scott, a woman of about forty-five, begins to speak first. There is a hard edge in her voice, and her blue-gray eyes are flashing. She says that she and some of the other women hid out last night to avoid being served with a contempt citation from Judge Hogg's court. "We run because we wanted to testify, and if we hadn't run, he woulda had us in jail." Her daughter, Bessie Cornett, an attractive young brunette, says, "I'm not in jail today because you people are here." Lois Scott says that the women organized the Brookside Women's Club and got involved in the strike "because we knew that if the women

didn't come in there would be violence." Their activities began with a demonstration and march in Harlan on September 27, 1973. Afterwards, they gathered near the picket line at the Eastover property in Brookside. Nonunion workers were attempting to leave the mine. Some of the women cut switches and joined the picketers. "A gun thug pulled a gun on us, and I broke a switch over his head, and the little gun thug pulled out," Lois Scott says matter-of-factly.

Following this episode, the women say, Norman Yarborough asked Judge Hogg to hold the UMW and a number of miners and women in contempt of the Judge's order limiting the number of picketers to six. Yarborough's affidavit stated that "the group swarmed out into the roads, stopped cars, and forced company employees into coercive conversations and indulged in generally raucous name-calling and abuse." Midway in the trial, Judge Hogg dismissed the jury and directed a verdict of guilty. He fined the UMW \$20,000. He sentenced nine men and seven women to six months in jail and fined them \$500 each.

When they went to jail, they say, some of the women took their children with them. Mrs. Herschel Gaw, wife of the ailing jailer, locked them all up. During the day, a man came and said that if their children weren't out of the jail by night, the welfare people would take them. Nannie Rainey says, "I told him if he got my children, he was gonna haveta take me too." Freda Armes says, "I run him off. He run all the way down the stairs and out of the jail." But relatives did come and take the children. The women spent the night.

The judge's fines and sentences were appealed. The men and women were released on good behavior. The women say they then organized a "sunrise worship service" to begin at 4:30 on the morning of October 23, on the railroad tracks across the highway from the picket line. Some seventy-five state policemen were on hand as the crowd gathered. Betty Eldridge is a mild-mannered, well-dressed woman of about forty. She speaks in a soft, pleasant voice. "With all those state police, we knew we had three choices," she says. "We could lay down, fight the police, or let them scabs go to work. So we lay down in the road." There was a scuffle when a state police captain tried to remove one of the women, she says, adding, "Captain Cromer did get hit several times; I hit him with a stick myself." Did she find the stick on the ground? "We took the sticks with us," she says. Lois Scott explains that during the first confrontation at the mine, she saw a pistol in the front seat of every "scab" car she looked into and that a company "gun thug" pointed a submachine gun at the women from the porch of the Eastover office. She says that the women decided that they couldn't fight guns with switches and that they had taken sticks with them the next time.

It is clear that these women have been a main factor in keeping the mine shut down. Captain James Cromer of the state police later tells news reporters, "The women are a problem. You just don't hit a woman in Harlan County." They have probably helped keep their own men from exploding too. These women have organized a special kind of feminist movement, and the issues to them are life-and-death issues.

Sudie Crusenberg, a plain woman in a cotton dress, gives us some idea of what life is like for a coal-mining family. "I've seen some hurt and some killed. Seen 'em carried out on a stretcher," she says. "My daddy's a retired coal miner, and he's got the black lung. My brother died at the age of forty. I've got five living children and four dead. My man was mashed up in the mines. He can't never walk again." She's been picketing with the other women.

The women furnish the panel with a copy of a report from the Harlan County Health Department, dated October 12, 1973, which states that the drinking water in the Eastover mining camp, where approximately thirty of the striking Brookside families live, is "highly contaminated" with fecal bacteria. They say no action has been taken on this report. Only three of the families in the camp have indoor toilets. In one of these, the septic tank has been out of order for several months. Many of the houses have no running water, and these families have to carry all their water from a common outdoor spigot. Freda Armes says, "I take a cloth and strain the water to cook with. Sometimes, they'll be a black scum on the rag." Some of the women say they haven't had a drink of water since moving to the Brookside camp. No wonder R C Cola has so many signs everywhere.

The members of the Inquiry panel leave the Community Center to visit the coal camp at Brookside—rows of delapidated frame houses, identical except for their weathering gray, green, red, and beige paint. The three houses with baths rent for \$24 a month, plus \$14 a month for electricity. Those with running water rent for around \$20 a month, plus electricity. Nannie Rainey takes us into her four-room house where she and her husband and five children live. There is no water in the house. She pays \$10 a month for rent and \$10 a month for electricity. She doesn't know where she will go when the camp is closed. There are very few vacant houses in the county. The kind of house she would like, if she could find one, would rent for about \$50 a month, but she and her husband cannot pay that much.

We gather back in Evarts and announce that our report will be ready in two or three weeks. A reporter asks us again how we can expect to make an unbiased report when we've heard only one

side. Willard Wirtz says that it is important to remember that one side of the dispute felt confident enough about their case to arrange to spread it before the widest possible audience. He hopes the other side will do the same. Another press member criticizes Barbara Bode for having raised a clenched fist during the women's testimony. Barbara says that she was reacting spontaneously to the spirit and determination exhibited by the women, that their testimony was the highlight of our hearings. When Barbara finishes her answer, Wirtz raises a clenched fist and says, "Right on!" Each of us makes a statement. I say that the issue is whether or not the men will be allowed to have their own union to protect their safety and secure and maintain decent wages and benefits, that if enough pressure is put on Duke Power Company, maybe something will give.

We huddle before breaking up. We hope that our hearings will help hold down violence. We feel that we have provided a national forum for the miners to tell their story. The transcript will be published as a book. Three of our Inquiry members plan to talk with the president of Duke Power Company. Others say they intend to speak and write about what they have heard. It doesn't seem like enough.

A month later, back in Washington, I meet with Bernie Aaronson at UMW headquarters. For a time after the hearing, he says, it appeared that Duke had softened. Carl Horn of Duke Power and Arnold Miller of the UMW had talked, and negotiations had been resumed. The issues had been narrowed down to Eastover's demand for a "no-strike clause" and a limit on the power of the safety committee. The UMW had made written proposals for compromising these issues a little. But, Aaronson says, Norman Yarborough had then called back to say, simply, that there was nothing of further interest to them in the negotiations. More public pressure on Duke is needed, he says. He tells me that the miners plan to picket on Wall Street, hoping to give Duke problems with its stock. They also plan to join with a North Carolina group in protesting Duke's requested rate increase, and they are going to attend the meeting of Duke's stockholders on May 30.

The prospects for settlement do not look good unless Duke begins to feel public pressure. Talking to Aaronson, I am reminded of an old tin sign I saw tacked on a tree along the highway as I left Harlan. It read: RE-ELECT GAW, JAILER. It seems to me that for a great many people in Harlan County—for poor people and a lot of coal miners—the whole county is a jail. They're trapped. It is not all Duke's fault by any means. We're all involved. And we're burning up people to make electricity. □

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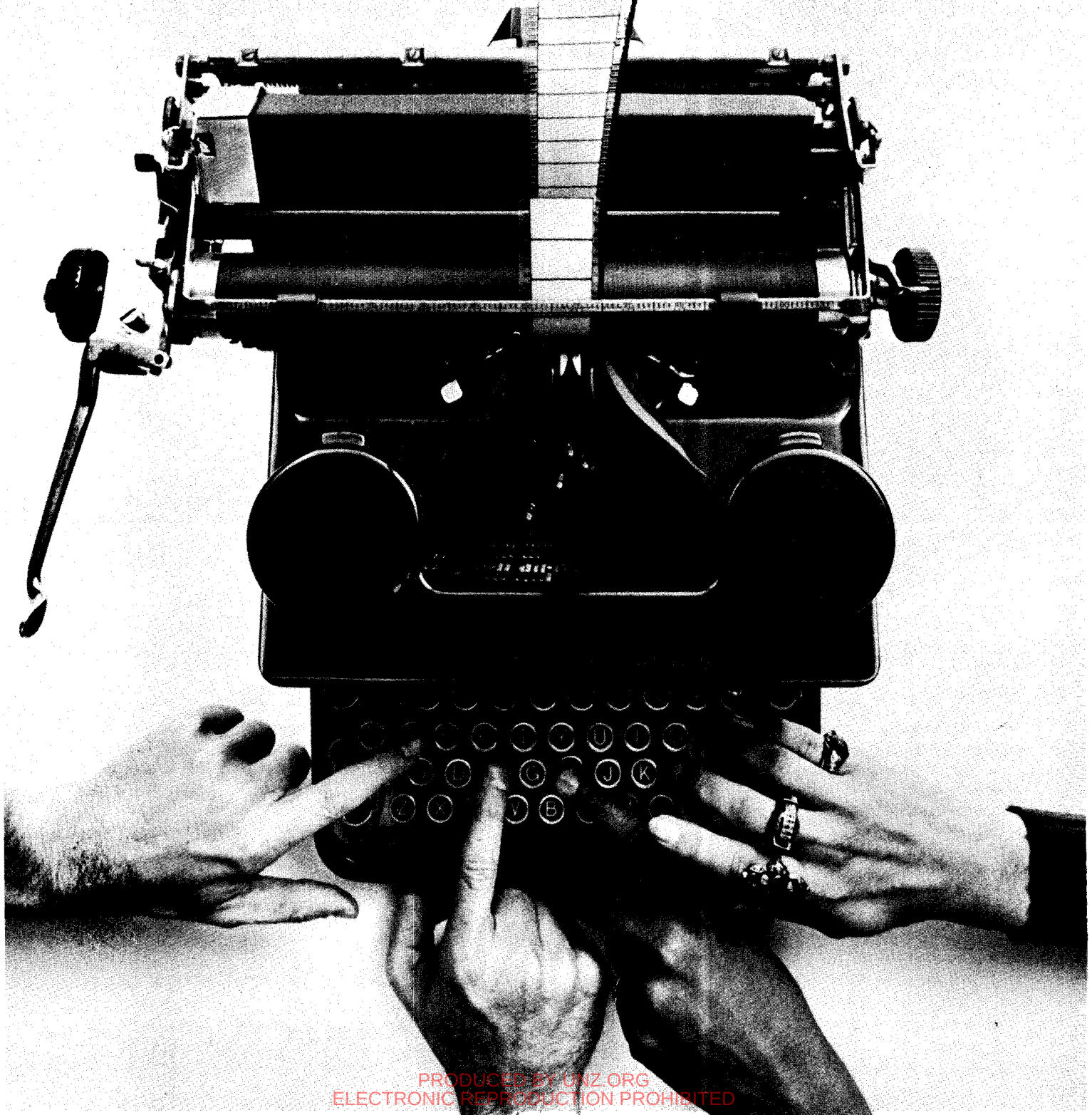
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by John Gregory Dunne

The only time I ever met Joseph E. Levine he told me it was snowing in Russia and then left the room. It did not occur to me to mention that it was also snowing outside on Sixth Avenue, because one had the sense that Levine was perhaps the only man in the world not a general to whom snow in Russia was a matter of life or death. I never asked any of his subalterns the significance of the Soviet snow; one became used to cryptic utterance in the Levine organization. "You're hot now," one of his supernumeraries told my wife and me when we checked into Levine's offices to write a screenplay, "but in six months the bloom will be off the rose."

* * *

We were shooting. We were behind schedule. We were over budget. Nearly a quarter of a million dollars over budget. The studio was furious. They had held up our final screenplay payment and were threatening to take away our points, or percentage of the profits. We were speaking through lawyers. Studio bookkeepers and accountants combed the books. Talk of injunction was in the air, a showdown meeting arranged.

The studio vice president wore blue suede Gucci loafers and a white suit with a belt in the back. He was surrounded by his accountants. He liked to scream. He screamed that we were amateurs. He screamed that only an amateur would rent a house at the beach for \$1000 a day just to shoot its exterior.

It was a puzzling assertion. In fact the producer had made a good deal for the house, renting it, for both interiors and exteriors, for an entire week at only \$1250.

"A thousand dollars a day," the vice president screamed insistently.

"Who told you that?"

"William."

"Who is William?"

John Gregory Dunne and his wife, Joan Didion, have worked on seven films over the past nine years and, in their words, "done some needlepoint on a half dozen others." Miss Didion is the author of the novel, *Play It As It Lays*, for which she and her husband wrote the screenplay. Mr. Dunne's most recent book is *Vegas*.

The accountants began to shift uneasily.

"My wife's hairdresser," the vice president said.

* * *

Writing films is a good deal like writing for *Time* magazine, except that the pay is better. The film writer is first of all *hired*, and as an employee, no matter how grandiose his salary, he must tailor his ideas to those of his employer. He can wheedle, cajole, or even scream, but if he fails to persuade his employer, he either goes along or gets out. If he gets out, he is easily replaced. On a recent Barbra Streisand picture, there was one credited writer, but five others, including two Academy Award winners, worked on the screenplay. Now these six people didn't meet at lunch one day and decide to make a film, you do the plot, you do the characterization, you do the continuity, you do the humor, you do the flashbacks, and I'll do the polish. They were all hired, their brains picked by the producer and the director, and then discarded. In the wisdom of the Writers Guild, one of these six received a solo credit, but the fingerprints of the other five are smudged all over the finished film.

* * *

The first film script I wrote, in the summer of 1964, was called *Show Me a Hero*, as in Scott Fitzgerald's "Show me a hero and I will write you a tragedy." It was a measure of the script's worth that neither was it a tragedy nor was the protagonist a hero; she was a heroine. The subject of the yarn—it could not properly be called anything else—was topical: a woman who had become a national figure because of her undying love and loyalty to a husband withering away in a Communist prison on a trumped-up charge of espionage. A reporter from a magazine called *Tempo* (I had once worked for *Time* and written for *Life*) is sent to find out what makes this symbol of the good, the true, and the beautiful rise above the nation's prevailing moral inertia. (Remember, this was years before the POW wives and Mrs. Commander Lloyd Bucher.) Things are not what they seem. The heroine is a pawn in a right-wing plot. The heroine moreover is living a lie; she never loved her husband. And the husband indeed was a spy, a task he undertook when he discovered that the

heroine did not love him. (Not only was he a spy, it turns out, but a setup deliberately blown by his superiors so that a prisoner exchange could be effected with his Communist captors, exchanging him for a famous Red agent who had agreed to double for the CIA behind the Iron Curtain; the famous Red agent, however, had undergone a change of heart and hung himself in his American prison cell rather than turn traitor. This was a subplot.) The young reporter, sickened by these revelations, declares his love *in camera* to the heroine. The heroine reciprocates carnally in a midwinter tryst in either a cottage on Fire Island or a suite at the Radisson Hotel in Minneapolis, a plot point to be worked out later. The military-industrial complex uncovers the illicit romance. The heroine declares herself sick of sham and says she will publicly avow her love for the young reporter. The inhabitant of the Oval Room indicates with all the wisdom of his years that such an avowal of infidelity would be a source of great disillusion to what, in 1964, was not yet known as the Silent Majority. At precisely that moment, the heroine's husband is released from his Communist hell. Love or Duty, which will the heroine choose?

The young reporter says, "I love you, Marjorie," for that is the heroine's name.

And the heroine says, "Oh, Joe," for that is the young reporter's name.

And we fade out before the Great Decision.

* * *

My agents were ecstatic when they read the script. A love story by a neophyte writer. What

agents said, was a few changes and would I come to town to discuss them. Has anyone ever been so young that his heart skipped a beat at the prospect of a script conference with a roomful of William Morris agents? I was, that summer.

There were seven agents crowded in the office, all very short. The meeting was chaired by a henna-haired woman who, after making sure that I was comfortable, assured me that the purpose of the meeting was "constructive criticism."

"Constructive criticism," chorused the other six agents.

"Does anyone have any constructive criticism?" asked the chairperson.

Silence.

"I'm sure someone has some constructive criticism," said the chairperson.

One of the shorter agents raised his hand. "I hope you don't take this amiss," he said to me, "because we all know what we're here for is constructive criticism."

Again the chorus: "Constructive criticism."

"Constructive criticism," I said. Was the heroine too unsympathetic? Was the young reporter too shallow? Or too young?

"Right," said the agent. "Now I'd just like to ask you one thing, uh, and I hope you won't take this personally, it's just constructive criticism, but when you retype the script, I'd like you to make the margins a little wider, if you know what I mean."

I was not sure I did.

"Leave a lot more white space on the page," he added.

There was general nodding around the room. "A good point," the chairperson said.

"White space," I said.

"White space," the agent said.

"That's constructive," the chairperson said.

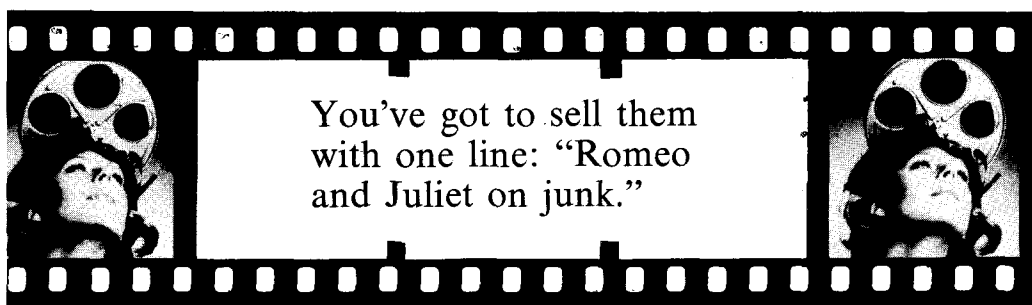
* * *

The best time to do a picture, if you are a part-time screenwriter, is when you don't need the money. Then you are working because you like

either the project or the people (or perhaps both), and your own vanity becomes fused with the vanity fair of the movie business. With luck, the picture might turn out to be pretty good; at worst, you've had a lot of laughs.

* * *

Technique is easily learned. I sat through three consecutive showings of *Seven Days in May* at a second-run drive-in in Long Beach to count the number of sequences that made up a well-crafted



"neophyte" meant in this context was that I had never written a script, which in turn meant that I could be sold for short money and no points, which in turn meant that as the story costs were not top-heavy, a package might be put together with a heavyweight actress/actor/director, which in turn meant that I would be shuffled right off to Buffalo. (I was not as wise in the summer of 1964 as I am in the summer of 1974, but that is what "neophyte" meant then and that is what "neophyte" means now.) All the script needed, my

movie. (As I remember, there were forty.) But most instructive of all is seeing the bad movies of good directors. Truffaut's *Fahrenheit 451*, Antonioni's *The Red Desert*, Peckinpah's *Major Dundee*, Penn's *The Chase*—in each there is a moment or sequence that stands out in such bold relief from the surrounding debris as to make the reasons for its effectiveness clear.

* * *

Surveying the architecture of even the most mendacious film can be exhilarating. Norman Mailer caught this feeling exactly in *The Deer Park* when the director, Charles Eitel, finds himself absorbed in a meretricious screen story retailed by the producer, Carlyle Munshin: "The professional in Eitel lusted for the new story . . . it was so beautifully false. Professional blood thrived on what was excellently dishonest."

* * *

Keep scenes short. A brothel is a good place for exposition, as is an assembly line or a baton-twirling contest for drum majorettes. In a quieter genre, when two people are talking, have one of them shaving or going to the bathroom or having his ears pierced. A radio dropped in a bathtub is a good way to kill someone and a waffle iron in the face makes a nice visual pattern. Don't forget props: studios call it characterization when an actor is plugged into a menthol inhalator or picks his teeth with a .38 or swabs his ear with a Q-tip.

* * *

"He used to be a writer," the agent said of his client, the producer. "Now he's a creator."

* * *

It took my wife and me three years and \$2000 to get our first picture made. It was based on a book called *The Panic in Needle Park* by James Mills and was about two heroin addicts on the streets of New York. We got involved in *Needle Park* because no one was asking us to do any film work. Both my wife and I liked the book and we brought it to my brother, who is a film producer. Between the three of us, we scraped up \$1000 for a year's option against a final purchase price of \$17,500 and 5 percent of net profits. It was a year before we finally found time to write a treatment, or dramatic breakdown. By that time, the initial option was up and we had to ante up another \$1000 to hold the book for a second year.

We now had \$2000 of our own money invested in the project and no prospects for laying it off on a studio. Our agents were not sanguine; the story was "too downbeat." They suggested packaging it with Henry Fonda; we suggested that Fonda was perhaps forty years too old for the lead, and countered with Peter Fonda. They said that Peter

Fonda was not packageable. Then they suggested writing the whole experience off as a tax loss. Studio after studio turned us down. Then our agents showed the treatment to the Levine organization, and to everyone's surprise, Levine bought it. Months later, we learned why. "Joe never reads anything," one of his executives told us. "You've got to sell him with one line."

We asked what our one line was.

"'Romeo and Juliet on junk.'"

* * *

It was from the Levine experience that we learned the importance of guile in writing screenplays. "Romeo and Juliet on junk" was heavy freight, heavier still after we flew to New York and checked into a junkie hotel on the West Side. The roaches in the hotel were the size of gunboats, and neither the sheets nor the towels were changed until we went to Bloomingdale's and bought some of our own. A friend put us in touch with a pusher who dealt marihuana and cocaine to the various movie companies filming in New York. He was a sixteen-year-old high school student with braces on his teeth; his brother was a dealer and his mother an addict and he was the compleat entrepreneur, also dealing heroin from a grocery bike he pedaled around the neighborhood; all his dope was taped to the bottom of the basket on the bicycle.

He introduced us to his customers and for the next several weeks we spent day and night with junkies. We plied them with Hostess Twinkies and they shot up in our room and importuned us for money. Mills's heroine was a lesbian-call-girl-turned-junkie, but during these sessions we found an addict more in keeping with the studio's sensibilities: junkie and hooker Levine would go along with, but lesbian he wasn't into.

It was not exactly the Montagues and the Capulets, but we were stuck with making it seem so. Our solution was to write in a voice-over the action in which one protagonist or the other would talk about a-heroin-kind-of-love. We never had any intention of recording the voice-over, but it did give Levine's people something they could read to Joe. In one sentence.

* * *

Another trick. Studio executives are notoriously literal-minded, and the easiest way to soothe them when they complain about the mood of a scene is simply to add a stage direction. Thus, if they maintain that:

BOBBY

You dumb bitch.

is too grim, you change the line to:

BOBBY

(Engagingly)

You dumb bitch.

The man in charge of Levine's West Coast office was a former agent who had doffed his agent's black suit for executive suede. (This was during the buckskin-and-fringe period of Hollywood executive life when every studio vice president looked like Buffalo Bill in tinted glasses.) He had the corner office and the right barber, but he felt a little exposed, in large part because his counterparts in New York were three thousand miles closer than he was to Levine's ear. "Nice guy, smart as a whip," he would say of his Eastern alter ego, "don't trust him." In the middle of a meeting he would often interrupt to ask the names of the more important captains in the better restaurants, and he was an inveterate Gucci-checker and lapel-measurer. Not that he was without self-confidence. "When I go on a set," he liked to say, "things happen."

* * *

A screenwriter I know was doing a racing picture. "I didn't know you were interested in auto racing," I said.

"I'm not," he said. "Bores me stiff."

"Then how do you handle the racing scenes?"

"With the magic stage direction," he said. "SEQUENCE TO BE STAGED BY DIRECTOR."

* * *

Festival fortnight in Cannes. The atmosphere was less film festival than agricultural fair. There were stalls for Scandinavian pornography in the lobby of the Carlton and slide shows explaining the merits of international co-production. The exhibits were run by thick-waisted men who looked like the proprietors of middle-European Harvester franchises. The conversation was of negative pickup and cross-collateralization, of renting the Yugoslavian army and bribing the Guardia Civil. The lobbies were rich with rumor: Joseph Losey was not speaking to Luchino Visconti, Erich Segal was feuding with Sergio Leone, Buck Henry had seen seven pictures in one day, Jacqueline Susann had met Picasso.

We were staying at the Carlton. It was easy to fall into the pattern. The hall porter brought endless bottles of Chateau d'Yquem, a studio publicity man handed out crisp, new hundred-franc notes as petty cash, every night there was dinner for six, eight, twelve at La Réserve: it all went on the budget of the picture. We re-read *Tender Is the Night*. From the balcony of our suite, we could look down on the Croisette and beyond, past that "bright tan prayer rug of a beach" to Sam Spiegel's yacht bobbing on the Mediterranean. Scott and Zelda, Dick and Nicole Diver, Gerald and Sara Murphy, Abe North, Tommy Barban, Rosemary Hoyt. It would make a great picture; living well was the best revenge.

Back in Los Angeles, our agent had already set

the ball rolling. *Tender Is the Night* was available; Fox held the remake rights and no additional payments had to be made to the Fitzgerald estate. We would, as the agents say, "take a meeting."

The vice president in charge of production met us in his office. He had not, he said, read the "basic material," but the story department had pulled out a synopsis made in 1945. He showed us the synopsis: five pages, single-spaced. A few lines caught my eye: "On their way to Paris, Dick and Nicole and Abe and Rosemary visit the trenches of a World War I battlefield. Later, waiting for a train, an orchestra breaks into, 'Yes, We Have No Bananas.'"

I handed the synopsis back to the vice president in charge of production.

"I would gather," he said carefully, "that what interests you about this property is the glamour and glitter of the Edwardian Age."

We never wrote the picture.

* * *

Film festival wardrobe: faded Levi's, tie-dyed T-shirt, torn bush coat, paint-spattered tennis sneakers, and a velvet dinner jacket.

* * *

There are writers in Hollywood with the reputation of being a "good meeting," as in, "Irving is a fantastic meeting." A good meeting thinks fast on his feet, can argue forcibly that the sun rises in the east, and even more forcibly that it rises in the west if that is the way the studio sees it. He is an interpreter of silences and a reader of eyebrow movement, a master of options, strategic withdrawals, and tactical advances. And he has a fund of good gossip to bridge that awkward moment when he deposits the blame for one of his bad ideas on someone else's doorstep.

* * *

I am a terrible meeting. During the conferences on *Tender Is the Night*, the vice president in charge of production asked how we planned to deal with the ending. We would not take Dick Diver to upstate New York as Fitzgerald did, my wife said. Instead we would end the picture with the penultimate scene in the novel: Dick blessing the Riviera beach with the papal cross as he prepared to leave France.

This was not exactly what the vice president in charge of production had in mind. Couldn't "the two young people"—he could never remember the Divers' name from the synopsis, so always referred to them as "the two young people"—get back together?

It would seem, I said, to defeat the point of the book.

"That might be so," he said. "But your audience today would like to see these two young people get

back together. Your audience today likes your up ending."

I made an attempt to be a good meeting. "But Ali MacGraw," I found myself saying, "died at the end of *Love Story*."

Nicole Diver, meet Jenny Cavalleri.

* * *

The producer had a mechanical joint roller because he could never get the hang of building his own. He poured the grass evenly, fiddled with the roller, and presto! a joint that looked like a Camel. He took a man-sized hit. "The day I got busted for dope," he said, "was the day I left the Republican Party and the Catholic Church."

* * *

The story conference is to screenwriting what crab grass is to the lawn. It encourages the most spurious sense of collaboration: if it allows the producer to feel "creative," it makes the writer ever more aware that he is an employee. Everyone involved feels impelled to pump significance into the most banal bloodletter; rarely this side of academe does one hear more about "illusion versus reality" than one does in a story conference, usually in a story conference about a western. Every sentence tends to begin with, "What if . . .", as in, "What if the young doctor blows up the boat?"

"As an existential act?"

"Right."

"The illusion-versus-reality-type-thing?"

"Right on."

"But his wife's in the boat."

"What if he only thought she was?"

"There's your illusion versus reality again."

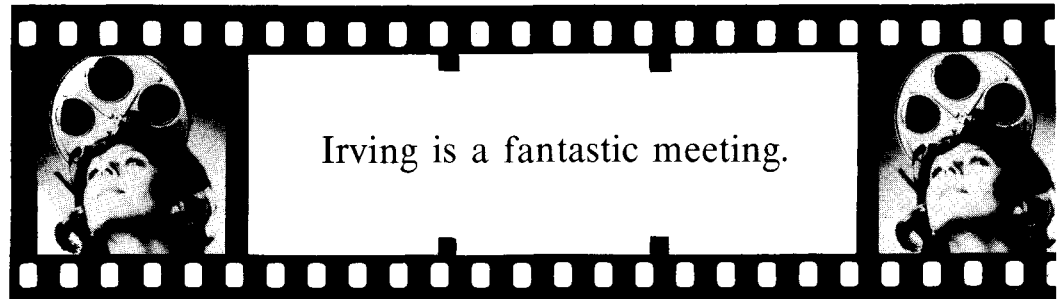
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In an effort to cut the losses, we have generally tried to hold story conferences at home. We live fifty miles up the coast from town, and the very length of the ride along the Pacific can turn what began as a meeting into an adventure. And always there is lunch, the same story-conference lunch: a cold leek soup, antipasto, baguettes of French bread, fruit, Brie, and white wine. The lunch is programmed to reinforce the notion that the turf is ours, and that it would be bad form for a guest to push aberrant ideas; we are no longer employees, but host and hostess. Sometimes it works.

* * *

It was a deal in search of a story: Paul Newman

and Robert Redford as New York police officers David Durk and Frank Serpico. Durk and Serpico, the two cops who had blown the whistle on corruption in the New York police department and forced the creation of the Knapp Commission. David Durk, the button-down gray-flannel-suit cop, graduate of Amherst College, former student of Alfred Kazin's. Frank Serpico, the undercover cop, who swung with chicks, wore a beard and a ring in



his ear. Paul Newman as Durk, Robert Redford as Serpico, Butch and Sundance in the Big Apple, over a million beans between them, plus a percentage of the gross. Only they did not have a script.

The writer and the director of *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid* had jointly turned down the project before we were approached, and when we listened to the tapes and read the two magazine articles on which the screenplay would be based, we knew why: there was no story. Especially no story when both Newman and Redford had script approval, as did the director: the writer on a project in which two superstars plus a director have script approval stands a good chance of getting ground into little pieces. We declined.

But in Hollywood when you turn down a go-project with two superstars, it is generally assumed that you only want more money. The ante was sweetened; again we declined. And sweetened again: our agent intimated that he could get us \$100,000 for a *first draft*, and that he would ". . . work out the down side later." (I might add here that it is a good rule of thumb to cut an agent's intimation by 50 percent.) The head of the studio called at 7:30 A.M. and said he was glad we were coming aboard. I waffled. Again the ante went up. There was so much money involved that my palms began to sweat. And still we did not want to do the script.

It was the appearance of Sam Peckinpah in the package that made us change from "no" to "maybe." We had first met him in the bad years when he could not get work because of a distinctly un-Hollywood penchant for telling people exactly what he thought of them, their ancestors, their

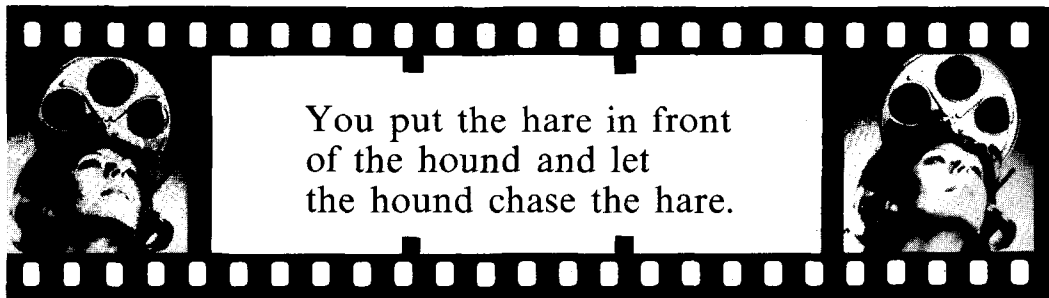
wives and children. We had often talked of doing a picture together, but nothing ever came of it. Now there were stars, money, and a studio; the only thing there wasn't, in fact, was a story.

Peckinpah had never met Paul Newman, and so a dinner was arranged at Newman's house in Malibu. We had not seen Sam in over a year, and he was as unmellow as ever. He said that he did not much like Redford and that if he had directed *Butch Cassidy* it would have been a better picture. Newman, who had some distinct reservations about the violence in Peckinpah films, never lost his aplomb. He had just finished directing *Sometimes a Great Notion*, from which the original director had been fired, and he said that he had "... cut it from a disaster into a failure." It was the kind of remark that Peckinpah, the director, could appreciate. Newman and Peckinpah—they were two professionals feeling each other out, and they seemed to like each other.

We talked about red wine. We talked about studio accounting. In fact we talked about everything except *Durk and Serpico*, which was the point of the exercise. It was only after we left, standing with Sam out in front of Newman's house, that the subject even came up.

"Sam," I said, "what the hell is this picture all about?"

"Write me a western," Peckinpah said.



You put the hare in front
of the hound and let
the hound chase the hare.

"Jesus, Sam, it's about two cops in New York City."

A small smile. "Every story is a western."

We must have looked bewildered. As if lecturing to two rather slow small children, Sam said, "You put the hare in front of the hound and let the hound chase the hare."

"Oh."

"Simple."

We never wrote the picture.

* * *

The woman in our script had a twelve-year-old child. "If you're not married to that kid," Ali MacGraw's agent whispered at a party, "I can get Ali to read the script."

We have, in the course of a dozen or so films, stayed in suites at the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco, the Ambassador East in Chicago, the Regency in New York, the Connaught in London, the Carlton in Cannes, the Eden in Rome, L'Hotel in Paris, and the Tequendama in Bogotá. I say this only to suggest one attraction about working in films that goes largely unmentioned: the attraction of borrowed luxury. Contracts specify an expense allowance of \$1000 a week and there is always a chauffeured limousine to help the traveler navigate a strange city. In every way, the minor fix is in. Hand an expired passport to a production manager and within hours he will return it, renewed. Land in a foreign capital and a public relations man will glide you through customs, dispensing franc or lira or peso or pound notes. ("If you have any dope, best tell me now so I can clear things," a P.R. man advised me at Heathrow; I received the same counsel from his opposite number at Orly.) The rip-off is endemic; studio bookkeeping is so byzantine that none of the profit participants ever really expect to see their points and as a result are not inspired to economy up front. It is this tendency toward largesse that makes a movie company on location so easy to spot. They laugh a little too long in hotel restaurants and talk a little too loud and drink a little too much; they always stick together and are the object of an attention they pretend to ignore. They are like exiles spending the currency of a government which, unbeknownst to the locals, collapsed yesterday.

* * *

We were asked to write a picture for Barbra Streisand. Unfortunately we did not think much of the book we had been asked to adapt; we had, in fact, turned it down twice

before Streisand was involved. But such was the lure of Streisand that we were almost able to convince ourselves that she could make even this story work. The director encouraged this delusion; he had not liked the book either, but with the Streisand magic, he said, perhaps we could pull it off.

With some trepidation, we entered into negotiation. But so seductive is the mythology of deal-making that our reservations for the moment evaporated. It is all an elaborate entertainment. There are no surprises in a deal; both sides are aware beforehand of the broad strokes in the final settlement, yet the charade of haggling goes on. The sums involved often resemble the national debt of an emerging nation, frequently causing the negotiators to absent themselves from reality. "I know

janitors who make \$75,000," our agent once said, as he advised us to turn down a deal.

We were kept abreast of the negotiation by telephone. After an initial thrust and parry, our screenplay fee was set at \$100,000. On signing, we would receive \$15,000, and, on delivery of the first draft, another \$35,000. For two sets of revisions, we would get another \$25,000, and on the first day of principal photography, if no other writers had been called in, the final \$25,000. The delivery date on the first draft was twelve weeks after a negotiated start date. At any point after the first draft we could be fired, but even if we were replaced and our script dismissed as unusable, we would receive the minimum first-draft payment of \$50,000.

The fee was easy; now the real bargaining began. Our agent asked for points, which in a Streisand picture could be considerable. But unless they are also partners in the production, writers of an adaptation rarely get points, mainly because producers are unwilling to give a piece up front to a writer they might ultimately want to fire. Thus our request for points was turned down flat. Our agent then informed the producers: no piece, no script.

The game was now the deal, not the screenplay. Instead of points, the producers offered a deferment out of profits. The first offer was for \$25,000, and, when that was turned down, they raised the deferment to \$50,000. Our agent accepted and then began to work out when and how the deferment would be paid. After much haggling, it was agreed that the deferment would be in two equal payments, the first at 2.2 times the actual negative cost of the picture (at which point the film would be past break-even and into initial profits), the second at 3.5 times negative. Payment would be *pari passu* (or pro-rated) with others holding a deferment position. So finally, after three weeks of negotiation, what had been established was that if we wrote the picture and if there were no other writers and if the picture was made and if it went into profits, we would make \$150,000.

We balked. Not over the deal, but over the book. Even the possibility of \$150,000 did not make us like it any better. More meetings, more bargaining. So much time had been expended on the negotiations that the producers were reluctant to audition other writers, even in the face of our desire to bow out of the project. Finally we suggested a compromise: instead of taking a lump-sum first payment, which would tie us into the picture for months, we would give the producers three weeks during which we would try to work out a viable narrative from the book. At the end of the three weeks, we would either go ahead under the original terms or call it a day. As guarantee of our good faith, our agent stipulated that we would work for \$2500 a week, or half our weekly rate. (Actually we did not have a weekly rate, but now

he could claim we did, and he had a deal memo to prove it.)

And so we went to work. On the fifth day, we told our agent to get us out of the deal.

"How badly do you want out?" he said.

"They don't have to pay us."

We never wrote the picture.

* * *

Scene 235 took place in a cafeteria. The time was night. KATE was having a cup of coffee with her lover, HUGH, a kind of young Eric Hoffer with patch pockets. They run into Kate's former lover, WARREN, a black academic who describes himself as "less a Tom than a Thomist." Warren and Hugh, who have never met, immediately take to each other. Their rapport makes Kate so nervous that she leaves the restaurant.

The actress objected to the scene. "So she's balled both guys. What's there to be nervous about?"

"She just is," my wife said.

"Do you get nervous when you're in the same room with two guys you've slept with?" the actress asked.

"Yes," my wife said.

The director, the producer, and I assiduously began examining our fingernails.

"Well, I didn't know the picture was about *your* hang-ups," the actress said.

* * *

Shirley MacLaine came to lunch to discuss *January and February*, as did Julie Andrews; we flew to Tucson to discuss it with Joanne Woodward and to San Francisco for meetings with Natalie Wood. For each of these ladies we rewrote the picture, by-the-by adding some filigreeing from Vanessa Redgrave and Faye Dunaway. Which is how a picture about a social worker in Detroit and Cleveland evolved effortlessly into a script about a college professor's wife in Pomona whose life comes to a crisis at the Ojai Music Festival.

Then we quit the picture. □

Memo to John Gregory Dunne From: The Editor

I like your sweet-and-sour dissertation on screenwriting and will run it in the July issue, with proper credits and a reminder that Fatty Arbuckle Memorial Week is in the offing. It leaves me wondering, though, if Hollywood is the drag you make it seem. I'd like to read more. Perhaps some ruminations about some of the screenwriting aces of the past, and perhaps a case or two in which everybody, writer included, was happy at the end. And perhaps a bit more about the makeup of the

contemporary screenwriting community, if there is one. Do most of you live in and around Hollywood? Earn a good living at the trade? Have any fun? Or is there no such thing as an homogeneous group of men and women who make their livings or get their kicks mainly out of writing for the movies?

Memo to the Editor
From: John Gregory Dunne

The problem about your memo is that in essence I disagree with just about everything implied in it and will try to explain why as briefly as I can. I conceived of the piece as about some experiences Joan and I have had. We are bookwriters who moonlight on film scripts, as are most of the screenwriters we know well (people like Brian Moore and Judith Rascoe and Gavin Lambert and Christopher Isherwood), and whatever perceptions I have are based on the salient fact that movie writing is not a primary occupation. The professional screenwriters we know are either directors or aspire to be, because only by directing your own script can you control your own material. I once wrote that "writing scripts and not wanting to direct them is like wanting to be a co-pilot." That still says it all.

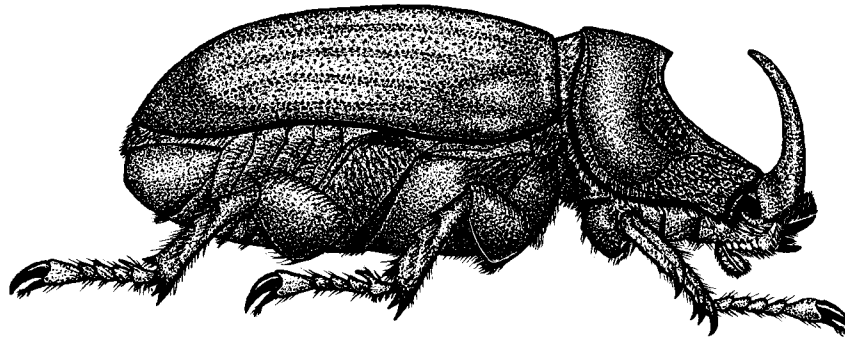
The fact is, screenwriting *is* a drag, despite the doubt voiced in your memo. The analogy to working for *Time* was well considered. We have both worked in practically every level at *Time*, and I did not, nor I suspect did you, consider it writing; what appeared in print belonged to the magazine or the managing editor or the surrogate Luce of the moment, not to the writer. Finish a book and there is a sense of accomplishment; finish a script and the shit starts. An example: when we turned in the script we just finished, it was suggested we rewrite the girl as a spade,

because Diana Ross was available. We managed to procrastinate, but if the studio finally decides on Diana Ross, our choices are either to rewrite the girl as a black or to forfeit \$50,000 and ten points. This is the given of screenwriting. This also is before the producer, director, or actors have weighed in with their ideas. (And this, I might finally add, is an original screenplay.)

Joan once wrote that a deal memo, which spells out contractual control, is the most important piece of paper on a production. This is novelist Josh Greenfeld on his collaboration with director Paul Mazursky: "If I don't like something of Paul's, it stays in; if Paul doesn't like something of mine, it goes out." This is Jules Feiffer on his collaboration with Mike Nichols: "A script is something Mike revises, often with my help." Those were two successful collaborations between friends; Jules and Josh recognized and accepted their junior partnership because their own work was elsewhere.

Since the decline of the contract system, there is no great homogeneous screenwriter community. Writers work at home instead of at studio offices and thus are spread all over (we, for example, live fifty miles from the nearest studio). I don't know if writers are making a good living. The Guild claims only a tiny percentage supports itself exclusively on movies or television, but even in the palmy old days only a tiny percentage of the Guild was ever in demand. As for the old stars, they were mainly stars because they were good around the right dinner tables.

Why then write for films? Because the money is good. Because doing a screenplay is like doing a combination jigsaw-and-crossword puzzle; it's not writing, but it can be fun. And because the other night, after a screening, we went out to a party with Mike Nichols and Candice Bergen and Warren Beatty and Barbra Streisand. I never did that at *Time*. □



WINGS OF THE RHINOCEROS

by Kenneth Brower

The big war in the Pacific was over, but Robert Owen's war was just beginning. Unless it was brought under control, the incredibly hardy rhinoceros beetle threatened to destroy every coconut palm in Micronesia. After experiments with a strange array of allies—wasps, hedgehogs, fungi, click beetles, and undergrowth—an armed truce has been won. It could end any day.

Around 1942 the coconut beetle arrived in Palau, an archipelago in the Caroline Islands of the western Pacific. It probably came as a stowaway on a Japanese vessel from Malaya, Indonesia, or the Philippines. The Japanese colonial government was too preoccupied with its Pacific war to eradicate the beetle in the first months, while eradication was still a possibility. Then the war reached Palau itself. In the bombing and shelling, thousands of coconut palms were felled. Logs lay about on every island, making an ideal breeding ground, and the beetle population quickly exploded. Within ten years of introduction, the beetle had killed more than half of Palau's coconut palms. Many of the trees that survived were injured and their copra production was sharply reduced. The damage in Palau was the worst in the world.

So the horned insect's god was Mars, and war brought it to the Palau Islands. The insect in turn brought Robert Owen.

"From the first day, I knew it was the place I wanted to be," Owen says. "Someone, I can't remember who, took me all through the limestone is-

lands in a small boat. They were so beautiful. So green and full of life."

In winning the islands, the American military had inherited the beetle. Owen was one of the first officers in the new military government. A bomber-pilot in North Africa during the war, he had left the Air Corps at war's end and had worked briefly as port entomologist in Hoboken, then Seattle, before the chance came to work in the Pacific. He jumped at it, and moved with his wife to Guam. In 1949, on loan from the Department of Agriculture, he was conducting a general entomological survey for the Navy, which then administered the Trust Territory, when the Navy asked him to investigate the beetle on Palau.

In the genus *Oryctes*, of the tribe Oryctini, of the family Scarabaeidae, of the suborder Lamellicornia, of the order Coleoptera, there is a beetle named rhinoceros. *Oryctes rhinoceros* (Linn), as the beetle is known to the West, or *Mengalius*, "coconut-eater," as known in Palau, begins life as a small, clear-white, fine-granulated, hard-shelled egg. The egg hatches into a larva. The larva in its first instar is very small, just a tenth of its eventual length and an even smaller fraction of its eventual weight. At this stage the larva is mostly alimentary canal, for its food is decaying wood, very low in nutrition, and the canal must pass a lot. By its second instar the larva's epicranial suture has become more distinct. The left mandible has formed a tooth near the middle of its inner edge. In the third instar, the larva's head darkens. The mandibles develop more complex molar areas. The dorsum begins to bristle.

Between instars the larva molts. As it rests in preparation for each molt, it becomes semi-translucent. Then its thorax swells, the old exoskeleton splits, a colorless fluid is released, and the larva struggles free. The larva is white when it first emerges. Within an hour its head and legs have turned pale

pink, and within two hours a pale reddish brown.

The larvae of *Oryctes rhinoceros* are very strong. In research on diseases that might be used against the beetle on Palau, experimenters had trouble simply in infecting the larvae. "The grubs react violently to any disturbance and persistently try to bite the object that is in contact with their bodies," wrote one researcher. The larvae could chew through hard boards and brass screening. They could give an entomologist a painful bite, if he was careless. "Oral intubation" was impossible without a total anesthetic, and the larvae did not anesthetize easily. Because they were log-dwellers, with very low oxygen requirements, half an hour of exposure to a carbon dioxide atmosphere was required to knock them out. They revived quickly on being handled and intubed. Researchers discovered that the best method was to pin down a larva with a patch of quarter-inch mesh, apply heavy pressure to keep the larva from squirming, and inject the disease agent through the mesh. The larva's integument was so tough in the second and third instars that standard twenty-seven-gauge injection needles had to be honed before each experiment.

At the end of its third instar, the larva leaves its log and crawls down into the soil to pupate. The pupa is yellowish brown and rubbery. Most of the adult structures are visible, even the embryonic horn that will grow into the striking feature for which *Oryctes rhinoceros* has its name. It is possible at this stage to determine sex, for the male's horn is longer in relation to its breadth than the female's.

The pupa stridulates. By rotating its abdomen slightly, it causes a friction between abdominal segments and the noise results. The stridulation is fainter and slower than that of the adult male beetle, but more continuous. When the pupa is held in the hand, it buzzes, like a time bomb.

When the adult emerges from the ground it is a highly sclerotized black beetle with a hard exoskeleton, sharp spines on its tibiae, and powerful muscles in its legs and thorax. Its compound eyes are covered with a thick, transparent cuticle, through which the multiple facets beneath are discernible. Backward from the base of the horn flanges project, protecting the eyes. The head locks into a groove in the prosternum to keep it from wobbling from side to side when the mandibles are chiseling or when the horn is in use as a lever. The brain is small. The heart is seven-chambered. Metamorphosis has been total, and not even in its nervous and digestive systems does the adult resemble the larva.

It is hard to experience the strength of the adult

beetle by handling it directly because of the spines on its legs, but by placing a book on the beetle's back, bearing down, and trying to stop its movement across the floor, one gets a good idea. It is difficult to hold the beetle. It just scrapes along, like Atlas. It makes the human pressing down feel silly and a little scared.

The male sex organ, the aedeagus, is a large, heavily sclerotized, hooked structure that is entirely retracted within the body when the male is not copulating. In the average male, the aedeagus measures 10 mm. in length; the terminal hook, called the forceps, is a paired structure, smooth, blackish, and hard.

Oryctes rhinoceros, then, is a big, black, heavily hung, tough, pyknic, irritable beetle. A single adult can kill a palm tree.

The beetle prefers coconut palms, but where these are scarce it will live in other palms, and in pandanus, sugar cane, and pineapple. In coconut palms the beetle feeds in the crowns. It burrows into the soft heart of palm, where it feeds on juices from the chewed fibers and on the sweet sap that the injured heart sends up into the beetle tunnels. It is in this heart of palm that the tree's embryonic fronds are furled. When a beetle has fed there, the new fronds pushing up from the crown are bilaterally notched, like the snowflakes that children cut in folded paper.

Deep within the heart—in the palm's heart of hearts—there is a growing point about the size of an apple, and though it is not likely that this apple tastes better than the rest of the heart, the beetle's mandibles sometimes take him through it. The tree then dies, for palms, unlike most other trees, have no alternate growing points.

The death of the palm does not end its trials. When the frondless pole of a dead tree has decayed sufficiently, female rhinoceros beetles lay their eggs in the bark of the upper portion. The eggs hatch, and the larvae eat their way downward. The bark remains intact, but after a time encloses nothing but sawdust, larva feces, and larvae. One day the stump blows over in the wind. Cushioned by the sawdust, few larvae are hurt. They resume eating as if nothing had happened. They grow through their remaining instars, then burrow into the soil to pupate. The beetle has, man and boy, erased an entire tree.

The reproductive potential of the beetle is crushing. Dr. Linly Gressit, a student of *Oryctes*, estimates that the average female lays ninety eggs in her lifetime. With an average life cycle of one month, and assuming a one-to-one sex ratio, she gives rise to a theoretical 186,390 progeny at the end of the first year, each of which offspring could kill a coconut palm.

Insects are notorious, of course, for this capacity on paper to multiply. But in an insect's native land, predators and other mitigating forces have

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also evolved to keep such numbers only theoretical. The origin of the genus *Oryctes* is Africa, and the homeland of the species *rhinoceros* is Southeast Asia, in both of which may be found numerous *Oryctes* predators of all phyla, shapes, and sizes. But in small oceanic islands with the simple ecosystems characteristic of Oceania, places where the genus is unknown, there are no such marshals and deputies waiting to greet the beetle.

When Robert Owen came to Palau in 1949, he surveyed the damage and wrote a strong report. The control program begun in 1947 was a failure, he said. Its bounty system, a dollar paid for each dead palm cut down, was ill conceived. There was no follow-up to assure that the bounty trees were destroyed after they were felled, a failure that could well leave the beetle with more breeding material than before. Nor was there any guarantee that the bounty trees had been dead. "Certainly," wrote Owen, "the prospect of immediately making a dollar by cutting down a tree must frequently have seemed more expedient to the natives than waiting for the tree to produce a dollar's worth of copra." There was no evidence that *Scolia ruficornis*, the wasp introduced to Palau as a biological control, had become established. Neither was there any certainty that, once established, the wasp would be effective. "Unless an effective sanitary program is pursued or a successful biological control is found," Owen concluded, "the Rhinoceros Beetle will inflict increasing damage on the coconut trees of the Palau Islands and will eventually spread to Guam and other island groups in the Trust Territory."

This prophecy shook the Navy. The prospect of increased damage in Palau was bad enough, but the Palaus are high islands, not dependent on coconuts alone. In the greater part of Micronesia, in the groups of low atolls, such as the Marshalls, where the coconut is the only source of cash and in certain seasons the only source of drinking water (as Owen was careful to point out), the palm is the very tree of life. The beetle's arrival there would be genocidal. The Navy asked the Department of Agriculture to look for someone to run a revitalized control program. Agriculture picked Robert Owen. And Owen himself, when asked twenty-three years later whether he had had any special in mind in pushing for the program, answered, "I had me in mind."

The effort to control the rhinoceros beetle was forty years old in the Pacific when Owen joined it. In September, 1909, the beetle had been first observed in Western Samoa. A strict quarantine by the governments of surrounding islands confined it there for many years. Shortly after its Samoan appearance, a biologist named Friederichs began a search of the Eastern tropics for a biological con-

trol. He found only a green muscardine fungus, which he introduced to Samoa. The fungus had no effect, so Friederichs introduced the European hedgehog and vole. These were the first of many animals to be pressed into service against the beetle. The hedgehog and vole, blinking in the Samoan sunshine, were released under the palms. They disappeared into the tropical vegetation, never to be seen again. Accounts of their introduction say simply that they did not survive. They deserve more sympathy. The two rodents were Kipling characters, soldiers who perished in an alien land. They fell on strange soil, without knowing why.

Friederichs next suggested the introduction of two wasps, *Scolia oryctophaga* and *Scolia carnifax*. *S. oryctophaga* had the right name for the job, certainly. It would eventually take its turn against the beetle, though Friederichs was never able to arrange the introduction himself.

In 1924, the beetle appeared on Wallis Island, four hundred miles north of the British colony of Fiji.

In the 1930s, a British entomologist named Simmonds, then a middle-aged man who had spent much of his career in the Pacific, explored the tropics intermittently for a good beetle parasite. In 1935 he searched Malaya without finding anything. In 1939 he traveled to Java, Mauritius, Madagascar, and Zanzibar. He discovered no parasites specific to *Oryctes rhinoceros*, but found that other species of the genus *Oryctes* were held in close check by a number of predators. He set about finding a predator that would work in Samoa. First he shipped a large number of *Scolia oryctophaga* from Madagascar to Samoa, but the "Oryctes-eater" failed to establish itself. Simmonds guessed that the reason was the absence of a cool season in Samoa. He turned elsewhere. Correspondence with the Zanzibar Museum revealed that *Scolia carnifax* was an efficient *Oryctes* predator. He tested *carnifax* in Mauritius, but was unable to get the wasp interested in the *Oryctes* grubs in his laboratory. When he reached Zanzibar, he discovered that the Museum's *carnifax* specimen was mislabeled. It was not *carnifax*, but *Scolia ruficornis*. He tested this wasp, and it proved to be the real predator.

Scolia ruficornis is a big, blue-black wasp with ice-blue wings. Its hind pair of legs are hairy and remarkably long and muscular. It has an abdomen like a bomb, swelling full and ominous, then narrowing sharply to its fatal point. Simmonds considered this wasp promising in that the Zanzibar climate was much like Samoa's, and the wasp would feel at home. But it was a gamble, because it was not a true parasite of the coconut rhinoceros beetle, only of the beetle's cousins. Simmonds released the wasp in Samoa, and it established itself. The fact of establishment meant that *ruficornis* had made the adjustment to the new species of beetle, for there was nothing else in Samoa for the female wasp to parasitize when she laid her eggs. In time

ruficornis seemed to have some effect in controlling the beetle population.

There had been no other developments in beetle science at the time Owen began his control work in Palau. Friederichs' search for a solution had begun before Owen's birth, yet in the years following the beetle's 1909 debut, Palau was only the third place in Oceania it had reached, and the danger to the entire Pacific area was considered only a potential one. There were few workers and little money available for beetle research.

Owen started by organizing a sanitation program. Sanitation was then the only effective method of controlling *Oryctes*, and it remains the basic method today. It is costly, hard, unending work. Dead stumps are cut down and hauled to the sea. Vegetable refuse is buried or scattered. By force of human labor, the female beetle is denied a place to lay her eggs.

From the beginning, Owen's campaign against the beetle was a curiously moderated one. "I didn't want to use chain saws and tractors," he says, "because once the people in the villages saw it done that way, they wouldn't want to go back to the simple ways."

It was Owen's professional judgment that the beetle could never be eradicated in Palau; it could only be kept under control. This meant that for the rest of time, or at least until the islands were reclaimed by the sea, Palauans would have to co-exist with the beetle. The United States had promised to return the territory it held in trust to the Palauans, its owners, and when that day came, Owen did not want Palauans dependent on a foreign technology.

In one of his first quarterly reports Owen wrote that, according to the Chief of Melekeiok, the beetle was breeding in the nesting mounds of incubator birds. Owen began a brief history of the incubator bird, or megapode, describing how it uses its big feet to kick up mounds of soil and fallen vegetation, then lays its eggs within, to be incubated by the heat of the composting material. The megapode's life history becomes a very long aside in Owen's report, and reads almost as if he did not realize where his thoughts had taken him. It may have raised some eyebrows at headquarters.

The Chief of Melekeiok's story was likely true, Owen concluded. "If so, it raises a rather delicate problem. The incubator bird is a rare and unique native bird well deserving protection. On the other hand, if it provides sufficient breeding material for *Oryctes rhinoceros* . . . ?"

In 1952 the beetle appeared on Vav'u, in Tonga, and in 1953 it reached Fiji. The beetle was now becoming everyone's problem, and Owen wanted a Pacific-wide campaign against it. As a member of the Invertebrate Consultant Committee for the Pa-

cific (ICCP), a committee of the Pacific Science Board of the National Research Council, Owen pushed for international cooperation. The ICCP approached the South Pacific Commission (SPC), an international organization based in New Caledonia, and asked that the SPC become coordinating agency for the various groups fighting the beetle. The SPC had been hearing similar sentiments from other parts of the Pacific and it agreed to play a coordinating role.

In 1953 the SPC stated that eradication was not a possibility. Workers would have to be satisfied by simply controlling the beetle's numbers. Sanitation was the only sure method of control, but it was costly. Insecticides would not work, for at no time in its life cycle was the beetle sufficiently exposed. As a larva it fed within logs, as a pupa it reposed beneath the soil, and as an adult it fed deep in the palm heart. Palm crowns could be individually treated with a benzene hydrochloride mixture which had some success in repelling the adult beetle, but this required a large labor force and more money than the copra economies of the Pacific could afford. All these things pointed to a biological control—a predator or disease that would effectively limit beetle populations. The SPC announced its intention to spend its energies in the search for such a control.

In the 3 million square miles and the thousands of islands of the U.S. Trust Territory, there were only two entomologists. Netherlands New Guinea didn't have one, and other Pacific territories were similarly lacking. As its first act, the SPC hired an Indian entomologist, T. V. Venkatraman, and sent him searching for beetle parasites and predators. It commissioned another entomologist, a resident of Western Samoa, to study the range of the beetle, and hired a chemist who began testing palm extracts in a Queensland laboratory in an effort to find a beetle attractant. The budget for the first year was £10,000.

The SPC formed a Technical Advisory Committee on the Rhinoceros Beetle. Committee members were government entomologists from the French Institute of Oceania, in New Caledonia; the Department of Agriculture, Fiji; the Division of Agriculture, Hollandia, Netherlands New Guinea; the (Australian) Territory of New Guinea; the Department of Agriculture, Pago Pago, American Samoa; the Entomological Research Station, Nelson, New Zealand; and the Staff Entomologist for the Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands, Robert Owen.

In May, 1954, the roving entomologist, Venkatraman, made his first quarterly report from southern India. He had discovered that beetle larvae lived in cattle manure heaps. They fed gregariously along the edges of manure pits, usually about six to ten inches beneath the surface. He noted that when manure was stored in concrete



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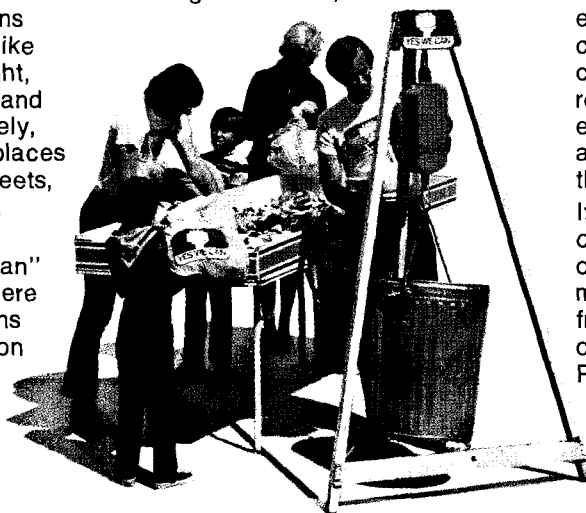
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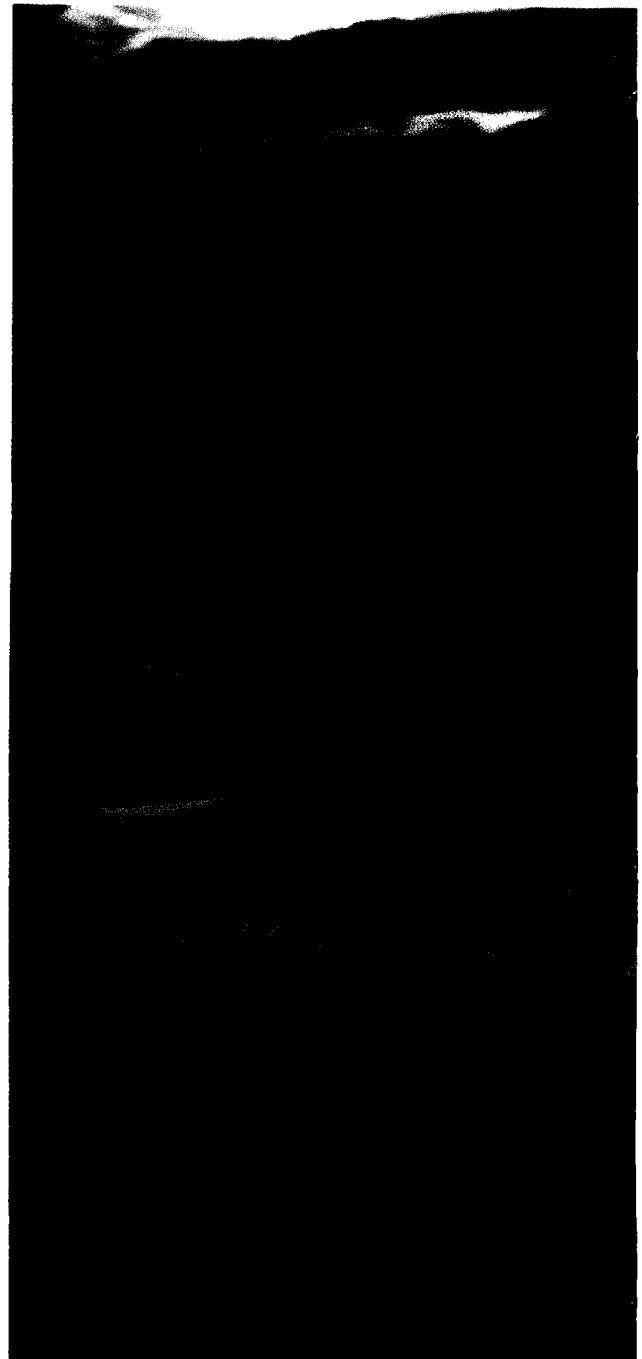
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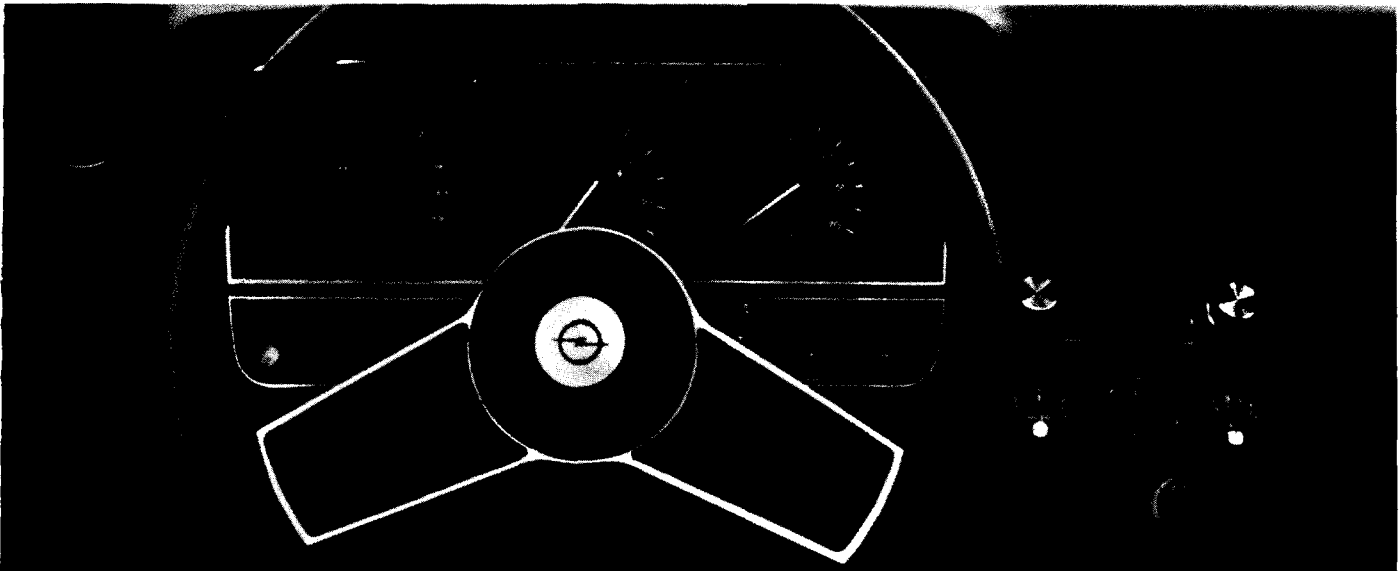
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pits that also drained cattle urine, no larvae were found. Perhaps that was a clue. Then he began a list of possible predators, a list that in the next years would become very long. He reported that fowls, crows, ducks, jackals, dogs, squirrels, field rats, and bandicoots all had been observed to dig out the grubs and eat them.

In August, Venkatraman reported from the coastal groves of coconut palms between Cape Comorin and the Malabar border. He had discovered his first promising predator. It was from the family Elateridae, which includes the click beetles and fire beetles of the tropics. His prospect was "a large, shiny reddish-brown elaterid larva with prominent dark head and well developed mandibles." This elaterid larva had the right kind of face, certainly. "As soon as it comes in contact with an *Oryctes* grub," wrote Venkatraman, "it gets hold of it by means of its powerful mandibles and pierces the body and feeds on the body fluid through the punctures made invariably on the thoracic segments." It sounded like a hell of a larva.

Venkatraman reported that in the laboratory one of his elaterids had consumed eighty *Oryctes* grubs. This specimen might have been just a gym fighter, of course, but eighty wins and no losses was an impressive record, even when compiled under the gaze of a friendly scientist. The elaterid had a single character fault: in laboratory conditions it was cannibalistic.

Yet as Robert Owen read about the elaterid, sitting at his desk in Palau, he failed to become excited. He knew that reproduction in the family Elateridae was too slow. He never entertained the smallest hope that an elaterid would be the answer.

Venkatraman reported several other possibilities. There was a mole cricket, unfortunately also a cannibal. There was a fly, *Sarcophaga fuscicanda*, but it was too flexible in its preference for victims. Venkatraman recommended forgetting about it. There were several bacterial diseases. The trouble with these was that they had to be injected in individual larvae. Spraying the disease agent on the beetle's breeding media did not work.

In February, 1955, Venkatraman reported from Ceylon. He had high hopes for the place, for like the Pacific islands it had very little seasonal variation in temperature. He wrote that in the wet zone of Ceylon, coconut logs were the beetle's favorite breeding place, though it also used cattle dung and elephant droppings. Then he noted, "Although little attention is paid to coconut cultivation in Ceylon, the palm grows luxuriantly in the important coconut districts, producing high yields. The rhinoceros beetle is present throughout the island but the incidence of the beetle in general was low in the major coconut area." This plenitude of coconut and absence of beetles occurred "in places

where the palms are overcrowded with thick undergrowth of weeds and creepers."

In these observations there was a hint at what later would become an effective method of beetle control. But if Venkatraman saw it and played with the idea, he soon discarded it. He was intent on finding a parasite. Owen read Venkatraman's latest observations with interest, for he himself had observed the effects of dense undergrowth on beetles, and he was thinking of a way to put them to use.

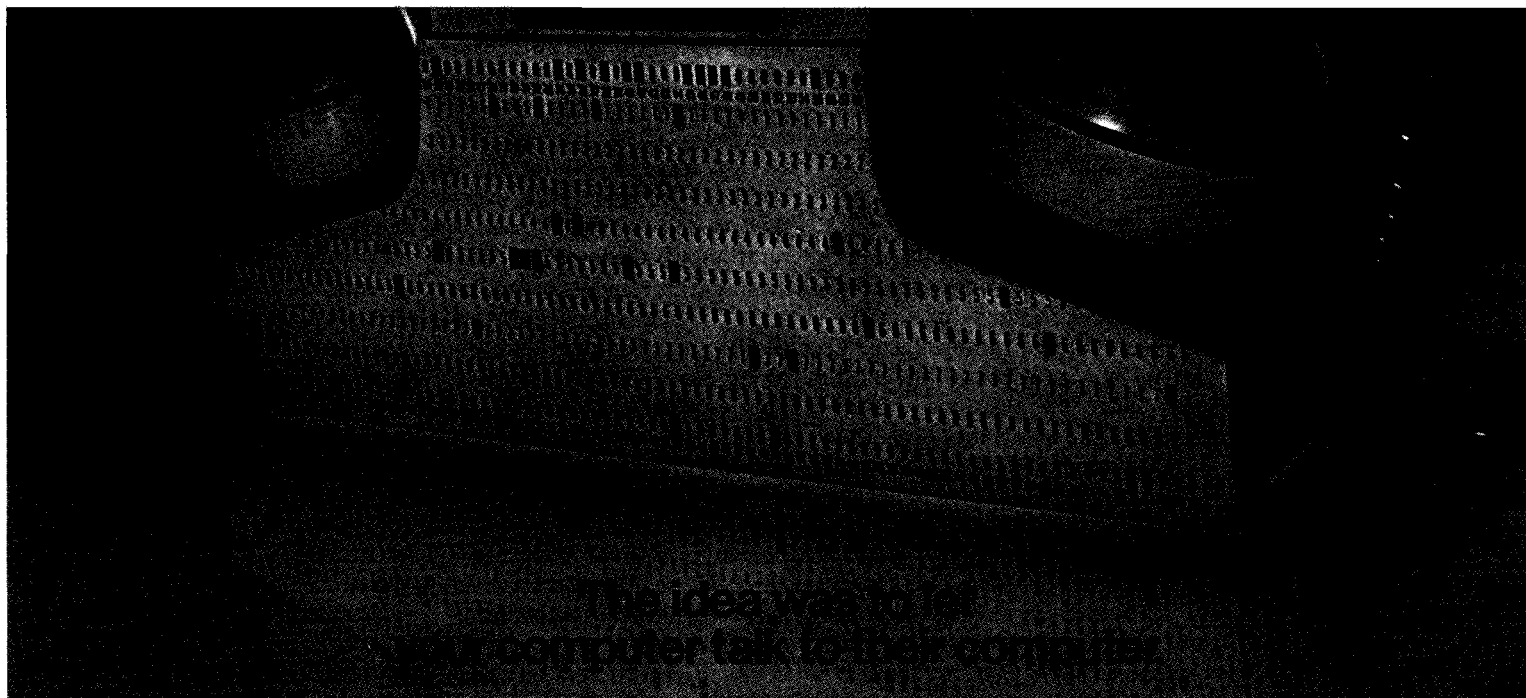
Venkatraman continued. He attributed the low incidence of *Oryctes* in the wet zone of Ceylon to the predations of his elaterid beetle, to the competition of termites for logs, and to the presence among the Ceylonese palms of giant monitor lizards. In the very wet zone—the coastal belt near Galle and Tangalla—the monitor lizard appeared to be the principal predator. Monitor lizards were abundant in the coconut palm estates because the human inhabitants were Buddhists. Buddhists do not kill lizards, so wherever there were Buddhists there were monitors. It was common to see a dozen monitors working a Buddhist coconut garden at one time. They clawed into fallen logs and climbed dead standing trees, searching for grubs. They received some help, Venkatraman added, from the ruddy mongoose.

Owen considered all these possibilities. In Palau he had no ruddy mongooses, but he did have monitor lizards. And though he had no Buddhists, the Palauan people did not go out of their way to kill lizards. A Palauan monitor killed a chicken now and then, or stole an egg, but the people had no great animosity toward it. They might as well have been Buddhists.

Unfortunately, that made little difference, because of the West Indian toad.

The Japanese had introduced the monitor lizard to Palau to control rats, but had then imported, without much foresight, the toad. Toads are easier for a monitor to catch than rats, so the monitors turned to the toads. Unfortunately for the lizard, there are adrenalin glands in the toad's head. A monitor lizard that mouths a toad goes on a trip, for adrenalin is Mother Nature's methadrine. A number of monitors had overdosed on toad, and the lizard population was on the decline. In Palau, monitor lizards would not be the answer.

Venkatraman next reported from Burma. His stay there would be cut short, he said, because "the internal conditions of that country are unfavorable," but his list of creatures known to kill the rhinoceros beetle had grown. Among the many were a black carabid beetle, a blue beetle, a reduviid bug from Mysore, various mites, a centipede, and a tree lizard from Malabar, a lizard from Mysore, and certain Burmese bats and toads. Venkatraman predicted that somewhere in India, Ceylon, Burma, Siam, Malaya, Indochina, southern



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China, Hong Kong, or Formosa; in the Hainan Islands, the Ryukus, the Philippines, or the Indonesian Celebes; in Ceram or Amboina, the right predator was waiting to be discovered.

From time to time in the long campaign against the beetle, rumors of a new bug would come to Palau. A scientist searching a foreign field would stumble upon what looked like *the* bug. He would describe its laboratory record against the beetle. In subsequent reports he would tout his insect. There were many such bugs, the White Hopes of the entomology game.

The White Hope with the most advocates was probably *Platymerus rhadamanthus*, a large red and black assassin bug. The assassin bug had a pleasantly oryctophagous look. Its biting mouthparts were wickedly curved. It did not resemble the praying mantis exactly, but it had the mantis animus, the intelligent and lethal head. In the fourth and fifth instars, assassin nymphs attacked and killed beetle larvae; but better than that, the adult assassin bugs killed adult beetles in palm crowns. It was the first predator known to do so. The assassin tipped the beetle on its side, held its prey still with two front legs, and inserted its stylet into the gular region, or between the abdomen and thorax, or ventrally where the head joins the prothorax. In one palm crown under observation by scientists, an assassin bug seized a beetle, slipped its stylet in neatly, "and afterward left the carcass of the beetle hanging by a leg which had become entangled in the fibres." It was a good, sordid death for *Oryctes rhinoceros*.

Where there was water the assassin bug drank readily, and the frequency of its kills increased. The females were the killers. Occasionally a male would try in a bumbling way to attack a beetle, but he usually failed to dispatch it. One laboratory female assassinated a beetle while she copulated, and afterward she and her mate ate her victim. *Platymerus rhadamanthus* was that kind of girl.

The assassin bug was shipped in all stages of metamorphosis to Fiji, New Guinea, New Caledonia, and Palau. Over a period of several years Owen released thousands of them, usually ten to each palm crown. He was never able to recover any. It was a mystery. The assassin was one of the few predators that Owen had much hope for. They were so easy to raise in the laboratory. There were no disease problems. But they did not take hold in Palau, or anywhere else in the Pacific.

There were other White Hopes with promising names, like *Neochryopus savagei*, a hardy bug that survived shipment well, and others, like *Scarites dubiosus*, with more doubtful names but good reputations. (*S. dubiosus* was from Assam, a jet black, voracious feeder that bit first or second instar beetle larvae in the head, briskly sucked the con-

tents, and in forty minutes drained the grub dry.) Yet in each of these insects there was a flaw.

Because Africa was the center of dispersion for the genus *Oryctes*, many workers directed their hopes to that continent. An entomologist named Hoyt went searching there. In Sierra Leone, he seeded several oil-palm logs with *Oryctes* larvae and waited to see what would happen. One log was soon entered by a small, grayish rat, which ate several grubs and departed. For two weeks nothing else happened. Then one day all the logs were entered by swarms of driver ants, and all the larvae were eaten. The ants entered through old holes made by xylocopid bees. They ate everything but the head capsules of the larvae. As the entomologists of various Pacific territories read Hoyt's report of this, they imagined, for a moment at least, armies of driver ants marching over their islands. They quickly dismissed the idea, as Hoyt himself dismissed it. "Because of the driver ant's habits," wrote Hoyt, "such an introduction would not be popular with the inhabitants, to say the least."

One autumn an entomologist named Fred Bianchi left Belem, Brazil, and journeyed eight hundred miles up the Amazon to Manaus. He was looking for predators on the subfamily Dynastinae, which comprises a number of beetle genera in the family Scarabaeidae, of which *Oryctes rhinoceros* is also a member. He hoped to find a predator on Dynastinae that could acquire a taste for *rhinoceros*, the distant cousin of its traditional, South American victims. (The dynastid beetles are themselves horned and are also called rhinoceros beetles. To avoid confusion, the Pacific beetle is properly called the coconut or Indian rhinoceros beetle.) In South America, where Bianchi now searched, there is a dynastid named the Hercules beetle. It is nearly the largest insect in the world. Males of the species grow more than five inches long, and have *two* horns. The predator that could slay this insect Hercules would be promising indeed. Natural law required that some Brazilian creature had devised a way to do it, and Bianchi hoped to find that creature.

Fifteen to twenty dynastid species were said to live in the area, but Bianchi failed to find a single beetle. Brazil was poor country for beetles, he reported, because of the competition for breeding logs from "termites and ants, which crowd the regions to a degree not imaginable by anyone who has not been there." But Bianchi did glimpse one tantalizing possibility.

"I saw on one occasion a very large black scolid wasp," he wrote, "which from its size I judged to be a parasite of some dynastid." Bianchi chased the wasp, but was unable to catch it.

He reported his glimpse of the wasp from Panama, where his search for a predator took him next. He wrote by the fitful light of a kerosene lantern, in pencil, in a student's exercise book. The

South Pacific Commission received his report, typed and mimeographed it, and sent it out. It arrived at desks in Melanesia and Micronesia, where entomologists glimpsed the wasp in their imaginations. Who was the mystery wasp? What species? Had it been the answer? Entomologists throughout the Pacific wondered.

Of all the insect contenders, only *Scolia ruficornis*, the wasp introduced to Samoa by H. W. Simmonds decades before, was at all effective in the Pacific. One by one, the other bugs failed. The coconut beetle was still champion. Outside the class Insecta, the list of possible predators continued to grow, but to no avail. Added were the Zanzibar pouched rat, the Zanzibar lemur, scolopendrid centipedes, tree shrews, flying lemurs. In Africa Hoyt discovered a nematode that was transmitted between beetles during copulation and he tested it. (The entomologists would have stopped at nothing to win.) Unfortunately, it proved impossible to culture the nematodes; the venereal infection had no dramatic effect on the beetle, anyway.

In his own research, Owen developed a way to harvest and ship cocoons of *Scolia ruficornis*. Before this the wasp had been shipped as an adult, with very high mortality. Owen's cocoons were tough, easily shipped over long distances and long periods of time. This success might have made him an advocate of the scolid wasp, but it did not. He was careful in his claims for the wasp. He reported simply that in Palau, as in Samoa, the wasp *seemed* to have some effect in controlling the beetle.

He was similarly cautious in his claims for vegetative barriers.

The idea of vegetative barriers was Owen's own. It was a simple idea, but it did not jump full-blown into his head. He had walked under palm trees for eight years before it became perfectly clear. In his wanderings Owen noticed that beetles were sometimes deflected by a single leaf or twig. "Have you ever seen one of those things fly?" he asks today. "He lifts those armor-plated wing covers, revs up his wings, gets them buzzing, and then staggers off. If he hits a leaf or anything, he folds up and falls to the ground. He has to start again."

Getting airborne again was hard for the beetle. It was seldom able to take off directly from the ground. It had to climb partway up a trunk and then drop off, like a pterodactyl from its cliff. If it encountered an obstacle more than a few times it became exhausted. Owen assumed that this was why beetle damage seemed to be diminished in poorly managed palm plantations where vines and other vegetation grew uninhibited. On a trip to Samoa, Owen had visited both "European-style" plantations, kept neat and parklike by grazing cattle, and "Samoan-style" plantations, which were very badly managed, according to conventional

theory, and he had been struck by how much less the jungle Samoan plantations suffered from the beetle. Apparently the beetles were intercepted before they reached the Samoan palm crowns. Owen began to wonder about deliberately planting such barrier vegetation as a cultural method of beetle control. Would a continuous canopy of trees, a secondary canopy beneath the palm crowns, stop the beetle?

Owen's perceptions were an ecologist's. If he had been intent on something less than the whole environment of the beetle, it is doubtful that the barrier idea would have occurred to him. ("When I came to Micronesia I learned the plants before the insects," he says. "What would be the use of the other way?") He was not watching simply as an entomologist when he saw deflected beetles fold their wings and drop to the ground. For forty years entomologists had seen that, but none had thought to put the observation to use; or if the barrier idea had occurred to them, it did not hold the appeal it held for the man whose heroes were Audubon and Muir. For someone convinced of nature's rightness, the barrier theory was wonderfully gratifying. It rewarded all the principles of the ecologist's faith. If the theory proved true, it meant that palm forests left to themselves were better off. It meant that in diversity is stability. If the forest was allowed to retain some of its original complexity, that complexity would serve as a reservoir of potential from which a new arrival such as the rhinoceros beetle, as alien to the place as a creature from another planet, could be held in balance. It meant that the conventional wisdom on coconut palms—that plantations should be monocultures kept carefully bushed and neat—was wrong. What the copra experts were learning in agriculture school was good only in an ideal world where no beetles flew. The real world was uglier than that. There was a horned insect loose in it that cut the hearts from living palms. By simplifying the ecosystem, the monoculturalists were preparing a table for the beetle. They were clearing lofty galleries through which the beetle could sail unimpeded.

Earlier in the beetle campaign, a number of workers had become concerned that the mystique of biological control was diverting too much energy from other possibilities, such as light traps and chemical attractants. They were afraid that the idea of finding an insect ally to defeat an insect enemy was too pleasing in a poetic way. But that mystique had nothing on the potential mystique of Owen's barrier idea. A barrier solution did not require any searching of foreign lands. The answer lay right at hand, in natural processes that needed only to be recognized. It was cheaper. If the barrier was natural and the plantation was just left to itself, it would save the entire cost of cultivation. If the barrier was an artificial canopy, of leguminous trees, say, planted to fix nitrogen in soil that the coco-

nut palms deplete of nitrogen, then maintenance would still be less expensive than keeping the plantation bushed.

But Owen kept calm. He set about devising ways to test the idea, and to find which kind of barriers would be most effective. The barrier idea was his own minor *Origin of Species*. He might have been forgiven for pushing it, but he kept it to himself until he was sure.

The beetle war has had no satisfactory climax. By 1962 the insect was under control in Palau, but Owen could not be certain to what extent his own efforts were responsible. This was a problem for all beetle fighters. Owen's scolid wasps had spread, undeniably. Their cocoons were being recovered from all parts of Palau. But there was no way to prove that their impact had been substantial. Owen's vegetative barriers seemed to have an effect, and he succeeded in making it a Trust Territory requirement that all homesteaders include barriers in their seedling plantations, but he could not prove the effectiveness of the barriers in an incontestible way. He was not even sure how they worked. It was possible that their effect was to block the beetle's sensory perception of the palm crowns rather than block the beetle physically, though Owen didn't think so. And it might have been the Palauan ecosystem that had made the real adjustment to the beetle. It takes time for native predators to learn that an exotic arrival is good to eat. A delayed reaction by the environment, in the discovery by monitor lizards, rats, and pigs that beetle larvae tasted good, was surely in part responsible for the decrease in beetle damage. How much was due to Owen and how much to ecosystem was hard to say. It was impossible for one entomologist with a dozen helpers to gauge the forces at play in 188 square miles of island jungle.

In Owen's barrier experiments, both a neglected plot where native vegetation was allowed to spring up among the palms, and a second plot where leguminous trees were planted as a barrier, suffered less beetle damage than a third plot kept conventionally bushed, but the difference was not spectacular. It was difficult to design experimental plots that would produce proof, and Owen was not particularly eager for such proof, anyway. He is not a man anxious for recognition. He himself knew that the barriers helped against the beetle, and that was enough for him. He was not driven to demonstrate it to the world. After the South Pacific Commission held its first beetle conference in Fiji in 1959, Owen's personal war with the beetle ran downhill.

The United Nations entered the beetle wars in

1961, and immediately appropriated sums of money that made the SPC's original one-year grant of £10,000 look very small. It was wonderful what a little money did; scientists who had resigned themselves to years of impasse now felt the flush of it. Some of them began talking of eradication again.

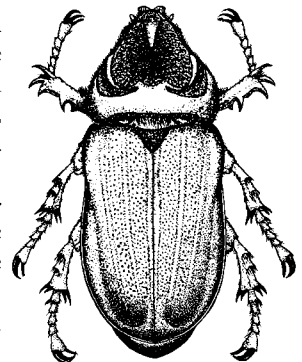
Much promising work on chemical attractants and chemosterilants has followed the entry of the United Nations. The new research has turned up a virus disease that, in Owen's opinion, is the best biological control to date. Sanitation remains the basic method of control, however. The victory over the beetle remains in doubt. The beetle waits in the wings for typhoons as potent as Opal and Louise, which in 1964 killed thousands of Palauan palms, providing breeding logs for countless larvae and forcing Owen to start from scratch. The beetle waits for another war.

Owen's history and the beetle's are intertwined. Their last ten years together have been a standoff, but it will not necessarily always be so, and today in Owen's office insect boxes full of pinned beetles still decorate the walls like wanted posters in a post office. Owen believes that quarantine is only a holding action. Sooner or later the rhinoceros beetle will spread to other islands of the Trust Territory. The longer that is delayed, the more time entomologists will have to improve control methods; but Owen knows that someday, sorting his mail, he will come upon an urgent cablegram and open it to read that the beetle has appeared in Truk or the Marshalls.

Owen and the rhinoceros beetle have lived a curious symbiosis. It would seem that in Owen's view of his own life, the beetle should figure as horned nemesis, or at very least as fond enemy. It did seem so, at any rate, to a friend who sat and drank with Owen recently, watching the evening light on the limestone islands beneath Owen's bungalow. The friend asked Owen if he ever felt sentimental about the beetle; did he ever say to himself that, but for this small insect, he would still be in Hoboken? It was the kind of question that Owen finds foolish. No, Owen said, he never felt sentimental.

The friend thought he had asked a good question, and he persisted. What *would* Owen have done, then, back in 1949, if the beetle had not been in Palau for him to fight?

"I would have written a different report," Owen said. He smiled a devious smile. "There are lots of insect pests in Palau, you know. I would have found another insect." □



SOME YOUNGER POETS

This is Pat Janus' first publication in a national magazine.

Joe Lipsick is an Oberlin College undergraduate.

Mark Rudman won the Academy of American Poets Prize at Columbia University in 1971.

Robert Cantwell teaches English at Kenyon College.

Heather McHugh has published in many magazines and has completed a volume of poems.

Rob Swigart lives in Redwood City, California.

AFTER SEPARATION

I felt you should know
a stranger is writing in my notebook.
There are parts of poems I never began,
a description of an illness I never had,
love letters to men I never met.
There are letters to one man
that are obscene. They speak
of the hardness of his body
against a mound of warm sand
and the sheen of his skin emerging from water.
They read like anatomy.
You know I would not write such things.
I do not think of men that way.
You know me, my hands are never idle.
I am a clean woman baking apple pie.
I tend the garden in my free time—
the lavender has seeded itself
and spread among the perennials.
I weed around it destroying anything wild.

Well, I felt I had to warn you:
the creature who wrote in my notebook
may be deranged enough
to sign my name to letters
I did not write. Please, please
do not believe letters saying
depraved things signed by me.
Our marriage has been good.
I have never wanted my life
to be any different than it is.
I would not wish you harm,
send you envelopes filled with ashes
or crushed herbs that cast spells.
That letter with the snips of hair
and vicious words is not from me.

by Pat Janus

ON THE WIRE

Our voices cross
somewhere in upstate New York
where a blackbird
sits on the wire
smoothing his feathers
in the dark.

One quill falls to the ground
and then there is silence.

We have grown
so used to talking
that there is nothing to say.

by Joe Lipsick

TAKEN BY BROWN

Either there are no clouds
or they've all turned blue.
Is the floor still brown at the airport?
Was it ever brown?
It seems that everything
was a shade of brown
when I was there;
tan pants, amber jacket, auburn hair:
we slide down the scales of the colors;
paper, scissors, rock, palm, open palm:
down we go on the scales of pain;
we sink so fast
no gaff can reach our gills,
no gourmet can pickle our fins,
no souvenir shop can enamel our swords
and sell them to the bidder
with the largest lie.

by Mark Rudman

COCK KILLING

He had to go.
The flock at the new place
had a cock of its own.
Though he slept soundly in the burlap bag,
and snored like a man, still
he had been a beast in the chicken pen.
He pecked at the hand that fed him
and flew with his spurs at the eyes
that admired his tail.
Even our baby offended him when
she offered him pebbles.

So I drove a nail to the edge
of the chickenhouse roof, tied his
soft feet with a cord while they dozed,
and as his rival looked on like a
toad, upended him there.
He stared at me still as an egg,
surmising my nature.
I tried to be fair,
to show a man's tough despair
over life; but that sharp knife
from the kitchen was not sharp enough.
With his neck half cut through
he hurled himself out of the noose
in a shriek of a rage to attack
the new cock of the roost who
clucked like goosed hen
at this humiliation of him.
Glazed with remorse I plunged in
and with that crude blade I hacked until
my Bird of Paradise was dead.
My hands, drenched in our two bloods,
dug a hole for him to lie in.

by Robert Cantwell

HAVING READ BOOKS

by Heather McHugh

It is dangerous to be standing in June
under apple trees in a field.
They will shoot you in the back
yard with fruit. It is dangerous to tune
up the old car in the old barn; and the baled
hay rotting overhead in its stack
is more dangerous than books. You come
right through the door into my house
with your seedy hair, gardened eyes, green
with intelligence, and there is danger in the way
you are growing old. I have stood under the trees,
borrowed time in the barn and breathed grease,
and I am not about to turn careful today.
I grab your arm. I drag you outside, without thought.
I take the risk of you in the hay's rot.

THE ART OF COMPOSITION

by Rob Swigart

Leopold, the elder Mozart, "You must not
lose sight," to his son, "of your main object
. . . to make money," a composer himself,
understanding elegance. Notes are bricks,
then, building a living. Trade union music.

"Always plagued," Haydn to Esterhazy,
"with much work," complaints of the craftsman,
"very few hours of repose." Who
needs it? And Beethoven, "The human brain
cannot be sold like coffee beans or cheese."

And Rameau wants art that conceals
art, we have sugar with coffee, the future
dips swiftly through the present
and congeals into last night's drippings
from the roast. And always the hunger.

All spend approximately the same amount
of time in the bathroom. "When I was young,"
Satie at 60, "they kept telling me to wait;
wait and you will see." And, "Well, here I am,
and I have seen nothing." The war was over, of course.

"Music," said Stravinsky, "is powerless
to express anything at all!" So listen,
Karl Philipp Emanuel Bach advises
"Give more sugar." For the general public
"you should be less ingenious."

BACKTALK

Gerald Ford
Hubert Humphrey
Earl Warren
John Sparkman
Henry Cabot Lodge
and others

ON THE THRESHOLD OF THE WHITE HOUSE

"There is no escape, it seems to me, from the conclusion that the vice presidency is not only a meaningless but a hopeless office." So wrote Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., in the *May Atlantic*. He wrote against a backdrop of historic drama, at a time when the Congress was preparing impeachment proceedings against President Nixon, and Gerald Ford (our first "instant Vice President," as he describes himself here) stood on the threshold of the White House. *The Atlantic* asked the Vice President, all living former Vice Presidents and former candidates for the office, plus some interested observers, including a descendant of a Vice President (and two Presidents), to respond to Professor Schlesinger's argument. Gerald Ford's comments and those of former Vice President Hubert Humphrey, lead off the responses.

From Gerald R. Ford

The vice presidency throughout our history has been an office that invites argument and defies definition. The vice presidency has stimulated more constitutional amendments than any other office, the latest (for which I voted) in 1965.

The continuing interest of two-thirds of the Congress and three-fourths of the state legislatures would seem to dispose of the academic question of whether the vice presidency is really necessary. In an era of nuclear parity, of course it is.

Having little use for kings, our Founding Fathers nonetheless knew that monarchy's main virtue is assured continuity. The Roman republic, which was the best model they had in 1787, was at last brought down by civil struggles over succession. So the Founding Fathers invented and gave a Latin title to the office of Vice President. But Ben Franklin suggested he might better be addressed as "Your Superfluous Excellency."

In finding something for the Vice President to do besides stand and wait, the Founding Fathers violated their own fundamental rule of separation of powers. The Vice President is a constitutional hybrid.

Alone among federal officials he stands with one foot in the legislative branch and the other in the ex-

ecutive. The Vice President straddles the constitutional chasm which circumscribes and checks all others. He belongs both to the President and to the Congress, even more so under the Twenty-fifth Amendment, yet he shares power with neither.

Whenever I assert that I am my own man, it's ironic that everyone assumes it to be a declaration of independence from the White House and not from the Capitol as well. Last December 6, minutes after I ceased to be Minority Leader of the House of Representatives and became the fortieth Vice President of the United States, a friend half sadly said to me: "Well, now you have exchanged real power for false prestige."

I have pondered that during my months of on-the-job training as the nation's first "instant Vice President." It is true that I am now surrounded everywhere by a clutch of Secret Service agents, reporters and cameramen, and assorted well-wishers. When I travel I am greeted by bands playing "Hail, Columbia" and introduced to audiences with great solemnity instead of just as "my good friend Jerry Ford."

Personally I prefer my old style of solo flying, and fondly look back on the solitude of a commercial airline seat. But I'm told a Vice President has no choice on the prestige bit.

As for power, all I have really

lost is my one vote in the House. Congressional leadership, especially of the minority, does not depend on power but on persuasion, plus a reputation for fairness and truth. I hope that is still intact.

From his retirement Thomas Jefferson observed that "the Second Office of the government is honorable and easy; the First is but a splendid misery." Our second Vice President appears to have enjoyed the vice presidency; so far, so do I.

I have not found it easy, but these are not easy times. After twenty-five years in the House and five defeats for the distinguished office of Speaker, I like the challenge of my new job. It is enough like that of Minority Leader to fit into comfortably; different and difficult enough to charge up my competitive batteries.

At the Republican Convention of 1960 I gingerly entertained the flattering notion of friends that a Nixon-Ford ticket would be a winner. When that draft diminished to a flat calm the prospect of becoming Vice President never again seriously crossed my mind until President Nixon telephoned me at home on the evening of October 12, 1973.

I don't recall that he gave me any choice, but I accepted.

Next followed two long months of intensive inquiry by Senate and House committees considering my confirmation, during which they "investigated and questioned the nominee's public and private life to a degree far beyond that of any person holding public office in America today." I was repeatedly asked what I would do if fate made me President. My friends in the news media continue to quiz me daily on my concept of the proper functions of the presidency.

This is understandable, for even under normal circumstances any Vice President is a potential President, whether or not he covets that "splendid misery." But hardly anyone has bothered to ask me what I think of the vice presidency, the office I have and expect to hold until January 20, 1977.

Some say the Vice President does whatever the President wants him

to; others that the first and second offices are intrinsically incompatible. Both conclusions are unrealistic at this—forgive me—point in time.

I see the vice presidency in the present tense and in pragmatic terms. History is not very helpful in delineating the role of a Vice President, beyond presiding over the Senate (which I enjoy), breaking a Senate tie (which hasn't happened yet), and assuring presidential succession (which I hope won't happen).

Every vice presidency in my memory has been as different as the Vice Presidents I have known: Truman, Barkley, Nixon, Johnson, Humphrey, Agnew. Among the variables involved are the degree of intimacy, past and present, between a President and Vice President; their respective styles and attitudes; their relative rapport with Congress and the news media; the particular strengths and political skills which a Vice President can contribute to the Administration team, and such independent constituencies as each may have in their party or the country as a whole.



In my case, the unique manner of my selection makes another difference. I am the only Vice President for whom no voter ever marked a ballot. On the other hand, no other Vice President ever took office with the seal of approval of 84 percent of the opposite party's congressional majority. Even more miraculous, not a single vote was cast against me by

a member of my own party in the Congress. (To be honest, my Democratic friends made it perfectly clear they were voting for me, not my politics. But while love lasts I will reciprocate.)

My first and foremost mission as Vice President from the outset is to be "a ready conciliator and calm communicator between the White House and Capitol Hill, between the reelection mandate of the Republican President and the equally emphatic mandate of the Democratic 93rd Congress." This has turned into a much tougher task than I envisioned when I made that pledge last November 1. Lines have been drawn by both sides. I have learned that my counsel must be sought and my mediation solicited. Happily, my two-way hot line is still in use.

I realize my failures in this role are likely to get more attention than my successes. But I consider the effort of primary importance because I am sure the American people do not want their government deadlocked. National paralysis would pose a deadly danger to our image abroad, possibly to our safety.

The first specific charge the President gave me as Vice President, one I embraced enthusiastically as my own, was to help him and his able Secretary of Defense, James Schlesinger, in defending the Administration's defense budget against both immediate cuts and long-range erosion. This was my special concern for twelve years on the Defense Appropriations Subcommittee, but my deep personal conviction that weakness leads to war goes back to Pearl Harbor.

Our negotiating posture of strength must be maintained if the hopeful beginnings we have made in strategic arms talks with the Soviet Union and in defusing the Vietnamese and Middle East time bombs are to bring about a permanent peace. Of the many legitimate and pressing demands on our federal budget, the highest priority is always survival.

Since the jet age began and particularly since President Eisenhower found his Vice President to be an

effective emissary abroad, Vice Presidents have done a lot of foreign traveling. I know how instructive this can be from my fascinating journey to the People's Republic of China with the late House Majority Leader Hale Boggs two years ago.

But globetrotting has a fairly low priority for me as Vice President in 1974, not only because Henry Kissinger is such a hard act to follow, but also because I believe the domestic needs of my country and my party demand my full energies and attention.

I have read several recent columns (some of my best friends are pundits) to the effect that in flying all over the country making political speeches I am behaving as if I were running for President. They forget that I have been doing this for years, trying to help Republicans get elected or reelected to Congress and other offices. Having chaired two Republican conventions I am nationally known as an advocate of party unity, and maybe I am too soft a touch when Republicans call for help. I would be doing this even if I had not suddenly found myself Vice President.

Still, the role of a Vice President being sort of deputy leader of his political party has solid antecedents from the time of Jackson-Van Buren to that of Eisenhower-Nixon. Most of my predecessors whose names we can remember without an almanac were strong party spokesmen who continued to play prominent political roles after taking office. No wonder President Nixon encourages my efforts to rally Republicans and unify them for the crucial November showdown.

I deeply believe in the two-party system. It fosters competition, checks excesses, lets off dissident steam, allows greater participation by people in our government process. But to work well, majority and minority must remain in reasonable balance, as we learned in 1935 and 1965, and as our ancestors learned during Reconstruction. Legislative dictatorship is no better than executive tyranny.

The two-party system is in trouble. I would be blind not to see

the danger to my party, and to that system, in the public's disillusionment over Watergate and with politics in general. I feel strongly that the Republican Party and its principles must remain a viable force in the future of America.

During my confirmation, Senator Claiborne Pell [Democrat, Rhode Island] asked me how partisan I would be as Vice President of all the people. I replied that I would be just as partisan as my predecessors, such as Vice President Truman and Vice President Johnson and Vice President Humphrey. Senator James Allen [Democrat, Alabama] then wondered if this were inconsistent with my pledge to bridge the gap between a Republican Administration and a Democratic Congress.

A fair question. The answer depends on style. I think I know the invisible line beyond which partisan fervor should not (but sometimes does) carry a campaigner. My own Democratic opponents have so testified. It has been my experience for twenty-five years that the best rule in politics, as elsewhere, is the Golden Rule.

Maybe this is the missing ingredient in American public life. While we are preoccupied with drafting new election reform laws and tougher campaign spending statutes, the fact remains that ordinary decency, common courtesy, and consideration for the rights and opinions of others can neither be legislated nor enforced.

But candidates and their campaign-followers can be measured against the age-old standard of the Golden Rule, and I commend it.

To reinvigorate the Republican Party and assist Republican candidates whenever I can; to help sustain a defense posture that advances America's stature and the prospects for lasting peace; and to promote intelligent compromise and candid communication in strife-torn Washington—these are my top priority missions for 1974 as I see them now. If they are not enough to keep a Vice President busy, I'm sure the President will think of more.

*Vice President of
the United States*

From Hubert H. Humphrey

Professor Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., has posed the question, "Is the vice presidency necessary?" His conclusion, in a brilliant article tracing the office of Vice President from the days of the Constitutional Convention to the present, is that it is not. My response is, "Yes, it is." Let me give you my reasons.

First, the vice presidency provides an unencumbered, clear-cut method of succession in case the President is



disabled, cannot perform his duties, or dies in office. Since eight of our Vice Presidents have succeeded Presidents who died in office, it is my judgment that we need some prompt means of presidential succession, so that government can proceed in an orderly manner and the inevitable confusion and possible chaos that could come from any prolonged delay in filling the presidential office can be avoided.

Second, the Vice President is a nationally elected officer. To be sure, it is, as Professor Schlesinger observes, an office that is tied to the presidency. The President and Vice President are elected at the same time on the same ballot. The citizen votes for both when he votes for one. But the fact is that the Vice President is elected, not appointed. He is elected in a national election and, therefore, is the second highest elected officer in the national government. And, in being elected rather than appointed, his independence from the Congress and others who might be involved in another type of selection process is preserved.

Third, under our present system,

at least until there is a national primary or some new system of regional primaries, the Vice President is nominated at the same convention as the President, by the same delegates as the President, and conducts his campaign under the same party auspices as the President. All of this tends to assure that the Vice President is in closer harmony with his party and the President than anyone else who might be selected under a different system at a different time, should the presidency be vacated through disability or death.

The fact that in the past the office of the Vice President has not always been occupied by men of outstanding capability or strong character in no way should prejudice us against the necessity of having the office itself. What this demonstrates is that sufficient care has not been taken in the selection of a Vice President by the respective national political parties. This can be remedied by political parties recognizing that, in the selection of a Vice President, they are in fact choosing a possible President.

Then it should be added that, while there were many who have occupied the office of Vice President whom historians call mediocre or less, there were some chosen by the system Professor Schlesinger condemns who were men of great ability and competence, and others who at least gave stability and a sense of direction to the nation.

With the death of James Garfield, President Chester Arthur provided constructive leadership and established a commendable record. Vice President Thomas Riley Marshall, during Woodrow Wilson's disability, was a trusted lieutenant who performed his duties responsibly and honorably. Upon the death of Warren G. Harding, Calvin Coolidge fulfilled the duties of the presidency. To be sure, he was not a dynamic leader, but he was honorable, honest, and in his time commanded the respect of the nation.

When President Franklin Roosevelt died, it was Harry Truman, the man from Missouri, whom many of the intellectuals of his day considered to be inadequate and ill-

equipped for the presidency, who proved himself to be a strong President and one of our great leaders. At a critical point in World War II and at a time when the structure of world peace was being created in the form of the United Nations, it was imperative for our country to have a prompt and smooth transition from the presidency of Roosevelt to that of Truman. The constitutional provision for a Vice President assured that a smooth succession to the presidency could and did take place.

I wonder whether those who feel that we ought to abolish the office of Vice President have faced up to what would have transpired in America in those critical days of World War II, when great decisions had to be made to bring about the end of the war as well as to start the process of peacemaking, if there had been special elections with delay and partisan bickering at that critical hour. No, the system worked well. Harry Truman became President and fulfilled the duties of that office with dignity and honor. He gave America assurance of direction and leadership.

Then again, when the assassin's bullet took the life of John Kennedy, Vice President Lyndon Johnson effectively took over the reins of government and carried on. The terrible shock of the tragic death of a much-loved President could have paralyzed the nation and, indeed, precipitated a serious constitutional crisis. But it was averted, because our system provided for an orderly transition of the executive power from the hands of a slain President to the strong hands of a Vice President prepared to take on the duties of the executive office.

The office of Vice President has changed considerably in the twentieth century, particularly since the 1930s, with many new responsibilities assigned to the person who holds this office. It can be argued that the vice presidency doesn't necessarily prepare anyone for the presidency; it also can be argued that those who are elected to the presidency are frequently not prepared for it either. Some Presidents in the

past had little or no experience in government. A Vice President, being a part of the government, is closer to what is transpiring than someone selected from the outside.

Modern Presidents have given greater opportunities to their Vice Presidents—and I don't just mean that a Vice President frequently is the President's political man—even though that within itself surely represents some preparation for the office. After all, Presidents have to run for office. They run on a political platform. They are political men, and frequently they are partisan. There's not a thing wrong with having a Vice President assume some of the political duties.

To be the President's spokesman on national issues acquaints the Vice President with the nation and with the problems that confront our people. Furthermore, it gives the people an opportunity to get a measure of the man, and it brings the Vice President into much closer touch with what's happening, both in Congress and in the country.

So I am unimpressed by the argument used by Professor Schlesinger that Mr. Agnew was Nixon's Nixon. So what? Henry Wallace was at times Roosevelt's Roosevelt. Lyndon Johnson was at times Kennedy's Kennedy. And I am proud to say that I was a good deal of the time Johnson's Johnson. It is part of the political process. We don't appoint Presidents. We do not have some elite personage or royalty in the White House. Our Presidents are elected. They run on a partisan ballot. They are partisans. They have strongly held views on political issues. The fact that a Vice President may take over some of the responsibilities of the President in the political field is not to condemn him but rather to recommend him.

The past history of the vice presidency has little relevance to the present date. To be sure, the office is an awkward one. To be sure, it is vested with more responsibility than it has authority, but that within itself is desirable. There can only be one President at a time. The executive office cannot be one filled with a multitude of voices. There has to

be some sense of direction, a policy, a program. And the confusion that would come from having a President and a Vice President on different political wavelengths, going in different directions, surely would not be helpful to the nation.

But, when a Vice President succeeds a President, he is at liberty to pursue his own course, to design an administration in his own image, to carry out the programs that he believes the nation needs. He is under no obligation, when he succeeds to the office of President, to be a rubber stamp to what went before.

Nevertheless, while a person is Vice President, during the time that the President is active and on the job, he should and usually does carry out the wishes of the President and the administration. He is a member of the administration. His duty is to do his level best to see that the results of the election which produced a President and a Vice President are reflected in national policy. He is not expected to be a prima donna, carrying out his own program regardless of the will of the electorate or the direction of the President.

Let us examine for a moment the requirements of the office of President, one of the most unusual and unique ever designed by the mind of man. The demands are unbelievable. The person who serves in this capacity is much more than a prime minister or head of state. He combines the responsibilities of both. Yet he is also an administrator and executive officer, a commander in chief and head of his party. He is the nation's leading spokesman in the area of foreign affairs. Surely, if he could share some of his responsibilities with the Vice President, who is his partner in an administration, it might relieve the President of duties and burdens which would permit him to do a better job of governing and giving direction to the nation.

Many of the social responsibilities of the President could be handed over to the Vice President. Many of the formalities that come with the visitation of foreign dignitaries can and should be given to the Vice

President. The Vice President can be the eyes and ears of a busy and closely guarded President generally confined to the environs of the White House and the Executive Office.

A Vice President can help strengthen the federal system by acting as a liaison between federal and state governments. He can share and give direction to a number of ad hoc councils, committees, and commissions that are established by the President who is seeking answers to difficult questions and national problems. A Vice President can be effective and helpful in promoting legislation and keeping open the lines of communication between a busy President and Congress. He can reconcile differences and prevent unnecessary confrontation and struggle. President Johnson entrusted many such responsibilities to me during the period I served as Vice President.

Yes, the office of Vice President is needed. It is necessary. It has contributed significantly to the nation. It is absurd to cast it aside merely because in recent days it has been touched by scandal and because in the past there were men of mediocrity or less who were selected as Vice President and did not live up to the standards that we expected of them. We also have had some weak and ineffective Presidents who have disappointed us, but Professor Schlesinger is not asking, "Is the office of President necessary?"

*U.S. Senator, Minnesota,
Vice President of the
United States, 1965-1969*

From Former Candidates
for Vice President:

John Sparkman

I realize the weakness of the position of the Vice President with his limited constitutional responsibilities and the precedent-making actions of the various Presidents of giving limited responsibilities to the Vice President. However, it seems to me that the Founding Fathers acted wisely in establishing the office of the Vice

President under the Constitution as a ready successor in the event the President for any reason becomes unable to fulfill the duties of his office.

The fact that Presidents in the past have given such limited responsibilities to the Vice President does not prevent Presidents in the future from giving real work to the Vice President. I believe this should be done and the office should be retained.

*U.S. Senator, Alabama;
Democratic nominee for Vice
President, 1952*



Earl Warren

I am hardly in a position to discuss the specific proposal to abolish the position of Vice President but, generally speaking, I do not favor the nostrums that are being proposed to prevent the recurrence of another Watergate.

The cynicism that this scandalous affair has generated extends to a distrust of our basic institutions as well as of those who have been unfaithful to their trust in high office. A number of suggestions have been made recently for basic changes in all branches of the government, and I assume that the proposal to abolish the vice presidency was triggered by the sordid conduct of its recent occupant. There is an old truism to the effect that good buildings are not destroyed merely because they have had bad tenants, and so it should be in these days of disillusionment.

The Constitution is a good structure. Little harm has ever come to the nation as a result of following with integrity the principles em-

bodied in it. It seems to me that our hope for the future of our nation should rest upon faithful adherence to the Constitution rather than changing it. Alternatives proposed in times of distrust and confusion are likely to develop more problems than they will solve.

Former Chief Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court; Republican nominee for Vice President, 1948



Endicott Peabody

Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., has contributed one of the few brilliant articles on the vice presidency since the nation began to reexamine how we select the person with better than a one chance in three of becoming President. His razor-sharp description of the plight of the Vice President in office, a maiming and frustrating experience of standing by, as a "death head at the feast," establishes the absolute need for reform. His argument that the Founding Fathers intended special elections following the death or disability of the President casts new light on what has been a murky part of our history. He admits, however, that the Twenty-fifth Amendment authorizes what in fact had become the practice of the Vice President succeeding to the presidency for the balance of the term.

And yet I feel that what was said of the late Senator Taft, "brilliant until he makes up his mind," must be said of Professor Schlesinger's article, which concludes with the recommendation that we abolish the vice presidency.

Why, because the office has not

lived up to the expectation of the Founding Fathers, must we abolish it? Why must we throw out the baby with the bath?

Just examine the last two occasions in our history where the Vice President succeeded the President: in 1945 with Truman, and in 1963 with Johnson. I seriously doubt whether the nation could have afforded a special election either in the closing period of the war in 1945 when Harry S. Truman was catapulted into the presidency, or in the crisis following the assassination of John F. Kennedy. Moreover, we certainly would not need another election should we undergo the earth-shaking experience of impeaching the President. The nation, and the world itself, requires a firm hand at the tiller of the U.S. presidency immediately, and not the rudderless confusion and bewilderment which could set in while a three- or four-month election is taking place. The French may well be able to afford a special election of the very type which Professor Schlesinger is recommending, but dynamic as the French nation may be, it is not the leader of the free world nor is it burdened with the cumbersome election machinery that has been adopted in this nation.

Mr. Schlesinger's article certainly makes clear that something must be done to change the office of Vice President—but let's reform it, not abolish it. It would not take much to reform either the selection of the Vice President or the functions he performs to make it a vital and fascinating office, which would prepare the occupant for the responsibilities of the presidency, and attract persons of high caliber.

The vice presidency was viewed by the founders not as an executive office but a legislative one—presiding over the Senate of the United States. But we give the third person in line for the presidency, the Speaker of the House, far more responsibilities than the Vice President, by granting him a full vote on every issue. A simple amendment to the Constitution would do the same for the Vice President. Whether or not he participates in the Senate

leadership, as the only nationally elected legislator in Congress, he would contribute immeasurably to the needs of the nation and make the office a true stepping-stone to the presidency. While it has the added advantage of keeping him out of the hair of the President, it still enables him to grow in office and to become acquainted with major problems of government.

One of the greatest abuses of the democratic process is the practice of permitting the presidential nominee to name the vice presidential nominee. The Eagleton and Agnew tragedies point up the absolute need to give the people the opportunity of participating in this selection. One proposal which is gathering increasing support within the Democratic National Committee is to make the filing deadline for vice presidential candidates a date prior to the opening of the Convention and the nomination of the President.

With the choice confined to a fixed group, the delegates and the nation can weigh the merits and demerits of the candidates so that the presidential nominee will make his recommendation only after an informed body of opinion has been voiced.

Professor Schlesinger by his proposal does, however, suggest a related constitutional reform which can be made now. Instead of having a special election for President, if he dies or is incapacitated in office, we should provide for a special election for Vice President if that office is vacated. This could be done without any traumatic effect on the Republic, because no interim or caretaker Vice President would be necessary, as would be the case if there were an interim election for President.

To be sure, the nation would have to risk a Vice President of a different party than the President, but if it was the will of the people, who could object? This is particularly so since Professor Schlesinger has destroyed the myth that the Vice President either shares executive power with the President or that he must work closely with him. Should a party changeover also oc-

cur by death of the President thereafter, it would be no more abrupt than when there is a changeover at the time of the quadrennial election.

*Former Governor of Massachusetts;
candidate for Democratic nomination
for Vice President, 1972*

Henry Cabot Lodge

The purpose of the office of Vice President is not, in Professor Schlesinger's words, to develop a "cordial and enduring friendship" with the President. I agree that the Vice President frequently does not have particularly warm relations with the President.

But what, after all, is the purpose of the office? Common sense indicates that the purpose is to have someone *immediately* ready to become President when the President dies and that "someone" should have been elected by all the people. From this point of view the system has worked remarkably well. Witness in the twentieth century: Theodore Roosevelt, Calvin Coolidge, Harry S. Truman, and Lyndon B. Johnson, all of whom became President after the incumbent died. As a group these men were quite on a par with the men who became President without first serving as Vice President.



It is also hard to follow the argument that because a Vice President has no specific official function he must of necessity lead a useless life or, as Professor Schlesinger says: "If he is a first-rate man, his abilities will be wasted, turn sour, and deteriorate." Must this necessarily be true? Is it not possible for an intelligent man to educate himself by

reading, contemplation, and conversations with others? No job actually trains a man to be President. Every man who becomes President must grow into it. But surely a life as Vice President spent in study and contemplation could be at least as good a preparation for the office as any of the other things candidates have done. It would in any case be a novel and a welcome sight.

There are some things which are wrong with our Constitution as regards the presidency. I think particularly of the electoral college system whereby four times in our history the man who received the least popular vote became President. This system urgently calls for modification. But the concept of having a Vice President—someone who has been elected by all the people and who is immediately ready to step in—is not one of the defects of the Constitution. It is one of its useful and practical features.

*Former U.S. Senator, Massachusetts;
former ambassador; Republican
nominee for Vice President, 1960*

From a Former Presidential Candidate:

Alf M. Landon

Of course, the vice presidency does not fit the neat and orderly theories of the political scientist or the logic of the historian. It is completely illogical and disorderly in the constitutional place it occupies. The way it is important has been largely ignored in our national life. It has worked correctly and in wondrous ways.

Look briefly at the record. The Vice Presidents, as a group, have as good a record in the presidency in meeting the problems of the times as the Presidents they succeeded.

Things like that don't just happen. Despite the haphazard way they were named, all the Vice Presidents were experienced, successful politicians skilled in the art of governing people. Like it or not, politicians are the governing class today, as always, and are not modest about their accomplishments. The

influence of the office held shapes their thinking and decisions. To last, they must always be mindful they are the servants of the people and not their masters.

No one knows this better than my good friend, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., who occupies the unique role of a historian and politician of distinction.

Of course, under our party system, the Vice President is not named because of his qualifications for the presidency. He is named in the national conventions of the respective parties either as the way to break a deadlock for the nomination or as the key to winning the election.



For example, Franklin Roosevelt would not have been nominated by the 1932 Democratic National Convention if John Nance Garner had not consented to go on the ticket as Vice President. John F. Kennedy did not need Lyndon B. Johnson as Vice President to win the nomination. He did need him to win the election.

Professor Schlesinger—in his article on the vice presidency—misses the point when he suggests that either the Speaker of the House or a member of the Cabinet be named acting President before the people elect a new President. That can only serve to create confusion in that high office.

I believe that this system would give Congress an inordinate amount of influence on the succession to the presidency and weaken our constitutional separation of the branches of

government. This is a step in the direction of parliamentary government. Do we want that?

The vice presidency is an important job and should be retained.

*Former Governor of Kansas;
Republican nominee for
President, 1936*

From a Senator and a Congressman:

Birch Bayh

Professor Schlesinger has mustered a brilliant array of constitutional and historical arguments to support his call for abolition of the vice presidency. In my judgment, however, he fails to take adequate account of certain *textural* features of the larger constitutional system which governs the nation. Paramount among these is the body of understandings and expectations of the ordinary people—most of whom, fortunately, are neither academicians nor politicians.

For the great majority of the people of this nation, it is entirely suitable that the Vice President should succeed to the presidency whenever a vacancy occurs, no matter how ill-qualified he may be in actuality or in the eyes of pundits. Professor Schlesinger is certainly correct in saying that that was not the expectation at the time of John Tyler's highly questionable succession in 1841. But Tyler's decision occurred only fifty-two years after the new Constitution went into effect. One hundred and thirty-three years and six vice presidential successions have occurred since then, firmly legitimizing the practice in the minds of our people.

It was that reality of public expectation which, in a sense, fixed the terms of our discussions when we drafted and enacted the Twenty-fifth Amendment. Professor Schlesinger calls the amendment "ill-considered." As author and principal sponsor in the Senate, I disagree. Our object was to assure immediate succession to the presidency, if tragedy occurred, by an individual who would be readily accepted by the

nation as a legitimate heir. In addition, we sought to combine, in the choice of a successor Vice President, compatibility with the President (the President shall nominate) and a final decision by the people (confirmation by both Houses of Congress).

I believe we succeeded. And no matter how strongly I personally disagree with some of the policy views of Gerald Ford, there is no doubt in my mind that his appointment is a legitimate product both of the amendment *and of the results of the 1972 election*. At a time when grave doubts have been created about the reliability of our institutions, the Twenty-fifth Amendment worked!

One other point. Professor Schlesinger has less faith than I in the adaptive capacities of the American political system. He sees it as unlikely that better-qualified persons will be chosen as vice presidential candidates, or if they are, that Presidents will give them more serious responsibilities.

In my judgment, however, the really traumatic events in both parties since July, 1972, make it very likely that vice presidential candidates will be chosen with far more care than in the past, and that, once in office, they will be assigned tasks that will not only make them useful public officials but will provide them valuable practical training for the presidency.

In sum, the point of departure for my disagreement with Professor Schlesinger is an essentially conservative one. I believe we ought not perform radical surgery on the Constitution without reasons far more pressing than those he adduces in this article. The nation longs for stability, for a heightened sense of continuity with an understood heritage. Improbable as it may seem, given the very recent history of the vice presidency, that office may now turn out to be just that sort of stabilizing, reassuring force.

*U.S. Senator, [Democrat] Indiana;
chairman, Subcommittee on
Constitutional Amendments,
United States Senate*

Henry B. Gonzalez

Arthur Schlesinger is right—the Founding Fathers and everybody else failed to solve the problem of what to do if the President should die or be disabled. What is worse, each succeeding attempt to establish a presidential succession only compounded the problem. The Twelfth Amendment might have consigned the office of Vice President to oblivion, but the Twenty-fifth could well drive the Republic into chaos.

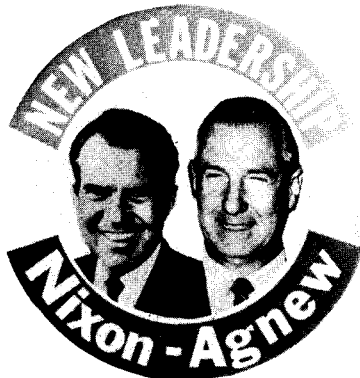
The business of selecting Vice Presidents has become a comedy, as Professor Schlesinger points out, and the Agnew case proved. But the Twenty-fifth Amendment allows a President who has made a horrible choice in the first place to try again, as Mr. Nixon did with Gerald Ford. Now, if the President resigns or is impeached, the mantle would pass on to Mr. Ford, whom nobody, and probably not even himself, ever envisioned as being Vice President, let alone President. Not only that, he could select his own successor, so that we could indeed end up with a President and Vice President, neither of whom had been nominated, let alone elected to his office.

American statesmen have always been effective in dealing with the practical problems of government—the business of setting up devices to achieve given goals, or solve specific problems. The Founding Fathers were practical men, indeed. But they and those who followed them have been less successful in planning for contingencies, in finding ways to master the unknown "what ifs" problem of government, including the business of filling a vacancy in the office of President or dealing with presidential disability.

Like Professor Schlesinger, I believe that the Twenty-fifth Amendment is ill-considered. It simply abolishes the electoral process in filling vacancies for the vice presidency, and establishes unworkable and dangerously unstable machinery for dealing with cases of presidential disability. Just how dangerous this amendment is is readily discernible in recent suggestions that the President declare himself dis-

abled. It is not far from such suggestions to outright plots against the President, which are made possible by application of the Twenty-fifth Amendment processes. I personally feel that the Twenty-fifth Amendment should be repealed altogether, since it does not solve the problem and, as Schlesinger points out, merely compounds it.

Even so, I believe that every nation requires a continuous succession in the office of Head of State. Even though it might solve the problem of frustrated Vice Presidents simply to abolish the office, such action would not provide the country with the continuous succession that the writers of the Constitution evidently deemed desirable. I do agree with Schlesinger that the



Vice President might better be considered a caretaker if he should succeed to the office. A proper solution, therefore, might be simply to provide that in the event the Vice President should succeed to the office of President, he serve only for a period of one year or until the nearest federal election, whichever period is the longer. In this way, the Vice President, upon becoming President, would be seen for what he was probably deemed to be by the Founders, and that is an interim President until he either is elected in his own right, or is succeeded by another duly elected President. I don't think we need to go so far as to abolish the office of Vice President, but we clearly have to decide—and the sooner the better—what the best method is of providing for the presidential succession;

and it is plain that the best beginning would be to repeal the Twenty-fifth Amendment. While we are about that, we could be devising a method of setting up an interim presidency.

*U.S. Representative, Texas;
member, committee appointed
by the House Democratic
Caucus to study the selection of
the Vice President*

And From Other Interested Parties:

Victor Gold

Forgive an unfashionable bias in favor of the institution of the vice presidency. It seems to me to be anything but the "doomed," "meaningless," and "hopeless" institution Arthur Schlesinger describes. To argue that our system of selecting vice presidential nominees could be improved is one thing. But abolish an office which, within our own lifetime, has served its constitutional function so well?

That indeed is the most glaring omission in Schlesinger's selective history of the origin and development of the vice presidency. Legal revisionists may write thousands of words deploring its uselessness. In response, it is necessary only to invoke four names: T. Roosevelt, Coolidge, Truman, and Lyndon Johnson.

These last four Presidents to succeed to the presidency might not, separately or severally, have been my choice (or Professor Schlesinger's) to occupy the Oval Office. But it goes to the heart of the argument to say that each and every one was elected in his own right, following expiration of the presidential term he filled out. Meaning? Only that Schlesinger, in his concern for a responsive system of presidential succession, should examine the vice presidency as it has functioned, not as it is conjectured to function.

To be sure, the office has been maligned over the years. But all such criticism derives from a misconception of what the vice presi-

dency is all about. It is, purely and simply, emergency survival equipment for our democratic process: an institutional life preserver or fire extinguisher. Whether such equipment is decorative or utilitarian when not needed is really beside the point. Whether John Nance Garner found his personal life frustrating, boring, or amusing is irrelevant. The vice presidency was not created as a means to psychological satisfaction or career fulfillment for those who hold it, but for something far more important.

No, it isn't perfect or foolproof. Professor Schlesinger himself sums that up in relating that there was "no great enthusiasm" for it among the Constitution's framers, but on the other hand "no one could think of anything better."

Indeed, they couldn't. Nor has anyone else.

*Assistant to former
Vice President Agnew*

James David Barber

Arthur Schlesinger's "Is the Vice Presidency Necessary?" is brilliant and hopeless—for now. What: in the wake of Watergate, admit that the Founding Fathers too could be mistaken? That even they could suffer a weekend lapse? No, not now. But one of these days, Schlesinger's prophetic political wisdom will find its way to a serious hearing. Our Constitution, then, will find the common sense to correct its loco logic.

Schlesinger understands how the accidents of staggering fortune have saved us from a clearly identifiable vice presidential disaster. Were it not for Harry Truman, Americans might years ago have scuttled this aweless appendage, this Falstaffian backdrop to set off the drama of presidential tragedy.

Fixing the vice presidency by excision may have to wait. Fixing the President is the task of this time. He can be excised only with difficulty, well worth it in the current case. For the future we can reasonably affect, what matters is concentration not on who *might* assume the presidency, but who surely will, once we

make our choice. Have we chosen better for the top than for the stoop?

*Department of Political Science,
Duke University; author, The
Presidential Character: Predicting
Performance in the White House*

Rexford Tugwell

The trouble with Vice Presidents, aside from being chosen for the wrong reasons and being therefore unsuitable, is that they have no constitutional duties. Their only present usefulness is as an instant standby. We might have this and, at the same time, do something remedial about a presidency, swollen to unwieldy proportions, by looking in the other direction—for a modified collegiality.

If it is true that there has been so great an accumulation of powers and duties in the presidency that one person can no longer even approximate competency for all of them, the thing to do is find some way to reestablish that competency. The President might indeed become the Chief Executive and the departments might again have what they have not had for some fifty years, if, instead of abandoning the one vice presidency, two were elected with the President.

They would have to be given constitutional support just as the President is, perhaps one to administer the service agencies and one the more general departments: foreign relations, finance, and security. One might be first and the other second in succession—acting for the current term.

The Schlesinger suggestion does not promise a better arrangement for the presidency; but that office has become the major problem of government for great nations and the United States is the last to maintain a single elective dictator. Eliminating a Vice President will not accomplish the needful reform.

What is suggested here is the structure adopted by great business organizations with a chairman and executive vice presidents, all con-

stituting a collegium. The President's powers would be shared; but his duties would no longer be neglected; and this, it seems to me, is what is needed.

*Former aide to the late President
Roosevelt; former Governor of Puerto
Rico; Fellow, Center for the Study of
Democratic Institutions and co-
author of proposed revisions in the
U.S. Constitution*

Richard E. Neustadt

Arthur Schlesinger's diagnosis seems to me thoroughly persuasive. I could happily join in his call for abolishing the office. As for prescription, it all makes sense to me except for the suggestion that Congress might select the temporary successor pending a special election to fill out the unexpired term. I myself would prefer to see it automatic, with the acting President drawn from the Cabinet in the order of succession with which we were familiar before 1947. Otherwise, Professor Schlesinger's proposals look good to me.

*Dean, John F. Kennedy
School of Government,
Harvard University;
author, Presidential Power*

Thomas B. Adams

Professor Schlesinger is right! It would be more democratic to run a new election as soon as possible if a President disappears. It would also be a lot safer. The apparent security of the present system is an illusion. The probability is high that the man waiting in the wings will not be up to the job. It is difficult indeed to find a first-rate standby willing to accept four years of utter frustration. It is unlikely that such a man will be the real second choice of his party.

In the search for Vice President, a law of opposites operates. The first case of succession illustrates the perilous contradiction. In 1840 the Whigs chose the popular hero Harrison who brought with him the North, the free soilers, the frontier. Paired with him was the slave mas-

ter Tyler to attract the South. Harrison died almost as soon as inaugurated. A violent shift in power occurred. Texas was brought in as a slave state. The abolitionists, enraged, deserted the Whigs and Polk was elected. Had an election been held within six months of Harrison's death, that great compromiser, Henry Clay, would probably have been the choice of the nation. It is an interesting speculation what the history of the United States might have been if there had been a President Clay instead of a President Polk, no Mexican War, no California territory into which to extend slavery. Would the Civil War have been delayed, perhaps avoided altogether?

We have eight case studies of what does happen when a Vice President succeeds. It is a mixed bag. A rundown of all the Vice Presidents who have mercifully remained Vice Presidents is not reassuring.

The Vice President is chosen because he is a nonentity or because he is somehow a foil to the President—dragging along with him, by some usually imagined appeal, a dissident or doubting segment of voters. Moreover, he is almost always the personal nominee of the head of the ticket. He is chosen over the telephone at the end of three or four sleepless days and nights, acclaimed next day by the Praetorian Guard in convention. Strange democracy! He is elected because the head man is elected. Alone, he would likely not carry a single state. The process is carried into the open, where it smells indeed of Decline and Fall, when the President makes direct choice of his successor under the Nixon interpretation of the Twenty-fifth Amendment.

Let us get rid of the office before it sinks us. With electronics and television to help us, we certainly can manage a special election for President. The Constitution was designed for amendment. Only decadent societies cling desperately to methods that practice has proved faulty and common sense rejects.

Boston, Mass.

VERLIE I SAY UNTO YOU

A story by Alice Adams

Every morning of all the years of the thirties, at around seven, Verlie Jones begins her long and laborious walk to the Todds' house, two miles uphill. She works for the Todds—their maid. Her own house, where she lives with her four small children, is a slatted floorless cabin, in a grove of enormous sheltering oaks. It is just down a rutted road from the bending highway, and that steep small road is the first thing she has to climb, starting out early in the morning. Arrived at the highway she stops and sighs, and looks around and then starts out. Walking steadily but not in any hurry, beside the winding white concrete.

First there are fields of broomstraw on either side of the road, stretching back to the woods, thick, clustered dark pines and cedars, trees whose lower limbs are cluttered with underbrush. Then the land gradually rises until on one side there is a steep red clay bank, going up to the woods; on the other side a wide cornfield, rich furrows dotted over in spring with tiny wild flowers, all colors—in the winter dry and rutted, sometimes frosted over, frost as shiny as splintered glass.

Then the creek. Before she comes to the small concrete bridge, she can see the heavier growth at the edge of the fields, green, edging the water. On the creek's steep banks, below the bridge, are huge peeling poplars, ghostly, old. She stands there looking down at the water (the bridge is halfway to the Todds'). The water is thick and swollen, rushing, full of twigs and leaf trash and swirling logs in the spring. Trickling and almost dried out when summer is over, in the early fall.

Past the bridge is the filling station, where they sell loaves of bread and cookies and soap, along with the gas and things for cars. Always there are men sitting around at the station, white men in overalls, dusty and dried out. Sometimes they nod to

Verlie. "Morning, Verlie. Going to be any hot day?"

Occasionally, maybe a couple of times a year, a chain gang will be along there, working on the road. The colored men chained together, in their dirty, wide-striped uniforms, working with their picks. And the thin, mean guard (a white man) with his rifle, watching them. Looking quickly, briefly at Verlie as she passes. She looks everywhere but there, as her heart falls down to her stomach and turns upside down. All kinds of fears grab at her, all together: she is afraid of the guard and of those men (their heavy eyes) and also a chain gang is one of the places where her deserting husband, Horace, might well be, and she never wants to see Horace again. Not anywhere.

After the filling station some houses start. Small box houses, sitting up high on brick stilts. And the other side of the highway red clay roads lead back into the hills, to the woods. To the fields of country with no roads at all, where sometimes Mr. Todd goes to hunt rabbits, and where at other times, in summer, the children, Avery and Devlin Todd, take lunches and stay all day.

From a certain bend in the highway Verlie can see the Todds' house, but she rarely bothers to look anymore. She sighs and shifts her weight before starting up the steep, white, graveled road, and then the road to the right that swings around to the back of the house, to the back door that leads into the kitchen.

There on the back porch she has her own small bathroom, that Mr. Todd put in for her. There is a mirror and some nails to hang her things on, and a flush toilet, ordered from Montgomery Ward, that still works. No washbasin, but she can wash her hands in the kitchen sink.

She hangs up her cardigan sweater in her bathroom and takes an apron off a nail. She goes into the kitchen to start everyone's breakfast.

They all eat separate. First Avery, who likes oatmeal and then soft-boiled eggs; then Mr. Todd (oatmeal and scrambled eggs and bacon and coffee); Devlin (toast and peanut butter and jam); and Mrs. Todd (tea and toast).

Verlie sighs, and puts the water on.

Verlie has always been with the Todds; that is how they put it to their friends. "Verlie has always been with us." Of course, that is not true. Actually she came to them about ten years before, when Avery was a baby. What they meant was that they did not know much about her life before them, and also (a more important meaning) they cannot imagine their life without her. They say, "We couldn't get along without Verlie," but it is unlikely that any of them (except possibly Jessica, with her mournful, exacerbated, and extreme intelligence) realizes the full truth of the remark. And, laughingly, one of them will add, "No one else could put up with us." Another truth, or perhaps only a partial truth: in those days, there and then, most maids put up with a lot, and possibly Verlie suffers no more than most.

She does get more money than most maids, thirteen dollars a week (most get along on ten or eleven). And she gets to go home before dinner, around six (she first leaves the meal all fixed for them), since they—since Mr. Todd likes to have a lot of drinks and then eat late.

Every third Sunday she gets off to go to church.

None of them is stupid enough to say that she is like a member of the family.

Tom Todd, that handsome, guiltily faithless husband, troubled professor (the 10 percent salary cuts of the Depression; his history of abandoned projects—the book on Shelley, the innumerable articles)—Tom was the one who asked Verlie about her name.

"You know, it's like in the Bible. Verlie I say unto you."

Tom felt that he successfully concealed his amusement at that, and later it makes a marvelous story, especially in academic circles, in those days when funny-maid stories are standard social fare. In fact people (white people) are somewhat competitive as to who has heard or known the most comical colored person, comical meaning outrageously-childishly ignorant. Tom's story always goes over well.

In her summer sneakers, shorts, and little shirt, Avery comes into the dining room, a small, dark-haired girl carrying a big book. Since she has

learned to read (her mother taught her, when she was no bigger than a minute) she reads all the time, curled up in big chairs in the living room or in her own room, in the bed. At the breakfast table.

"Good morning, Verlie."

"Morning. How you?"

"Fine, thank you. Going to be hot today?"

"Well, I reckon so."

Avery drinks her orange juice, and then Verlie takes out the glass and brings in her bowl of hot oatmeal. Avery reads the thick book while she eats. Verlie takes out the oatmeal bowl and brings in the soft-boiled eggs and a glass of milk.

"You drink your milk, now hear?"

Verlie is about four times the size of Avery and many more times than that her age. (But Verlie can't read.)

Verlie is an exceptionally handsome woman, big and tall and strong, with big bright eyes and smooth yellow skin over high cheekbones. A wide curving mouth, and strong white teeth.

Once there was a bad time between Avery and Verlie: Avery was playing with some children down the road, and it got to be suppertime. Jessica sent Verlie down to get Avery, who didn't want to come home. "Blah blah blah blah!" she yelled at Verlie—who, unaccountably, turned and walked away.

The next person Avery saw was furious Jessica, arms akimbo. "How are you, how *could* you? Verlie, who's loved you all your life? How could you be so cruel, calling her black?"

"I didn't—I said blah. I never said black. Where is she?"

"Gone home. Very hurt."

Jessica remained stiff and unforgiving (she had problems of her own); but the next morning Avery ran down into the kitchen at the first sound of Verlie. "Verlie, I said blah blah—I didn't say black."

And Verlie smiled, and it was all over. For good.

Tom Todd comes into the dining room, carrying the newspaper. "Good morning, Avery. Morning, Verlie. Well, it doesn't look like a day for getting out our umbrellas, does it now?"

That is the way he talks.

"Avery, please put your book away. Who knows, we might have an absolutely fascinating conversation."

She gives him a small sad smile and closes her book. "Pass the cream?"

"With the greatest of pleasure."

"Thanks."

But despite the intense and often painful complications of his character, Tom's relationship with Verlie is perhaps the simplest in that family. Within their rigidly defined roles they are even fond of each other. Verlie thinks he talks funny, but not much more so than most men—white men.

Alice Adams, whose short stories have won O. Henry Awards in recent years, has completed a second novel which will appear this winter.

He runs around with women (she knows that from his handkerchiefs, the lipstick stains that he couldn't have bothered to hide from her) but not as much as Horace did. He bosses his wife and children but he doesn't hit them. He acts as Verlie expects a man to act, and perhaps a little better.

And from Tom's point of view Verlie behaves like a Negro maid. She is somewhat lazy; she does as little cleaning as she can. She laughs at his jokes. She sometimes sneaks drinks from his liquor closet. He does not, of course, think of Verlie as a woman—a woman in the sense of sexual possibility; in fact he once sincerely (astoundingly) remarked that he could not imagine a sexual impulse toward a colored person.

Devlin comes in next. A small and frightened boy, afraid of Verlie. Once as he stood up in his bath she touched his tiny penis and laughed and said, "This here's going to grow to something nice and big." He was terrified: what would he do with something big, down there?

He mutters good morning to his father and sister and to Verlie.

Then Jessica. Mrs. Todd. "Good morning, everyone. Morning, Verlie. My, doesn't it look like a lovely spring day?"

She sighs, as no one answers.

The end of breakfast. Verlie clears the table, washes up, as those four people separate.

There is a Negro man who also (sometimes) works for the Todds, named Clifton. Yard work: raking leaves in the fall, building a fence around the garbage cans, and then a dog kennel, then a playhouse for the children.

When Verlie saw Clifton the first time he came into the yard (a man who had walked a long way, looking for work), what she thought was: Lord, I never saw no man so beautiful. Her second thought was: he sick.

Clifton is bronze-colored. Reddish. Shining. Not brown like most colored (or yellow, as Verlie is). His eyes are big and brown, but dragged downward with his inside sickness. And his sadness: he is a lonesome man, almost out of luck.

"Whatever do you suppose they talk about?" Tom Todd says to Jessica, who has come into his study to help him with the index of his book, an hour or so after breakfast. They can hear the slow, quiet sounds of Verlie's voice, with Clifton's, from the kitchen.

"Us, maybe?" Jessica makes this light, attempting a joke, but she really wonders if in fact she and Tom are their subject. Her own communication with Verlie is so mystifyingly nonverbal that she sometimes suspects Verlie of secret (and accu-

rate) appraisals, as though Verlie knows her in ways that no one else does, herself included. At other times she thinks that Verlie is just plain stubborn.

From the window come spring breaths of blossom and grasses and leaves. Of spring earth. Aging, plump Jessica deeply sighs.

Tom says, "I very much doubt that, my dear. Incredibly fascinating though we be."

In near total despair Jessica says, "Sometimes I think I just don't have the feeling for an index."

The telephone rings. Tom and Jessica look at each other, and then Verlie's face comes to the study door. "It's for you, Mr. Todd. A long distance."

Clifton has had a bad life; it almost seems cursed. The same sickness one spring down in Mississippi carried off his wife and three poor little children, and after that everything got even worse: every job that he got came apart like a bunch of sticks in his hands. Folks all said that they had no money to pay. He even made deliveries for a bootlegger, knocking on back doors at night, but the man got arrested and sent to jail before Clifton got any money.

He likes working for the Todds, and at the few other jobs around town that Mrs. Todd finds for him. But he doesn't feel good. Sometimes he thinks he has some kind of sickness.

He looks anxiously at Verlie as he says this last, as though he, like Jessica, believes that she can see inside him.

"You nervous," Verlie says. "You be all right, come summertime." But she can't look at him as she says this.

They are standing in the small apple orchard where Verlie's clotheslines are. She has been hanging out the sheets. They billow, shuddering in the lively restive air of early spring.

Clifton suddenly takes hold of her face, and turns it around to his. He presses his mouth and his body to hers, standing there. Something deep inside Verlie heats up and makes her almost melt.

"Verlie!"

It is Avery, suddenly coming up on them, so that they clumsily step apart.

"Verlie, my father wants you." Avery runs away almost before she has stopped speaking.

Clifton asks, "You reckon we ought to tell her not to tell?"

"No, she's not going to tell."

Verlie is right, but it is a scene that Avery thinks about. Of course, she has seen other grown-ups kissing: her father and Irene Macomber or someone after a party. But Verlie and Clifton looked different; for one thing they were more absorbed. It took them a long time to hear her voice.

Tom is desperately questioning Jessica. "How in God's name will I tell her?" he asks.

Verlie's husband, Horace, is dead. He died in a Memphis hospital, after a knife fight, having first told a doctor the name of the people and the town where his wife worked.

"I could tell her," Jessica forces herself to say, and for a few minutes they look at each other, with this suggestion lying between them. But they both know, with some dark and intimate Southern knowledge, that Tom will have to be the one to tell her. And alone: it would not even "do" for Jessica to stay on in the room, although neither of them could have explained these certainties.

Having been clearly (and kindly) told by Tom what has happened in Memphis, Verlie then asks, "You sure? You sure it's Horace, not any other man?"

Why couldn't he have let Jessica tell her, or at least have let her stay in the room? Tom is uncomfortable; it wildly occurs to him to offer Verlie a drink (to offer Verlie a drink?). He mumbles, "Yes, I'm afraid there's no doubt at all." He adds, in his more reasonable, professorial voice, "You see, another man wouldn't have said Verlie Jones, who works for the Todd family, in Hilton."

Incredibly, a smile breaks out on Verlie's face. ("For a minute I actually thought she was going to laugh," Tom later says to Jessica.)

Verlie says, "I reckon that's right. Couldn't be no other man." And then she says, "Lunch about ready now," and she goes back into the kitchen.

Jessica has been hovering in the dining room, pushing at the arrangement of violets and cowslips in a silver bowl. She follows Verlie into the kitchen; she says, "Verlie, I'm terribly sorry. Verlie, wouldn't you like to go on home? Take the afternoon off. I could drive you . . ."

"No'm. No thank you. I'd liefer get on with the ironing."

And so, with a stiff and unreadable face, opaque dark brown eyes, Verlie serves their lunch.

What could they know, what could any of them know about a man like Horace? Had any of them seen her scars? Knife scars and beating scars, and worse things he had done without leaving any scars. All the times he forced her, when he was so hurting and quick, and she was sick or just plain exhausted. The girls she always knew he had. The mean tricks he played on little kids, his kids. The dollars of hers that he stole to get drunk on.

She had always thought Horace was too mean to die, and as she cleans up the lunch dishes and starts to sprinkle the dry sheets for ironing, she still wonders: *is* Horace dead?

She tries to imagine an open casket, full of Horace, dead. His finicky little moustache and his long, strong fingers folded together on his chest. But the casket floats off into the recesses of her mind and what she sees is Horace, alive and terrifying.

A familiar dry smell tells her that she has scorched a sheet, and tears begin to roll slowly down her face.

"When I went into the kitchen to see how she was, she was standing there with tears rolling down her face," Jessica reports to Tom—and then is appalled at what she hears as satisfaction in her own voice.

"I find that hardly surprising," Tom says, with a questioning raise of his eyebrows.

Aware that she has lost his attention, Jessica goes on. (Where *is* he—with whom?) "I just meant, it seems awful to feel a sort of relief when she cries. As though I thought that's what she ought to do. Maybe she didn't really care for Horace. He hasn't been around for years, after all." (As usual she is making things worse: it is apparent that Tom can barely listen.)

She says, "I think I'll take the index cards back to my desk," and she manages not to cry.

Picking up the sheets to take upstairs to the linen closet, Verlie decides that she won't tell Clifton about Horace; dimly she thinks that if she tells anyone, especially Clifton, it won't be true: Horace, alive, will be waiting for her at her house, as almost every night she is afraid that he will be.

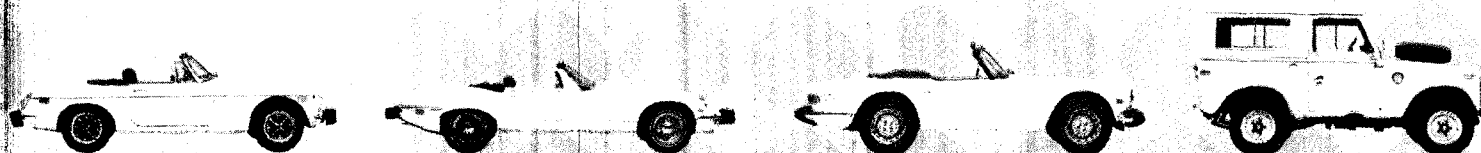
Sitting at her desk, unseeingly Jessica looks out across the deep valley, where the creek winds down toward the sea, to the further hills that are bright green with spring. Despair slowly fills her blood so that it seems heavy in her veins, and thick, and there is a heavy pressure in her head.

And she dreams for a moment, as she has sometimes before, of a friend to whom she could say, "I can't stand anything about my life. My husband either is untrue to me or would like to be—constantly. It comes to the same thing, didn't St. Paul say that? My daughter's eyes are beginning to go cold against me, and my son is terrified of everyone. Of me." But there is no one to whom she could say a word of this; she is known among her friends for dignity and restraint. (Only sometimes her mind explodes, and she breaks out screaming—at Tom, at one of her children, once at Verlie—leaving them all sick and shocked, especially herself sick and shocked, and further apart than ever.)

Now Verlie comes through the room with an armful of fresh, folded sheets, and for an instant, looking at her, Jessica has the thought that Verlie could be that friend, that listener. That Verlie could understand.

She dismisses the impulse almost as quickly as it came.

Lately she has spent a lot of time remembering college, those distant happy years, among friends. Her successes of that time. The two years when she directed the Greek play, on May Day weekend



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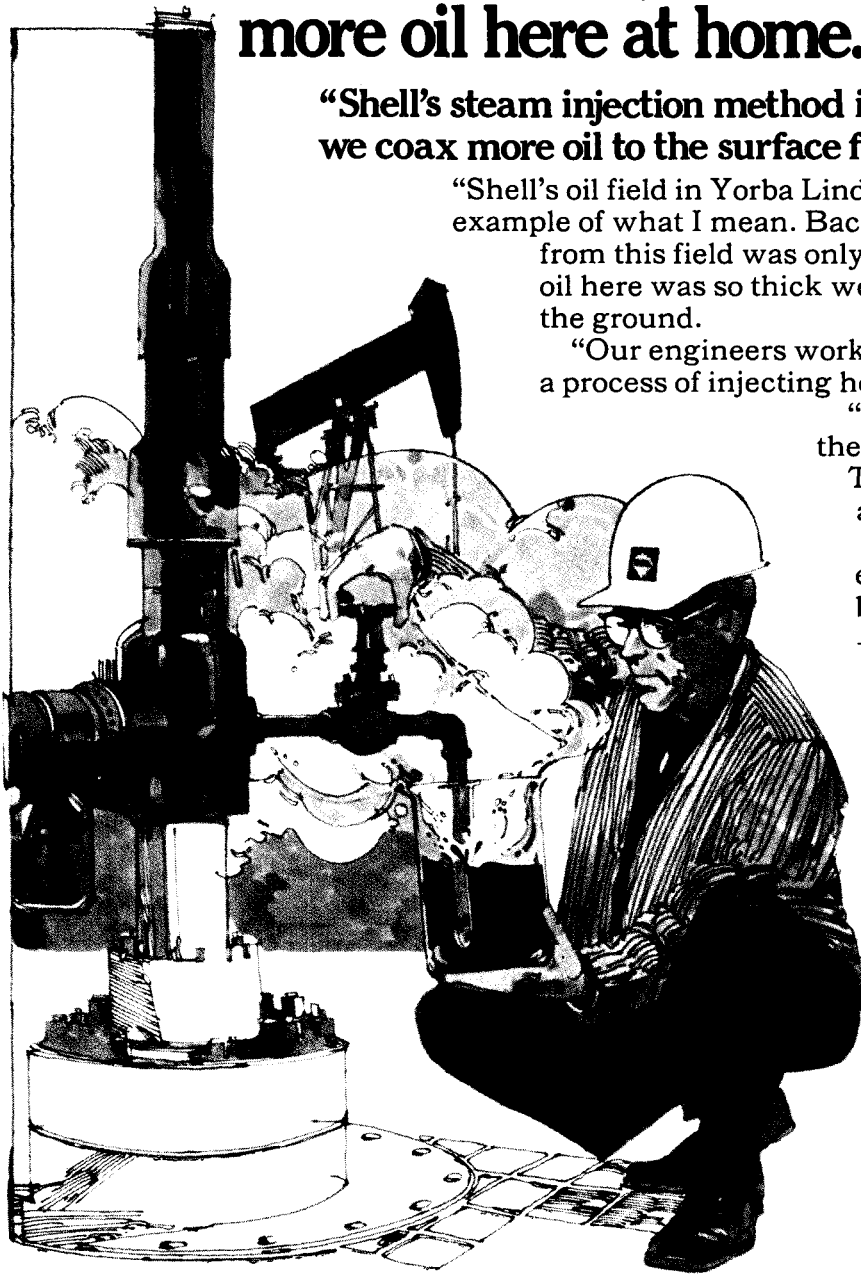
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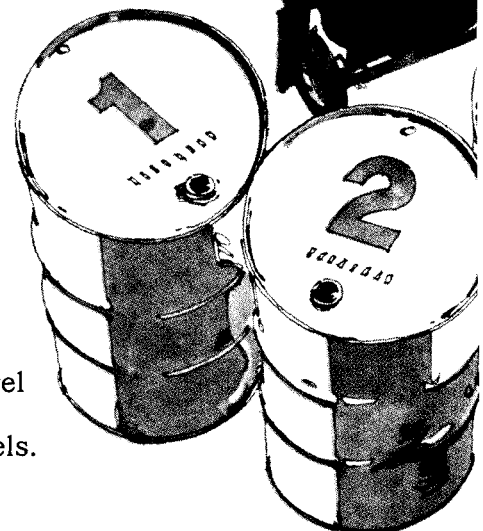
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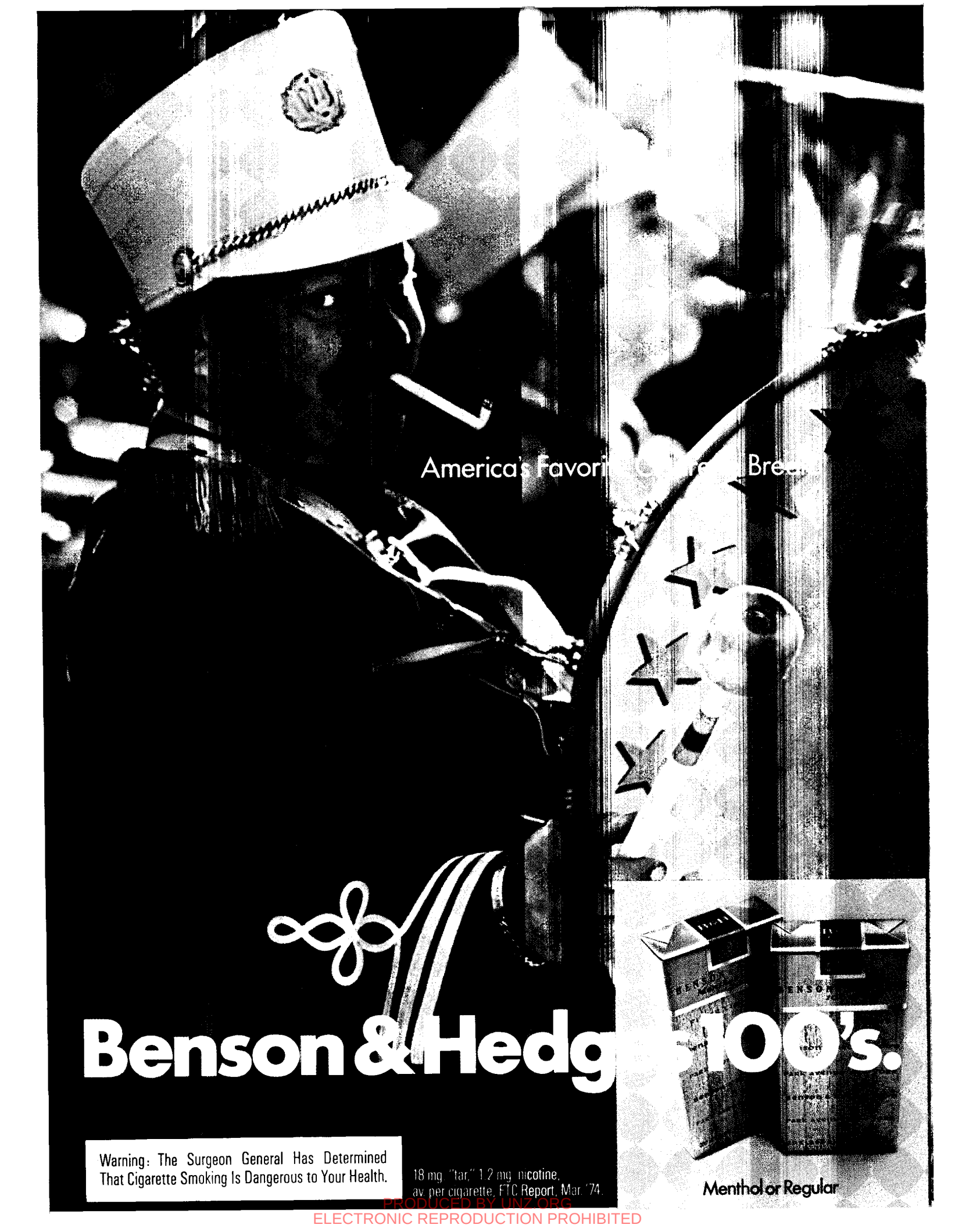
"He did outlandish things you wouldn't dare do in regular driving. And to tell the truth, he coasted a lot.

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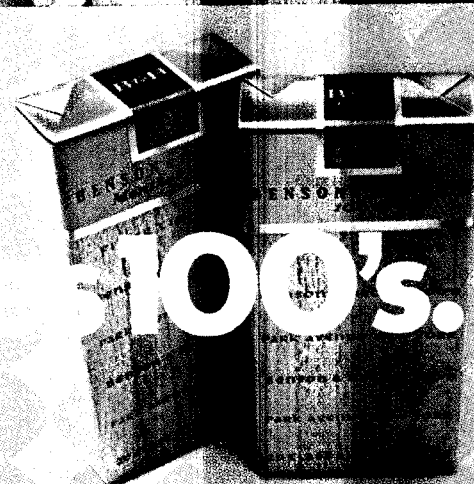


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Menthol or Regular

(really better than being in the May Court). Her senior year, elected president of the secret honor society. (And the springs of wisteria, heavily flowering, scented, lavender and white, the heavy vines everywhere.)

From those college days she still has two friends, to whom she writes, and visits at rarer intervals. Elizabeth, who is visibly happily married to handsome and successful Dabney Stuart (although he is, to Jessica, a shocking racial bigot). And Mary John James, who teaches Latin in a girls' school, in Richmond—who has never married. Neither of them could be her imagined friend (any more than Verlie could).

Not wanting to see Jessica's sad eyes again (the sorrow in that woman's face! the mourning!), Verlie puts the sheets in the linen closet and goes down the back stairs. She is halfway down, walking slow, when she feels a sudden coolness in her blood, as though from a breeze. She stops, she listens to nothing, and then she is flooded with the certain knowledge that Horace is dead, is at that very moment laid away in Memphis (wherever Memphis is). Standing there alone, by the halfway window that looks out to the giant rhododendron, she begins to smile, peacefully and slowly—an interior, pervasive smile.

Then she goes on down the stairs, through the dining room and into the kitchen.

Clifton is there.

Her smile changes; her face becomes brighter and more animated, although she doesn't say anything—not quite trusting herself not to say everything, as she has promised herself.

"You looking perky," Clifton says, by way of a question. He is standing at the sink with a drink of water.

Her smile broadens, and she lies. "Thinking about the social at the church. Just studying if or not I ought to go."

"You do right to go," he says. And then, "You be surprise, you find me there?"

(They have never arranged any meeting before, much less in another place, at night; they have always pretended that they were in the same place in the yard or orchard by accident.)

She laughs. "You never find the way."

He grins at her, his face brighter than any face that she has ever seen. "I be there," he says to her.

A long, hot summer, extending into fall. A hot October, and then there is sudden cold. Splinters of frost on the red clay erosions, in the fields. Ice in the shallow edges of the creek.

For Verlie it has been the happiest summer of her life, but no one of the Todds has remarked on this, nor been consciously aware of unusual feelings, near at hand. They all have preoccupations of their own.

Clifton has been working for the Macomers, friends and neighbors of the Todds, and it is Irene Macomber who telephones to tell Jessica the sad news that he had a kind of seizure (a hemorrhage) and that when they finally got him to the Negro hospital (twelve miles away) it was too late, and he died.

Depressing news, on that dark November day. Jessica supposes that the first thing is to tell Verlie (after all, she and Clifton were friends, and Verlie might know of relatives).

She is not prepared for Verlie's reaction.

A wail—"Aieeeee"—that goes on and on, from Verlie's wide mouth, and her wide, wild eyes. "Aieee—"

Then it stops abruptly, as Verlie claps her hands over her mouth, and bends over and blindly reaches for a chair, her rocker. She pulls herself toward the chair, she falls into it, she bends over double and begins to cough, deep and wrackingly.

Poor, shocked Jessica has no notion what to do. To go over to Verlie and embrace her, to press her own sorrowing face to Verlie's face? To creep shyly and sadly from the room?

This last is what she does—is all, perhaps, that she is able to do.

"You know," says Tom Todd (seriously) to Irene Macomber, in one of their rare lapses from the steady demands of unconsummated love, "I believe those two people had a real affection for each other."

Verlie is sick for a week and more after that, with what is called "misery in the chest" (no one mentions her heart).

Thinking to amuse her children (she is clearly at a loss without Verlie, and she knows this), Jessica takes them for a long walk, on the hard, narrow, white roads that lead up into the hills, the heavy, thick, dark woods of fall, smelling of leaves and earth and woodsmoke. But a melancholy mood settles over them all; it is cold and the children are tired, and Jessica finds that she is thinking of Verlie and Clifton. (Is it possible that they were lovers? She uncomfortably shrugs off this possibility.)

Dark comes early, and there is a raw, red sunset at the black edge of the horizon, as finally they reach home.

Verlie comes back the next day, to everyone's relief. But there is a grayish tinge to the color of her skin that does not go away.

But on that rare spring day months earlier (the day Horace is dead and laid away in Memphis) Verlie walks the miles home with an exceptional lightness of heart, smiling to herself at all the colors of the bright new flowers, and at the smells of spring, the promises. □



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ON FORTUNE'S FRINGE

by Claud Cockburn

The simple story of an American magazine dedicated to the hymning of capitalism which hires a left-wing British journalist to join with a certain Captain exWestchester to expose the Merchants of Death, and of exWestchester's plan to build an undersea tunnel to board the sunken hulk of the *Lusitania*. And other crazy things like that.

“**Q**uestion to be resolved before some disaster befalls: Am I fooling Henry Luce and associates, or vice versa?”

This heads a page of queries, observations, and indiscretions written by myself, apparently about the middle of 1935, on the flyleaf of an old copy of Thackeray's *Barry Lyndon*. The names of Ralph McAllister Ingersoll, Randolph Churchill, Brendan Bracken, and “the Man from Roosevelt” recur; at this distance in time, enigmatically.

Why in that place, on that flyleaf? Explanation: deliberately, I have always resisted all promptings, from within or without, to keep a diary. In a diary you may note important events of the day, matters of general interest, assessments of current situations, summaries of conversations held, thoughts and aphorisms. That diary may be at any moment filched by political or private enemies, agents of this or that governmental authority, or simple blackmailers. Henry “Chips” Channon, American-born British politician and socialite who married the Guinness millions and was a notable political diarist of the thirties, made arrangements to deposit his diaries by installments in a strong room at the British Museum. He said he owed it to posterity. That sounded to me like too much trouble. On this point I was at one with the man who

asked why he should do anything for posterity, considering how little posterity had ever done for him.

Yet the itch to record immediately some thought, impression, or supposed insight can, from time to time, become troublesome. At such times I inscribe such matters on the flyleaf or blank endpapers of whatever book I have in hand. Though an imperfect protection against your local Gestapo, or truly painstaking blackmailer, this is at least not an invitation to those certain parties to move in on you.

Thus on the *Barry Lyndon* flyleaf I find the remark: “American visitors bring colour and action to subfusc, stagnant London.” (And in the thirties subfusc is what it certainly was.) “Consequences often bizarre, sometimes dangerous. Cf: the Man from Roosevelt. Berlin episode. Lucky be alive. And he direct result of Ingersoll incursion. Question: Is it their climate or their history that produces this quality? Which? NB Not universal. Luce by all accounts both bore and boor. Recall on debit side hideous breakfast Grosvenor House hotel when Goldsborough from *Time* talked vicious nonsense at me through snoutfuls of strawberries and cream.” This Laird Goldsborough, a man much prized by Luce, was foreign editor of *Time*. Most serious journalists thought him better described as chief rewriter, distorter, and inventor of foreign news. He admired Mussolini and Hitler. A great deal of his information on world affairs was funneled to him by embittered White Russian émigrés—a fact which was immediately apparent to me as he pushed words past the luscious strawberries. Both the strawberries and his ideas made reasonable converse with him difficult, his manners and his opinions being equally barbarous. “More pleasant think of colourful C C Petroleum Julian whose stimulating personality nearly induced me go Shanghai with him and get shot dockside on landing, as he was.”

Ralph Ingersoll's “incursion” occurred soon after

he had been brought from *The New Yorker* to head *Fortune* magazine. He came to London to find a first British and European correspondent for *Fortune*. He had been driving and striding about London for days before I knew he was there. Not that such knowledge would have made me any the wiser. I rarely saw *Fortune* and had not so much as heard of Ingersoll. Then he telephoned to arrange a meeting, very urgent. In the foyer of the Savoy Hotel, a somewhat smarter rendezvous than today, he explained rapidly the nature of his mission and then disclosed the, to me, astonishing fact that he had now only two candidates on his short list—Randolph Churchill and myself. Choice of myself as first European correspondent of *Fortune* seemed so improbable that I felt bound to spend a couple of minutes cross-examining him to make sure he had not confused me with someone else—he had immediately impressed me as a charmingly impetuous man who might possibly have done just that. He asked why I thought he could have made such a mistake. I referred to my pretty well publicized political views: a man, to put it delicately, of the Left. He shrugged and waved a grand hand in a gesture seeming to indicate astonishment and some resentment that anyone should suppose *Fortune* likely to be affected by any such consideration.

Fortune, he said, simply wanted the best available man for the job. He listed what he considered my qualifications. Now he was going off for a second talk with Randolph Churchill who, at that time, stood flamboyantly about as far to the Right as you could get without being a Fascist, which he was not.

I was so certain that Randolph would get the job that I went over to Paris for a couple of days to gather some explosive material for my little cyclostyled newsletter, *The Week*. I had hardly arrived there when I found, relayed from my London office, two urgent messages from Ingersoll, desiring me to return to London with all speed, not a moment to be lost, meet at the Savoy.

There Ingersoll, swallowing an occasional pill or capsule in the New York manner, explained swiftly that Randolph was out, myself in. The reason was paradoxical. He had been crossed off the list mainly as the result of well-intentioned efforts on his behalf by a powerful friend—Brendan (later Lord) Bracken. This Bracken, who during World War II became the least disastrous of Britain's Ministers of Information, was at that time a relatively young star rising in the City of London.

Claud Cockburn, a British journalist and novelist, lives in Ireland. His book about Britain in the thirties, *The Devil's Decade*, has recently appeared in this country.

With many other interests, he owned, and closely supervised, the daily *Financial News*, then the brightest, best-informed, and possibly most influential medium of financial and business information in Britain. Like all such newcomers discerned in the financial firmament, Bracken was subject to intensely critical and pejorative scrutiny by astronomers of the Elder Establishment. They said he might soon disappear into outer space, or blow up in dusty smithereens. Since none knew whence he came, and his course was erratic, none could predict what might happen to him next.

The word in clubs and drawing rooms was that he was the illegitimate son of Winston Churchill and thus half-brother to Randolph. Data gathered for the most part in Ireland and Australia were supposed to support this supposition. It was my impression at the time that Bracken himself, by calculated indiscretions and brandified lapses of the tongue, was at pains to keep those rumors floating. I used to surmise that he might consider these reports of a more than casual connection between himself and Winston Churchill as likely to enhance his status in some powerful Conservative circles. For, although Churchill was then described as being in the political wilderness, few could safely ignore him.

Bracken had invited Ingersoll to dinner and informed him that were he to appoint Randolph European correspondent of *Fortune*, he, Bracken, would put freely at *Fortune's* disposal all the resources of financial and economic information—and they were considerable—in possession of the *Financial News* and in general afford full cooperation in any enterprise interesting to *Fortune*.

Bracken, who evidently supposed this offer would immediately clinch the deal on Randolph's behalf, had not reckoned with a mind in many ways as devious and conspiratorial as his own. Possibly Ingersoll's shambling gait and well-cut clothes caused Bracken to think of him as he would have thought of an aristocratic but somewhat dumb Englishman. Perhaps he really thought that upper-class Americans must be gentlemanly rather than smart, in the sense of sharp. Nor did he know that the American was, in an elegant way, something of a snob who had heard of and contemned what he regarded as Bracken's vulgar attempts to give himself a social lift by intimations of illegitimacy, and also inclined to set—consciously or subconsciously—a good deal of store by a person's general bearing, his clothes, and the way he wore them.

Whatever his real origins, Bracken's manner remained as brash as though he really had just jumped up from behind the bar of a public house in an Irish bog. He could be stimulating, but he did not inspire immediate trust. I remember remarking to him much later, when he was Minister of Information and I considered he had misled me about something or other, that he was a man of

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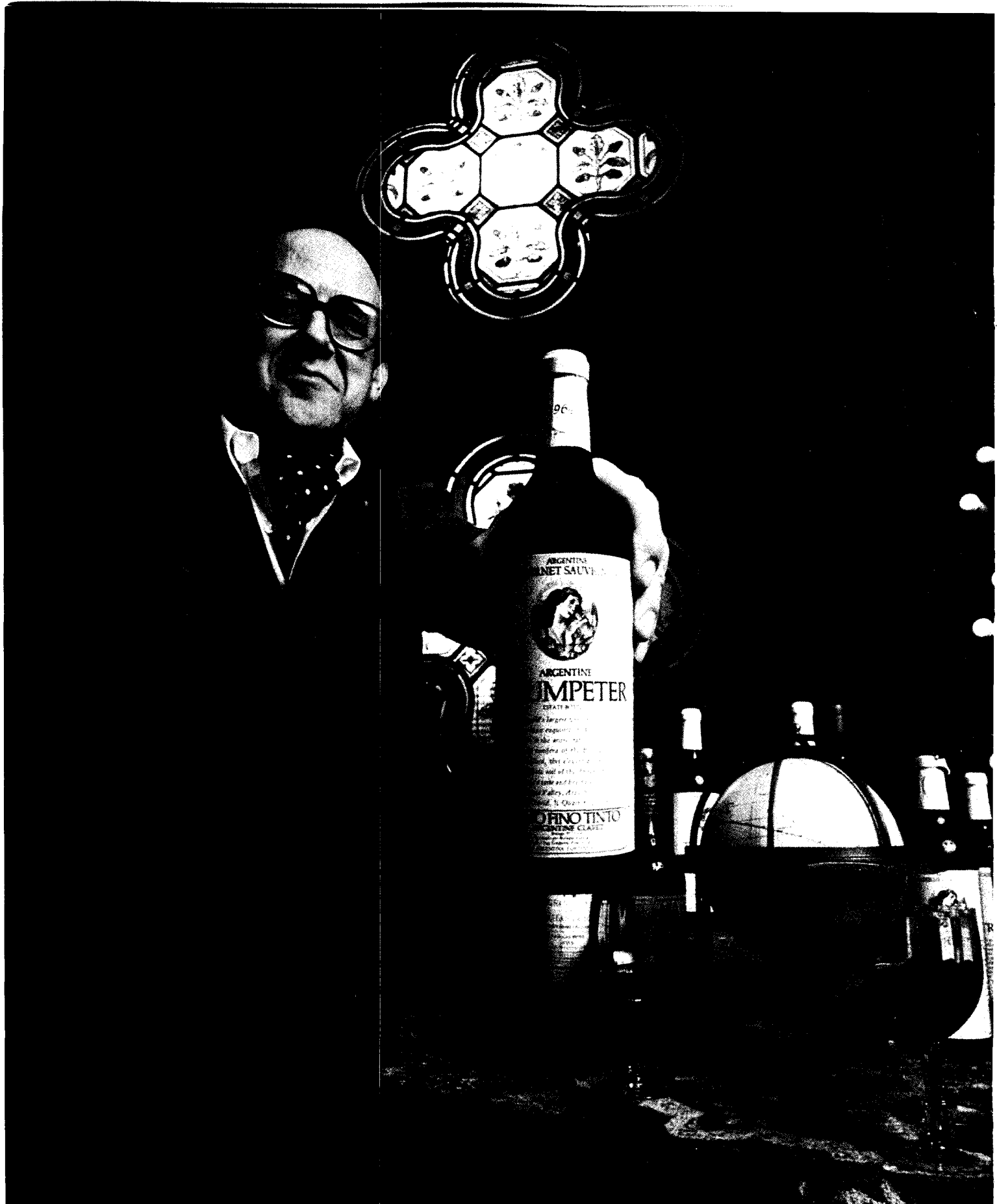
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Michael Dacres Dixon, Wine Importer, Scottish and Newcastle Importers, San Anselmo, California.

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such all-pervading duplicity that even his natural hair had come to resemble a wig.

Ingersoll, giving Bracken several silent black marks, concluded that the offer of cooperation by the *Financial News* could be nothing but an insultingly obvious trick: it was made, he instantly assumed, not out of any half-brotherly love for Randolph but as a device through which Bracken could indirectly and profitably use *Fortune's* prestige to further his own financial wheeling and dealing. As a New Yorker, Ingersoll felt this to be an insult to his financial acumen; as an American he thought he detected the overslick Englishman up to his old wily game of seducing the transatlantic simpleton.

"He seemed," Ingersoll said, "to think he was talking to some sort of hick. Also his tuxedo looked as though he had hired it for the evening."

I said I was sure that was not the case.

Ingersoll said, "No, but his figure and manner made it look that way."

He looked swiftly over his shoulder and scanned the other occupants of the foyer. He said, "The hell of it is there's no scheduled flight that gets us to Brussels before four o'clock this afternoon. I've had to charter a plane. The car's due in a half hour to take us out to the field. How much d'you know about the Haut Katanga, the radium trust?"

I knew quite a lot about the Union Minière du Haut Katanga. Along with the United Fruit Company, Firestone, and several other concerns, it had long been a target for abrasive study by critics of imperialism and colonialism. I spoke, sapiently. "For Christ's sake, lower your voice," Ingersoll muttered. "There's a little fellow on the settee over there trying to listen in on us." Muttering, I proceeded with my survey of the *modus operandi* of the Haut Katanga, Ingersoll interrupting once to say, "Better turn your head a bit. He may be a lip-reader." Our car was announced. As we left, I chanced a stealthy look sideways. The little man on the settee was certainly watching us with attention.

In the car, Ingersoll explained that we were going to Brussels to gather material for a major *Fortune* examination in depth of the operations, and their beneficial or sinister worldwide effects, of the Haut Katanga. The man we had to see was a M. Wels—the man behind it all.

"And our appointment with him is for four o'clock?"

"I made no appointment. It would have given him time to prepare his defenses. It's sometimes best to pounce on such a person unexpectedly."

"I just thought you said something about having to be there by four. I thought that was why you had to charter this plane."

"I had a tip in New York," said Ingersoll, "from a man who knows Belgium well. He told me that

if you want to talk with a really big Belgian businessman you must never arrange to see him before twelve noon, because he'll not be out from under his hangover, and never see him later than four because he'll be drunk again."

At that date, organization of charter flights in Britain and Europe was primitive. Pilots were often men demobilized from the RAF in 1918 and now drinking to pass the time until the next war. Our pilot had evidently found the waiting time especially irksome. Befuddled, he lost the way to Brussels and landed us at Antwerp, where he got into a fight with the landing control officials. Ingersoll saved him from arrest by representing himself convincingly as a high-ranking American diplomat bearing secret dispatches to the U.S. Embassy in Brussels. We landed there at a quarter to four.

"So we have to stay overnight. The man I told you about in New York gave me the address of a very fine restaurant. And a nightclub he said has a good cabaret. Only thing is, you don't have any dinner clothes with you."

"I don't have even a toothbrush."

"There must be places here where you can get all that. Do you have any money?"

"Not enough for a good dinner jacket."

He cashed large traveler's checks in the hotel, and while he went up to unpack I went out seeking a well-fitting dinner jacket, evening trousers, and suitable shoes.

We had a fine evening and were conspicuous by our smart appearance, since the large majority of the Belgian clientele wore business suits. *Fortune's* money had been wasted on my dinner clothes. Ingersoll said, "Not at all. It's good for the prestige of the magazine."

Ingersoll had decided that we should make our pounce on M. Wels of the Haut Katanga at about three. After an early lunch, becoming restless with time on his hands, he decided that it was important for him to call New York. At the time, the transatlantic telephone service was only somewhat more reliable than the air charters. To make such a call was a complex and uncertain enterprise. The impulse to make the call at all had been a mere twitch, and the call itself in the nature of a sedative to calm his New York model nervous system while waiting for the big pounce on Wels. But the longer the delay, the more shrill the apologies and expostulations of the Walloon telephone operators, the more urgent, essential, absolutely vital that call became to Ingersoll. I could see that now he virtually symbolized the New York businessman facing doggedly the challenge of European inefficiency, if not active sabotage. By the time he at last had got through and had a short, quite desultory chat with the man in New York, it was nearly half-past three and we had to dash to the Haut Katanga.

Ingersoll sent in his name, together with a sheaf of powerful letters of introduction and accreditation from *Fortune*-oriented tycoons. The room we waited in seemed designed to impress callers with some spiritual or at least ecclesiastical image of the Haut Katanga. There were no windows to the open air; instead panels of stained glass, in the shape of Gothic church windows, filtered colored light from electric bulbs set between the glass and the wall. The only twentieth-century note was struck by a large electric clock high on the wall above massive metal swing doors.

I had told Ingersoll I did not much believe in his New York friend's four o'clock deadline. Under what circumstances, I argued, would a man who was sober from noon until, say, three-thirty be too drunk to make sense at four? Nevertheless he kept watching that clock with apprehension. It was one of those in which the minute hand moves forward by jumps, a minute at a time. As it jumped to within two minutes of the hour, Ingersoll's anxiety became painful to watch. And then, precisely at four o'clock, there came to us through those swing doors, first softly sonorous, then in a bellowing crescendo, the universally unmistakable sound of drunken men singing a chorus in close harmony.

"It's begun," sighed Ingersoll.

Three minutes later the swing doors swung, buffeted open by three stoutish middle-aged men, arm in arm and singing. We sprang forward in their path, asking which was Wels. "Not us, not us," shouted one of them, with a Falstaffian chuckle, and another interrupted his singing long enough to say, "His secretary. She will come. Pronto, eh?" And they passed on, singing again.

The secretary came, bringing with her Ingersoll's letters. Deeply regretted M. Wels not available. Was in London. Where in London? At the Savoy Hotel.

Within an hour Ingersoll had chartered another plane, of which the pilot was sober enough to find his way direct to London. We dashed to the Savoy Hotel. At the desk Ingersoll, his gloomily resigned tone indicating his expectation that the fellow had just left for Brussels, asked if M. Wels were still at the hotel.

"Certainly. You know him, Mr. Ingersoll?"

"I have introductions to him."

"Ah good. That is M. Wels, sitting by himself over there."

We turned, and saw, sitting just where he had sat the previous afternoon, as though he had not moved since, the little man who had eyed us so narrowly when I had been speaking loudly of the Haut Katanga. My head was spinning with the hustle and urgency, the sheer get-up-and-go-ness of it all. But, his aplomb in perfect order, Ingersoll unhesitatingly greeted M. Wels with, "We've been so much looking forward to meeting you," decanted letters of introduction encrusted with ex-

pensive letterheads, and in a moment we were seated on either side of M. Wels, suavely grilling him on the affairs of the Haut Katanga. I had the impression that he said more than he was accustomed to. It occurred to me that his mind might be rattled as he tried to figure out why this gentleman so eager to see him, and with such credentials, had sat five yards from him for an hour yesterday, left the hotel in a hurry, and only now pounced.

More than ever charmed by what I had seen of the manners and customs of the haughtily impetuous Ingersoll, and by my first experience as a *Fortune* correspondent, I told him I would be happy indeed to work with the magazine. And I was; the only fly in the rich ointment being the fact that nothing I wrote for it ever appeared in print. I found this experience eerie, like a weightless walk in space. I was just reflecting that the people in New York must be finding it eerie too, and be about to sever the connection, when a cable came from Ingersoll saying: "URGE FULLEST COOPERATION MAJOR PROJECT STOP EXPECT CALLER IDENTIFYING HIMSELF AS CAPTAIN EXWESTCHESTER."

After a moment's confusion, I understood that I was being notified that the caller would introduce himself as "the Captain from Westchester County." Considering the way the *Fortune* people spent money, I thought it curious that Ingersoll should find it necessary to save a few cents in cablese. I reflected that the use of it in some way contributed to Ingersoll's sense of urgency, and his desire to communicate it to me.

The Captain's name was, in fact, Captain Railey. And he came not by any means from Westchester County but from Alabama. The project, as I learned a little later, was one very characteristic of the spirit of the thirties, and in particular of the attitudes of men and women of goodwill in the United States as the clouds thickened over Europe. First in Britain, then in the United States, such people had cottoned to the notion that the causes of war are the armament manufacturers, soon to be publicly labeled the Merchants of Death. Expose these fellows, eliminate or rigidly restrain them and their murderous machinations, and peacefulness will have a chance to break out all over. The picture was both satisfactorily sensational and comforting: if that was all that was wrong with our social and economic system, then persons of goodwill could and would take steps to correct it. It was not much noticed that people who make money out of the armament business are, on the whole, sort of pacifists, opposed to war. Actual war is, from their accountants' viewpoint, unpleasantly unpredictable as to duration and outcome. It can end, as in Russia by 1917, in ruinous revolution.

Or, short of that, the patriotic, war-battered taxpayers may go berserk and sequester the bulk of the profits. Far preferable is a continuous imminence of war, demanding huge expenditures on weaponry which will continually become obsolete, and thus calling continually for costly replacement, without being used at all.

Alert to this spirit of the age, *Fortune* had published an exposure entitled "Arms and the Men," unmasking British and European Merchants of Death, with some scanty side-glances at the American area of the business. Widely acclaimed, repeatedly quoted in the Congress, it increased circulation, enhanced prestige, and convinced numerous liberals that *Fortune* was on their side, never mind what *Time* might be up to. Ingersoll, himself a liberal, certainly believed with sincerity in the Merchants of Death thesis. He determined to follow "Arms and the Men"—which was in fact a slightly Bowdlerized rewrite of a pamphlet issued by the British Left Labour organization, the Union of Democratic Control—with a dynamical study in depth of the British and European armament industry which would really blow the roof off.

The assignment was rightly deemed not only difficult but potentially dangerous. Even if the armament manufacturers were not machinating Armageddon, they were more careful of their secrets than even the big drug manufacturers, and as uninhibited in their protection of them as the Mafia. The man chosen to head *Fortune's* investigation—the Captain exWestchester—had in the early 1920s been an officer of U.S. Military Intelligence with the Polish Army, then confronting the Bolsheviks. As a civilian he had operated with switchback results on Wall Street, been PRO of various foundations, and characteristically dropped everything to buy the wreck of the *Lusitania*. He had a patent tunnel through which he was going to board her where she lay—still lies for that matter—off the Old Head of Kinsale, County Cork. He expected to find the vessel heavily armed, and laden with weaponry for Britain. This, as he pointed out, would prove that anti-German passions contributing to America's entry to World War I had been kindled by British trickery. It seemed that the British Admiralty thought the Captain's expectations might be justified. His enterprise was continuously and mysteriously impeded, and he himself was more or less run out of Britain.

Through his able and audacious work for some foundation or other concerned with foreign policy and international peace, he had come to the attention of Franklin Roosevelt. As President, Mr. Roosevelt employed him on various unofficial and delicate missions. He showed me several personal letters of thanks from the President, but would never tell me just what the missions had been. It was the only subject on which I ever knew the Captain to maintain the slightest discretion. Not

long before he undertook his mission for *Fortune*, he had been the center of an uproar in sections of the Republican press: correspondents had spotted him behaving actively on the fringes of some special meeting at Geneva of the Council of the League of Nations. It was surmised, and reported, that he, known to be some kind of undercover man for the President, was there to further some Rooseveltian design surreptitiously to entangle the United States in the affairs of the League.

At first sight, his general aspect suggested to me that he might prove to be something of a bore. An Englishman who looked as primly low-keyed and controlled as did the Captain probably would have justified my fears. But I recalled that when an American presents to you that air of uptight respectability, suggesting that what he does is dress conservatively, get to the office on time, keep a keen eye on costs, drive carefully, vote Republican, and attend some church or other several times annually, he does so because this elaborate façade is necessary to conceal the fact that he does none of these things except under extreme duress, that his thoughts are uninhibited, often nihilistic, and may at any moment be translated into action; that he is, in short, quite dangerous to know.

After the first half hour of our first conversation, the Captain told me he had reached the conclusion that I would be "a good man to go tiger-shooting with." He then tore off his neat business jacket and threw it across the room. So violent was his impulse of liberation that the jacket flew out the open window and was retrieved by a hotel porter who had marked its fall into Park Lane. The Captain loosened his tie, and after we had pledged one another in bumpers of Scotch, marched about the room, eyes flashing, fingers snapping, body vibrant with excitement as he unfolded, and invited me to comment and advise upon, his plans for penetrating and exposing the ugly secrets and menacing operations of Krupp, Vickers, the Comité des Forges, and Skoda. I warmed to this enthusiastic man of goodwill immediately, and reflected that if he seemed just a little bit crazy that was all to the good, since a man would need to be at least half crazy to attempt seriously to carry out our assignment. I recalled that the Captain had already been in trouble with British Intelligence over the *Lusitania*, and his connection with Mr. Roosevelt would, I suggested, cause them to suspect that he was more of a spy for the U.S. Navy or War Departments than an independent journalist.

"They won't do more than deport me," said the Captain. "They might do a good deal more than that to me," I said. "Good God!" said the Captain. "I don't believe Ingersoll thought of that."

He insisted that I take no part in the British area of investigation. "It would be unpleasant for you," he said, "to be accused, though falsely, of spying on your native land. I'll work here. Then

we'll both visit Germany and go to town on those boys."

This suited me well. I had been asked by an international organization for the relief of Nazi victims to go there and arrange for the escape of the children of a leading anti-Nazi; the children were being used as blackmail to enforce his return, or at least his silence. They said the best person would be one with a valid British passport. I said my British passport was valid all right, but useless: my newsletter had already been denounced by Goebbels as the "source of most of the anti-Nazi propaganda in the British press." If I ever got into Germany on that passport, I should certainly never get out.

With disconcertingly Alice-in-Wonderland reasoning, the organizers at their Paris headquarters said they would provide me with another British passport—very well forged. It was indeed otherwise well forged, but the briefest glance at the photograph in it would have shown the most myopic official that it was not a photograph of me. But the matter of the children's rescue was urgent. It occurred to me that in the company of the Captain, who could flash numerous tycoon-type letters to the American Ambassador and other highly placed Americans in Germany, I might be a shade safer than I would be on my own. Through a small indiscretion of the Captain's, a friend of mine heard a rumor that I was planning to enter Germany. He inquired from the British Foreign Office what they could do for me were I caught. "We might," said the Foreign Office official cautiously, "get his sentence reduced from death to life."

As part of his self-protection against what he himself described as "a tendency to chaos," the Captain maintained an elaborate filing system. This involved the use of quarto typing paper in six different colors, including, besides pink, yellow, green, and mauve, a very dark blue and a very light blue. Each "aspect of enquiry," as he put it, was assigned its color, each batch of colored paper being subdivided under appropriate headings, and the whole accommodated in the multiple compartments of a folding file. This file he kept beside his bed at night and—not trusting the hotel safe to be proof against MI5—carried about with him in a valise when he was likely to be away for long. The only thing lacking in this file was any written word. The information he amassed as he burrowed into the British armament industry was scribbled on stray sheets of paper. When it was "collated," he said, he would type it onto sheets of one color or another according to its nature.

We landed at Frankfurt, I skulking in much fear close on the heels of the Captain, who had agreed to talk as big as possible to passport and customs officials in the hope that his aura would somehow envelop me. As it happened, the baggage inspection came before the passport inspection. The Cap-

tain was told to open his bag. The customs official and the supervisory man from the Gestapo who was looking over his shoulder saw the file and extracted it. They both saw the sheets of many colors. They looked at them first with interest, then with intensity. More than one hundred sheets, in six different colors, and all blank.

The Gestapo man pointed, almost stammering as he voiced his deeply suspicious queries about the meaning of this.

The Captain smiled reassuringly. Question of keeping things in order, avoiding chaos. Collation, then transcription. The Gestapo man, having summoned an interpreter and had the Captain say it all over again, now looked at him with hatred. Here, evidently, was a man not only trying to smuggle a hundred sheets covered with invisible writing into the Reich, but having the offensive gall to suppose the frontier officials so stupid as to swallow his absurd explanations. The Captain's passport was immediately seized. In the excitement of the big spy-catch, my grotesquely manufactured passport was stamped with hardly a glance. Nothing had happened to connect me with the Captain and I walked freely to the street. It was more than an hour before the Captain emerged and I unobtrusively joined him. He had at last got them to telephone the U.S. Embassy in Berlin and get himself vouched for. At that, the Gestapo people were still incredulous and mystified as to the inner significance of those multicolored pages.

"You'd think," said the Captain bitterly, "that Germans, supposed to be so damn hot on order, would understand a methodical system like mine."

Our investigations in Germany were hampered by the fact that since I could stay neither with friends for fear of compromising them, nor in hotels because passports had to be surrendered for police examination, I was forced to spend the nights in sleeping-cars: traveling, at great expense of time and money, back and forth across the country, often to cities which I had no other reason to visit. After a few of these itinerant nights we split forces. I did what was necessary to be done about the refugee's children, and—commuting by night between Hamburg and Essen—gained much information from dissidents, subversives on the run, disenchanted liberals, disenchanted Nazis, and not least from blabber-mouthed enthusiasts for the regime.

When we made rendezvous in Berlin, I confessed to the Captain that I thought my information was likely to be of more use to my own newsletter than to *Fortune*. He for his part then gloomily disclosed that from communications he had received from *Fortune* before leaving London he had the impression that "something had happened" to cool the magazine's enthusiasm

for the entire project. He had withheld this news for fear of discouraging me. I said that if Mr. Luce chose to pay me to go about my business in Europe, that was all right with me.

We talked much of the sufferings of Jews, liberal democrats, socialists, and Communists under Hitler's barbaric rule. In a mood of foolish nostalgia I took the Captain, on the night of our departure from Berlin, to a small bar-restaurant frequented by myself and by many of my friends in the last months of the Weimar Republic. The barman had been a retired boxer, of healthily anti-Nazi opinions. I had known him well, and it was with some dismay that, on entering the place with the Captain I saw him still officiating at the bar, mixing drinks for Brownshirts and citizens with big swastikas on the lapels of their business suits. If he had kept his job by changing sides he could be quite a menace.

He made no fatal sign of recognition and addressed me as a stranger. Thinking wishfully, I thought his face twitched in a quick, reassuring wink. At a table near the bar the Captain and I dined, drinking copiously. I had rashly mentioned to him that many of the friends I used to meet here were now dead, in concentration camps or in exile. I had reckoned without the pulsating fervor of that democratic American heart beating behind the toughly respectable façade. As he drank and brooded aloud on the fate of those friends of mine he became first sentimental, then loudly outraged. From deploring their fate, he went on to denounce the regime responsible for it. Brownshirts and men with swastika badges began to stir and stare. I foresaw with grim clarity that in a moment we were going to be beaten up and then handed over to the police as enemies of the regime. The Captain would, no doubt, ultimately be rescued by his Embassy. But nobody was going to rescue me. I bet everything on that seemingly conspiratorial wink from the barman.

I took two steps to the bar, leaned across to him, and said, "Knock that man out. He's creating a disturbance." This time the wink was clear for me, at least, to see: a wink of quick and total comprehension. Quick as a cat he was round the bar, lifted the Captain half out of his seat by his necktie, and gave him a stunning hook to the jaw. Efficiently he supported the unconscious Captain with one gorilla-arm under his shoulders, held him while I signaled a taxi, and helped me get him aboard. A truly tough man, the Captain came to, not precisely before the count of ten, but before the taxi stopped at the Tiergarten station where our bags were already in the left-luggage room. As we drank brandy in the buffet while waiting for the westbound train he patted his valise with the blank papers in it, which I had snatched up as we left the restaurant.

"Wouldn't have lost that for the world," he said

with a satisfaction so complete that I momentarily entertained the lunatic idea that those colored papers really were covered with some form of supremely undetectable secret writing. Safely aboard our sleeping car, bound for the Dutch frontier, I told him what I had done and why. Smiling above his swelling jaw, he leaned forward and patted me on the knee. "You did right," he said. "Didn't I tell you right back there when we met, you were the kind of man I like to have work with me? Now we have to see you get across that frontier."

At the frontier he at once made a tremendous shindy with the customs officer who came down the train inspecting baggage. The Captain, snarling and shouting in English and broken German, waved important-looking letters and claimed diplomatic privilege: declared he was on a personal mission for the President of the United States. Confused and fearful of complications, the customs man, and with him the passport controller, passed on to deal with less prickly customers.

In London, Paris, and Prague, the Captain became increasingly unpopular as he gathered increasingly explosive material. By this time I had found for him an able secretary who seemed really to believe that we might be averting or at least postponing World War II. The Captain began actually to collate the material and type it onto those virgin sheets. But the more material he collected, the more enthusiastically he reported to New York progress in what he had always seen as a crusade for peace, the more uncertain, nervous, ambivalent, and occasionally censorious seemed the tone of communications from the New York end. I became convinced that we were taking another weightless walk.

Oppressed by a sense of frustration, the Captain's temper, never very well under control, detonated more often. He insulted a director of Vickers, and spoke to a big chief at Schneider-Creusot in terms which caused the S-C man to complain to the U.S. Embassy that *Fortune* had sicked on him a raving anarchist. When he decided to leave England, the two detectives who had been following him about for days accompanied him right to the gangway of the boat at Southampton. He went up it, clutching that valise which had once been useless because it contained no information, and was now going to be useless again because it contained too much.

His departure grieved me. Anglicized American friends in London to whom I spoke of him said: "You must realize that he is not a typical American." They said it in the tone of Midwesterners who warn the visitor that "New York is not America." I had lived several years in the United States, traveled all over the Union, and known hundreds of Americans, but never one who would admit that any of the others was in any possible degree a typical American. □

LIFE & LETTERS

THE BERNSTEIN-WOODWARD TAPES

by Ward Just

ALL THE PRESIDENT'S MEN
by Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward
Simon and Schuster, \$8.95

Reporters' books of the how-I-broke-my-big-story variety usually aren't worth buying, particularly if the reader already knows the outlines of the story, in this instance how two reporters for the *Washington Post* broke the Watergate scandals. These books are usually assembled in haste and suffer from the inability of newspapermen to write in paragraphs and chapters rather than phrases and sentences. The material is no longer fresh, so the reporter introduces fragments from his notebook, winsome details cut by the copy desk. Temperamentally the opposite of a *grand rapporteur* like Norman Mailer, the newspaperman is embarrassed and almost furtive in his starring role; reporting is a neutral state of mind at an attitude of distance. Uneasy with mystery and chaos and contemptuous of ambiguity (if it's ambiguous you don't print it), the author-reporter too often makes the worst of both worlds. The new generation of newspapermen is fascinated by Mailer's heroic "I" but cannot mobilize it for the Kansas City milkman, the quintessential average reader whose bottom line comes not from Aquarius but Taurus: accuracy, clarity, and completeness, in about that order.

More: a reporter is not a historian and dare not wait for all the evidence; a newspaper is a daily af-

fair, and events unfold piecemeal. (Mary McCarthy describes Watergate as "this fantastic crime serial.") The vernacular gets in the way of style: sources say, officials charge, committees disclose. A reporter is denied the subtle weapons of poets and novelists; the story must be accessible. And of course he can never be certain of motive: motive is whatever a jury says it is, and beyond that a reporter can only speculate, usually crudely. Lacking poetic license, there's a studied manner about newspaper prose and particularly the prose of investigative journalism. Reporters who enjoy the act of writing usually drift into other fields, becoming war correspondents or feature writers or social historians for magazines. Tom Wolfe wrote a novella-length essay on an evening at Leonard Bernstein's apartment and managed to suggest the corruption of an entire culture. Whole paragraphs were devoted to interior decoration, and velvet curtains acquired a symbolism as rich as the barbed wire surrounding a concentration camp.

By these standards, newspaper reportage is austere. Here's Bernstein and Woodward on a presidential announcement: "His hands did not stop shaking. . . . Bernstein asked some of the regulars if his hands always shook like that. Only recently, they said. . . . When he read the story, [metropolitan editor] Harry Rosenfeld gave Bernstein a good-natured look which said, 'You should know better,' and crossed

out the reference to the President's shaking hands."

One speculates—my God, what Mailer or Wolfe would have done with that scene.

But the answer is, not as well.

This is a reporter's book, and the authors have managed to avoid almost every supposed weakness of the genre. It's a brilliant success, in effect the Bernstein and Woodward tapes, and meant to be read alongside the White House transcripts; it's as if we had access to the diaries of Moby Dick as we read of the last days of Ahab, though that is not an analogy I would care to push too far. Either way.

It's a success on a number of levels, not least among them the level of political thriller. My guess is that no one who has followed the Watergate crimes in any detail will find much new here about the *what*, but as the story unfolds one finds oneself hypnotized by the *how* and *why*—the pursuit itself, the gumshoeing of Woodward and Bernstein, the milieu of the newsroom. This book is the definitive answer to those who are tempted by the fancy footwork of the new journalism. The Watergate case—it has no exact parallel in American journalism—was broken by sheer plodding persistence: eighteen-hour days, endless telephone calls, fruitless late-night visits to minor bureaucrats, some luck (not much), all of it supported by a daring editor and a brave publisher.

This is not the place to discover what Nixon's men are really like, though much can be inferred. There are few turns of phrase to admire (though the dialogue is first-rate), and no Larger Answers to the Larger Questions. This is the story of the banality of corruption, fitted together like a jigsaw puzzle. And of two self-styled punk reporters, who are not dumb:

"The trick was getting inside someone's apartment or house. There, a conversation could be pursued, consciences could be appealed to, the reporters could try to establish themselves as human beings. They always identified themselves immediately as reporters for the *Washington Post*, but the approach that seemed to work best was less than straightforward." It is the approach of the innocent, the puzzled Diogenes who simply wants to *understand*. Thus, the con to a minor bureaucrat at the Committee to Re-Elect the President: "A friend at the committee told us that you were disturbed by some of the things you saw going on there, that you would be a good person to talk to . . . that you were absolutely straight and honest and didn't know quite what to do; we understand the problem—you believe in the President and don't want to do anything that would seem disloyal." Well, sometimes it worked and sometimes it didn't. But to read this account is to understand the sheer mind-bending difficulty of serious investigative reporting, and how hard-won the victory against a White House passionate for secrecy. Reporters have no subpoena power; no citizen is obligated to tell them anything. In the beginning, Bernstein and Woodward had no way of knowing where the story was leading; from the White House there were persistent denials. Everyone lying. Continual worries about being set up. On this level, the book is virtually a primer to the reporter's trade.

On a quite different level, *All the President's Men* is a highly instructive guide to the ethical architecture of Washington, D.C. Who leads and who follows, and why. Who talks and who doesn't, and why. And the context itself, how business is transacted. Washington is a town of nuance and suggestion more than is generally realized. There's a won-

derful passage at the end of the book, a description of Woodward's meeting with David Shapiro, Charles Colson's law partner and personal attorney, Colson himself, and one other lawyer. Woodward asked if it were true, as the *Post* had been told, that Colson sent E. Howard Hunt to search Arthur Bremer's apartment after the attempted assassination of George Wallace. Colson says that he'll swear under oath that it isn't. Shapiro suggests that the *Post* is out to get Colson; Woodward denies it. Shapiro shows Woodward several confidential White House memos from Colson's files. Intrigued, Woodward asks if he can print them. Well, possibly; possibly something could be worked out. The authors continue:

Were they offering a deal? It was not explicitly stated, but the suggestion of a trade was in the air. What would happen if Woodward said there would be no story on the Bremer allegation? Would one of the attorneys say it would then be possible to let him have copies of the memos? Maybe Woodward was listening for it because he was pretty certain that this was the way Colson did business. Woodward wanted to turn off any such suggestion. He said it sounded like something was being offered, but that he *knew* it wasn't.

All three spoke at once. Of course, they wouldn't think of that. They would never do that, it would be an insult to think so or imagine so.

Woodward saw how they operated. If he hadn't been listening for it, he wouldn't have realized that a trade was being offered. That is the way bribes must work, Woodward thought, so that only someone listening for it would hear it.

Yes. I'd say that's exactly right.

In the best traditions of the old journalism, Bernstein and Woodward have chosen to reveal their tale in the third person, a straight narrative on historical principles, dryly rendered. John Mitchell to Bernstein: "All that crap, you're putting it in the paper? It's all been denied. Katie Graham's going to get her tit caught in a big fat wringer if that's published. Good Christ! That's the most sickening thing I ever heard." Executive Editor Ben Bradlee to Bernstein: "Leave every-

(Advertisement)

July Report on

Atlantic Monthly Press books



We are happy to announce to readers of this column a New Department. What's that? Comic books from the Atlantic Monthly Press? Yes. Absolutely. No doubt about it. And classics at that. Ladies and Gentlemen . . . **THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN** by **HERGÉ!**



The figure above is Tintin (pronounced to rhyme with *win* and *grin*) the boy detective, and his ingenious dog Snowy. His most frequent and devoted companion in a series of hair-raising, world-girdling adventures is the rampageous, eternally thirsty Captain Haddock.



Hundreds of other characters, good and evil (yes, Virginia, there *is* a difference), populate the Tintin books. They have sold 38,000,000 copies throughout the world. They have been reviewed, with discerning praise, on the front page of the *London Times Literary Supplement*. Copies of the English and French editions have been imported into this country by the thousands, and children of all ages have taken Tintin as their own. *Children's Digest* has serialized the books for years. Now, for the first time in paperback, the Atlantic Monthly Press brings to the U.S.A. (fanfare)

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LITTLE, BROWN

thing in but 'her tit.' And tell the desk I said it's O.K."

But the most interesting characters are not the Mitchells, Halde-mans, and Ehrlichmans, but the supporting players, Donald Segretti, Hugh Sloan, Charles Colson, and, of course, the mysterious secret source who held a "sensitive position" in the executive branch, the ultimate bureaucrat dubbed Deep Throat. In many ways he's the most fully realized character in the book, this official who agrees to verify facts but not to volunteer them. He speaks in the language of the upper bureaucracy, walking a razor's edge of fine distinctions. But there's a paradox: he's an incurable gossip, fascinated with rumor. A personal friend of Woodward's, Deep Throat is alternately depressed and manic; and he holds the key to the door.

The portions of the book dealing with the operations of the Washington Post are unique in American journalism and for that reason oddly disappointing. Bernstein and Woodward go farther than anyone else has ever gone, but still not far enough, because this book is as much a story about a newspaper as it is about political crimes. The portraits are good enough, particularly of Bradlee (though someone should have told B & W that it was once said of Bradlee, "Give him five hundred pounds of steel wool and he'll knit you a stove") and metropolitan editor Harry Rosenfeld. The book would have been stronger if a chapter had been devoted to the concerns of publisher Katharine Graham, who held the ultimate responsibility. From the beginning, the paper was playing for the highest possible stakes: its reputation and ultimately its survival. I would like to have a description of conversations between Graham and Bradlee as the paper passes step by step the point of no return. However, this is Bernstein and Woodward's book, not Bradlee's or Graham's, and as it stands is the most revealing account of the workings of a newspaper that I have ever read. I can't resist quoting a final passage. Woodward rushes into the office after a meeting with Deep Throat: Haldeman and Dean will resign. Bradlee has had experience with resignation stories, and is nervous

about printing this one. If the *Post* prints it, the White House might be tempted to hold back on the announcement. The witness has become part of the ceremony, and the very act of disclosure might alter the event disclosed. When he worked for *Newsweek*, Bradlee was badly burned when he wrote a cover story saying that J. Edgar Hoover was finally out, and that the search was under way for a successor. Bradlee: "Moyers [Bill D. Moyers, Lyndon Johnson's press secretary] said, 'We've finally got the bastard. Lyndon told me to find his replacement.' So that was the lead, without Moyers' name: 'The search is finally under way for J. Edgar Hoover's successor.' Johnson—the next day, I think—held a press conference at which he appointed Hoover director of the FBI for life. And as he went in before the television cameras, he said to Moyers, 'You call up Ben Bradlee and tell him, 'Fuck you.' Well, for years people said, 'You did it, Bradlee. You did it, you got him appointed for life.'"

A word about the tone. It's a rambunctious account, wonderfully high-spirited with not one (characterization deleted). The authors have managed to keep the book almost entirely free of sourness on the one hand or self-righteousness on the other (there's a single paragraph in which Bernstein is seen worrying about his Great Responsibilities that doesn't seem to me to be exactly right). They're frank to state their biases: Bernstein's an enthusiastic Democrat, Woodward's a registered Republican. Bernstein tends to go off half-cocked, Woodward is so ill at ease at a typewriter that it is said that English is not his native language.

The authors disclose their false starts, mistakes, misjudgments, and misapprehensions. But there are not very many of these. And the high spirits do not conceal for a moment the deadly seriousness of the pursuit, nor does one forget that the subject is treachery of the highest order. An admirable book in every way.

LOOKING FOR A GIRL

by Richard Todd

MY LIFE AS A MAN

by Philip Roth

Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$8.95

There was a time not long ago when the word "bitch" was a common usage in the United States. I may be wrong, but it seems now to be one of those words that is slipping into quaintness before one's eyes. It organized a lot of experience, "bitch." It described what was felt to be an archetypal form of American womanhood. Recall that a decade ago a general theory of American society, subscribed to at several levels of sophistication, held that one thing wrong with our country was its gutless men and its oppressive women. "Momism" was worried over. Our boys were growing up deprived of a traditional sense of male dominance, outlets for masculine aggressiveness were disappearing, women, particularly devious, embittered, *bitchy* women, were having all too much to say

about the tone and substance of our life. During the sixties these ideas began to undergo, let us say, some complication. As late as 1968, though, a book by one of our best novelists could be billed in its paperback edition with the line, "A stunning portrait of the all-American bitch."

The book was Philip Roth's third novel, *When She Was Good*, an account of the life of Lucy Nelson, a girl of the Middle West. It was earnest, unrelievedly grim, grittily realistic to the point of seeming almost an anachronism—Dreiser was invoked by way of comparison. The cover line was, of course, not wholly accurate, but by the end of the book Lucy had become a monstrosity, half-crazed, venomous. And her history suggested a heightened version of the popular conception of what could go wrong in the course of a woman's life. She was the victim of three generations of weak men: a grandfather who indulged

her mother, a shiftless father, and a sentimental, ineffectual husband of vague ambition and little talent.

When She Was Good was in some ways an anomaly among Roth's novels—remote from his natural sources of fiction, from Jewishness and urban and academic experience. But then again, his work has been noted for its variousness. Roth's career has been a dazzling skate across the ice always in advance of the crack. If you can say, as I think you can, that his best novels have been flawed in ways that went largely unrecognized amidst the praise that greeted them, it is also true that he has not settled into the self-parodic habits that afflict so many writers. He has continually shifted mood, setting, persona.

With *Goodbye, Columbus*, he arrived as few novelists do: he walked into the room and all heads turned. He seemed to have, as Irving Howe wrote at the time, "what many writers spend a lifetime searching for—a unique voice, a secure rhythm, a distinctive subject." In retrospect, voice and rhythm seem to have been borrowed too directly from Nick Carraway, and Roth promptly abandoned them, as well as his subject, the newly suburbanized well-to-do Jews of New Jersey. Just three years later, in *Letting Go*, he emerged as a much more mature writer, with abundant energy and an appetite for intensely realistic social detail, though the book was sprawling and unruly. The longest silence in Roth's career occurred before the publication of *When She Was Good*. Then, not long after this disciplined but relentlessly deterministic novel, some short fiction—notably a story called "Whacking Off"—signaled yet another Roth, the outlandish sexual comedian of *Portnoy's Complaint*. Everything since (*Our Gang*, *The Breast*, *The Great American Novel*) has been in the nature of a game, and a disappointment. Now there is an eighth Roth book. *My Life as a Man* is the only one of his novels that might be called retrospective. It returns to a theme that has been visible in much of his work—a fascination with varieties of bitchery, of which Lucy Nelson is only an instance.

My Life as a Man has a curious structure, more complex, more self-

consciously literary than anything else Roth has written. It occurs in three sections. The first two are short stories, which end abortively, recounting episodes in the adolescence and young adulthood of Nathan Zuckerman. Zuckerman is a Portnoy figure: son of a ferociously doting Jewish mother and father, intellectually gifted and obsessed with forbidden sex—an obsession that delivers him to women who in most ways disgust him. In the first story, "Salad Days," Zuckerman lusts successfully after Sharon, the red-headed "Amazon" daughter of Al ("The Zipper King") Shatsky. She is distressingly dumb, socially unsuitable, fails to pronounce the "g" in "length," but she is responsive to Zuckerman's wants. She masturbates with a zucchini, at his request: "The sight of that long green gourd (uncooked, of course) entering into and emerging from her body, the sight of the Zipper King's daughter sitting on the edge of the bathtub with her legs flung apart, wantonly surrendering . . . herself to a vegetable, was as mysterious and compelling a vision as any Zuckerman

had ever seen in his (admittedly) secular life."

Well, this story has its moments, but it doesn't exactly break new ground. Portnoy did it all—if squashes weren't involved, the spirit was the same—and with more energy. As if he felt similar misgivings about his mode of telling Zuckerman's story, Roth abandons "Salad Days" and introduces "a new author," the first-person voice of an older Zuckerman. The second story, "Courting Disaster," relates the obsessive-compulsive and pervasively melancholy events of his twenties. Zuckerman tidily advances his career as an English professor, but destroys his life in an irrational marriage to an older, plain-faced, frigid woman named Lydia Ketterer. He finds her physically repulsive but morally attractive—largely because she has survived a harrowing sexual past that began at age twelve with her father's raping, then tearfully deserting, her. Zuckerman's first encounter with her is filled with loathing: ". . . the vaginal lips appeared withered and discolored in a way that was alarming to me." Lydia

The distinguished editor
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EDWARD WEEKS

looks back to his "green age." "His innocence, ebullience and joie-de-vivre add up to a charming book, one to be savored."*

MY GREEN AGE

"As comfortable as a big leather chair in front of a fire on a cold day."

—Christopher Lehmann-Haupt,
New York Times

Illustrated with photographs.

ATLANTIC-LITTLE, BROWN

**Publishers Weekly*.

Judith Parker

survived her past but doesn't survive her marriage to Zuckerman: she ends her life with a can opener. In the meantime, Zuckerman has driven himself into an ecstasy of furtive longing for the daughter she brought to their marriage from an earlier one. After the suicide, he consummates his love for the sixteen-year-old girl and flees with her to Italy, where he lives in exile and self-contempt.

As perhaps I should have explained sooner, these two stories are offered to us not as the work of Philip Roth but as the products of a fictive figure called Peter Tarnopol. The last and the best section of the book is called "My True Story," and is Tarnopol's "autobiographical" account of a life that is scarcely less ghastly, though more interesting, than the life of his character Zuckerman. Roth's gift for antic despair is on display again in this story, which has moments that are as amusing as the brightest spots in *Portnoy*, and more resonant. Tarnopol's life and work are sacrificed to his marriage to Maureen, a majestically deranged woman. They wed on the occasion of Maureen's lying that she is pregnant. To pass her rabbit test she buys a sample of urine on the street from a genuinely pregnant woman. (Later she decides to have a fake abortion.) She is a fury of paranoia and jealousy, who is ready to send a car plunging off the cliffside because of an imagined insult. Separated from Maureen, who refuses him divorce, Tarnopol spends most of his income on support payments, and on his psychiatrist (gentle Spielvogel, who returns as a treat for students of the oeuvre, from *Portnoy's Complaint*). In the manner of a Roth hero, Tarnopol finds another woman—a WASPY, beautiful heiress named Susan who asks only that he dine on her exquisite cooking and drink from her ample wine cellar. She is also—what else?—frigid and suicidal. But it is Maureen who obsesses Tarnopol. His Zuckerman stories, he explains, are attempts to purge his imagination of her, and their weaknesses are the weaknesses of a driven man. Various other characters comment on the Zuckerman stories, including Spielvogel, who is doing an analytical study of Tarnopol as an example of the artist as nar-

cissist for a professional journal.

Round and round we go, until the complexity threatens to reach Borgesian proportions. Tales within a tale. Levels. The reader may be forgiven, though—that is, I forgive myself—for thinking that the three parts of *My Life as a Man* were not conceived as an organic statement. More likely they were bum starts on novels by "Philip Roth." Parts of the book have been published, in fact, without the "Peter Tarnopol" device; one section even appeared as an essay in the *New York Times*. The structure of the book, on the other hand, is something more than a convenient way of packaging Roth's scraps.

The effect of saying that the various parts of the novel are "drawn from the writings of Peter Tarnopol" is, obviously, to establish more distance between author and work than is conventionally afforded by the creation of a first-person narrator. It is rather like an artist's signing his name to an object of his choice and calling it art; except in this case the artist signs someone else's name and calls it irony. If there is something facile about this, it is nevertheless not without meaning. It expresses a certain discomfort on Roth's part with what he is doing. One way of reading this book, in fact, might be to take it as a lively but inwardly grieving meditation on his limitations as a novelist.

My Life as a Man—at least in its final section—contains, as one has come to expect, some appealing things, in particular two comic scenes of inspired, depraved slapstick. (The occasion for each is a pitched battle between Tarnopol and Maureen. In the first, Tarnopol in the height of his impotent rage can think of nothing to do but put on his wife's clothes. In the second he thinks to strike her and she writhes on the floor: "'Die me,' she babbled deliriously—'die me good, die me long—'")

But for all its high jinks, a certain weariness infects this book. For one thing, Roth for the first time in his career is repeating himself, particularly in the Zuckerman stories. And there is a generalized sense that old jokes are being told. The nice symmetry between Jew and Goy culture—the use of Jewishness as a source of fun but an emblem

of values, WASPNESS as a symbol of desirable debasement—this dynamic begins to seem programmatic and tired. But the crucial issue has to do with women and sex. At one moment, Tarnopol laments:

... in Maureen and Susan I came in contact with two of the more virulent strains of a virus to which only a few women among us are immune. . . . In her own extreme and vivid way, each of these antipathetic originals demonstrated that sense of defenselessness and vulnerability that has come to be a mark of their sex and is often at the core of their relations with men. That I came to be bound to Maureen by *my* helplessness does not mean that either of us ever really stopped envisioning *her* as the helpless victim and myself as the victimizer who had only to desist in his brutishness for everything to be put right and sexual justice to be done. So strong was the myth of male inviolability, of male dominance and potency, not only in Maureen's mind but in mine, that even when I went so far as to dress myself in a woman's clothes and thus concede that as a man I surrendered, even *then* I could never fully assent to the idea that in our household conventional assumptions about the strong and the weak did not adequately describe the situation.

The daylight that Roth places between himself and Tarnopol protects him from responsibility for the full weight of this world view, but it is true nevertheless that the statement defines a pattern in Roth's work: weak male, dominating female. And that pattern is of course every bit as "conventional" as its opposite. It is good for laughs, but the elaborate structure of this book suggests that Roth has something more in mind, as one might guess he would. Has any writer—even Mailer?—devoted more energy than Roth has to the delineation of current sexual mores? Given the breadth of this enterprise, it must be discouraging for him, in the end, to come up with infinite variations on a formula of vaudevillean simplicity.

Peter Tarnopol remarks that his donning his wife's clothes is admission of defeat. But one might take it as a comic gesture of literary longing—what Roth has never done, and what he must yearn to do, is to create on the page a credible,

whole, complex, desirable woman. Consider the museum of grotesques that he has given us instead. The red-headed Amazon of this novel, and the Monkey of *Portnoy's Complaint*, who contorts her body exquisitely for the delight of Alexander Portnoy, but who can't spell "dear." Grim Libby of *Letting Go*, and Lydia Ketterer with her withered genitalia. Mad Maureen, frigid Susan, and man-hating Lucy Nelson.

And then one thinks of Brenda. Remember Brenda, of *Goodbye, Columbus*? Actually, I discover that I don't remember her so well. She was distinguished for her pal-like, *sportif* attitude toward sex, as in the fetching scene when she leaves her doctor, having been fitted for a diaphragm, and says, "I'm wearing it." Several characters are in fact more vividly rendered than Brenda, and the book lives in the socially acute eye of its narrator, Neil Klugman.

In a delicate way, *Goodbye, Columbus* prefigures Roth's attitude toward the women in his fiction. In the first sentence we see a hero gently entrapped: "The first time I saw Brenda she asked me to hold her glasses." In the final paragraph, the affair over, we hear him musing, "What was it that had turned winning into losing, and losing—who knows—into winning?" He was free.

But he had been as close as a Roth hero was to come to loving, and Brenda was as close as Roth would come to fully realizing a woman. She was his first, best girl.

What has followed, of course, has been stunningly entertaining and inventive. But there is a difference between inventiveness and imagination, and the difference describes what has gone wrong with Roth's fiction. Can anyone doubt that for all his success he would trade chapters and bank accounts for a single page of imaginative excursion into the mind and senses of a woman worth knowing?

That he has not done so hardly distinguishes Roth from most other American novelists. The absence of fully dimensional women is, as everybody knows, a classical feature of that American fiction that has been written by men: Leslie Fiedler has explained it all. But the absence is felt with peculiar keenness at the moment, with the voices of contemporary feminism in our ears. However you hear those voices, it is impossible not to respond to the essential accusation they contain, as chilling as a hiss across a marital pillow: *you don't understand the first thing about me*. One way of seeing Philip Roth's career is as a fragment of cultural evidence that the accusation is just.

Jack Haley, Jr., who wrote, produced, and directed the film, grew up in Hollywood (his father played the Tin Man in *The Wizard of Oz*) and has already turned out several television specials about the industry's past ("Hollywood: The Golden Years," "Hollywood: The Fabulous Era," and "Hollywood: The Great Stars"). *That's Entertainment!* pretty much follows the TV formula: it's divided into segments narrated by eleven stars (Frank Sinatra, Liza Minelli, et al) and offers the usual share of show-biz sentimentality and corporate self-congratulation. But no one could mistake it for television. The overture and opening credits (gilt against a posh red curtain) place us firmly in that old, familiar world of MGM gloss, and the material has been assembled on a scale beyond the limits of the box—this is a film that really profits from the stereophonic, big-screen treatment.

MGM made so many of the great movie musicals that at times one wishes *That's Entertainment!* could have left the company wing for a bit and borrowed a few clips elsewhere to give us a definitive history of the form. It's a pity not to have Astaire and Rogers at their peak (*The Barkleys of Broadway*, a reprise, was their only film together for MGM), and the Warner Brothers musicals of the early thirties, with Busby Berkeley shooting girls down waterfalls or wiring them to illuminated violins, are too well known not to be missed. But even given this corporate limitation, *That's Entertainment!* is about as complete a retrospective of the movie musical as we're likely to see. The clips range from *Broadway Melody* of 1929 ("100% All Talking * All Singing * All Dancing!") to *Gigi* of 1958 and they flow off the screen like some lavish catalogue of our popular art.

A few of them are as silly now as they were then (though presumably someone still gets a thrill from seeing June Allyson sing "Thou Swell"), and a few are curiosities of the footnote-to-history variety (Judy Garland's first screen appearance as one of the Gumm Sisters in the musical short *La Fiesta Santa Barbara*), but most of the clips have the freshness and endurance of talent that crosses generational lines. The segments are often cleverly arranged:

MOVIES

ALL SINGING, ALL DANCING

by Joseph Kanon

The nostalgia epidemic may be turning Hollywood's new movies into little more than temperature readings of a national sleeping sickness, but it's been a bonanza for the old ones. Hollywood's past is livelier this year than its present, especially on television, where practically every memorable scene has been clipped from the old movies and placed into one grab-bag documentary or another. Except for National Educational Television's *The Men Who Made the Movies* series, none of these has attempted to say much about their subject, but then they haven't needed to: the clips are so good that it's enough to show them

and let nostalgia take care of the rest. ABC's *The Movies*, shown in two parts, was the most ambitious of the clip offerings and *Wide World of Entertainment* has had Warner Brothers, Paramount, and Twentieth Century-Fox rummaging through their libraries (often as a bait to plug new releases). The best is yet to come. *That's Entertainment!*, a 132-minute celebration of MGM's Golden Anniversary with clips from nearly one hundred MGM musicals, is now being shown in theaters (not on television) and it's just about the most enjoyable anthology film that has ever been put together.

nonmusical performers gamely trying to get through a number (a hilarious Clark Gable "Puttin' on the Ritz" for an even more hilarious Norma Shearer in *Idiot's Delight*); a sequence of Garland-Rooney backyard musical clips that all end with a variant of "We can put on our own show!"; Esther Williams swimming her way from a minor specialty act to something resembling big-production dementia (Busby Berkeley, who designed the spectacular fountain and smoke number in *Million Dollar Mermaid*, says he gets his best ideas soaking in the tub). *That's Entertainment!* doesn't follow a strict chronology and this works for the movie in unexpected ways—without any connection to a real past, the clips float off into a cultural memory bank, available to everyone. They belong to a movie past, a life on film that's part of us all.

This shuffling with time also works for MGM. The implication running through the film is that the studio churned out a constant stream of first-rate musicals but in fact its Golden Age (and it was that) took a long time coming.

MGM stumbled through the thirties with its *Broadway Melody* revues and overstuffed extravaganzas such as *The Great Ziegfeld*; it wasn't until 1939, with *The Wizard of Oz*, that something special began to happen. The associate producer on the picture was a former songwriter named Arthur Freed and he went on to produce virtually all the great MGM musicals that followed. If the function of a producer is to collect talent and put it to work, then Freed is probably the most important impresario in movie history. The artists he brought to MGM make up a Hall of Fame of the movie musical: Vincente Minnelli, Fred Astaire, Gene Kelly, Stanley Donen, Betty Comden and Adolph Green, to name a few. Minnelli's *Meet Me in St. Louis* (1944), achieved a breakthrough to the "integrated" musical and a Golden Age was born. *That's Entertainment!* naturally focuses on this decade between the mid-forties and mid-fifties, and no wonder: *On the Town*, *The Pirate*, *An American in Paris*, *The Band Wagon*, *Singin' in the Rain*, and on and on. Scenes

from these movies are like jewels tumbling off a conveyor belt, the products of the Hollywood factory system at its peak.

The movie musical hasn't always had a good press and it's rarely talked about in *auteur* circles. It's not the "pure cinema" of Hitchcock or the New Wave; it carries the load of obvious theatricality to a realistic medium. Musicals have to work harder to draw us in: a narrative film can carry the most absurd plot with the authority of a thousand photographs, but singing and dancing scenes have gone that step further—we have to enjoy them beyond credibility. Only a handful of movie musicals have managed to work as complete stories—they're a patchy form of art, the parts usually greater than the sum. But by their very nature, musicals demonstrate the collaborative nature of movies as do no other form. The movies in *That's Entertainment!* had to be made by the Hollywood factory: they need the enormous resources of a studio and, even more important, they need the stars. What we watch are not the directors at work (though Minnelli, as always, is a wonder) but the performers. In musicals they work straight to our emotions, their roles mere fabrications we accept to let them get on with the job. In this sense, *That's Entertainment!* may be the ultimate nostalgia film, for we respond to neither the artifacts nor even our memories of the movies, but to the people themselves. It's like seeing old friends. The film is a celebration of their talent, undiluted, and sometimes even more intense than we remembered, because the clip has cut all the padding away. Judy Garland singing "Dear Mr. Gable" ("You Made Me Love You") in *Broadway Melody of 1938*, those wide eyes like emblems of youth. Gene Kelly dancing with Jerry the mouse in *Anchors Aweigh*. And Fred Astaire seemingly everywhere: taking on Kelly in *Ziegfeld Follies*, hoofing with Jack Buchanan in *The Band Wagon*, dancing on the ceiling in *Royal Wedding*, tapping out "Begin the Beguine" with Eleanor Powell with a precision that takes the breath away.

That's Entertainment! was meant to be an anniversary tribute, but since MGM ceased to be a major

SOLZHENITSYN

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The GULAG Archipelago

Translated by Thomas P. Whitney

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studio last year (it now runs the Grand Hotel in Las Vegas and no longer distributes films, though it may still produce a few features), the movie is likely to become the company's memorial too. Midway through the film there is a clip of MGM's Twenty-fifth Anniversary (1949) when "more stars than are in the heavens" assembled for lunch on a gigantic sound stage, and it's a sad, ironic note. The collapse of MGM as an important force in movies gives *That's Entertainment!* the air of a splashy last gesture. And it may be that the musical has disappeared with the studio system MGM symbolized for so long. These clips have all the careless extravagance of an Edwardian menu—we're too far from them today to quibble about the waste; we just marvel at the abundance. When costs started going through the ceiling in the fifties and producers courted the international market (where musicals have been notoriously poor travelers), the musical's days were already numbered. It took another decade to finish it off, with millions sunk into monstrous productions that tried to recapture the commercial success of *West Side Story* and *The Sound of Music*. The studio system was too ossified to provide much more than money, and the movies themselves, bloated versions of Broadway hits that didn't mean anything anymore, just died on the screen and took the studios with them.

With the important exception of *Cabaret*, there hasn't been a first-rate musical on the screen since the mid-fifties. *That's Entertainment!* is the kind of nostalgia film that prompts people to say, "They don't make them like that anymore," but how could they? The trouble with musicals is more than just rising costs—it's the virtual disappearance of the sensibility that created them in the first place. The studios locked themselves into lavish MGM-style thinking even as the popular music that gave the musical its roots moved elsewhere. The movies no longer have Broadway or Tin Pan Alley to draw on and they haven't been able to do much with new popular music (they didn't do much with jazz either—the absence of black performers here suggests a shocking waste). When Donald

O'Connor does his wonderful "Make 'Em Laugh" number in *Singin' in the Rain*, the vaudeville/Broadway tradition that gives the piece its resonance is made to seem light years away.

What remains undiminished is the exuberance and, well, entertainment of these musicals in their heyday. *That's Entertainment!* isn't set up to be a mausoleum or even much of a commentary on the musical form. Like the movies it covers, it just wants to give the audience a good time. In predictable MGM fashion,

it ends with the ballet sequence from *An American in Paris*, but the emotional climax comes earlier, with the clip of Kelly's "Singin' in the Rain," to some the single most treasured number in movie musicals. *That's Entertainment!* may give us moments of uneasiness about feeding off the past and even a few wistful thoughts about the musical as a lost form, but when Kelly taps through puddles and swings around lamp posts they just melt away to some corner we reserve for caviling. We're too busy soaring to care.

THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

by Edward Weeks

BUCKMINSTER FULLER:
At Home in the Universe
by Alden Hatch
Crown, \$7.95

Buckminster Fuller is recognized today as being one of a kind, a visionary, scientist, inventor, and teacher with a magnificent power to persuade. His life, as Mr. Hatch, his friend for sixty years, describes it, falls into the classic pattern of early defeat, persistent struggle, and ultimate triumph. The Fuller family—Margaret was a great-aunt—was one of the New England tribes in which fervent, intellectual pursuits did not preclude a practical regard for cash. But cash in Bucky's youth was running short. He entered Harvard in 1913 wishing to conform and was shocked to discover that the Porcellian Club did not want him. Very depressed at mid-years, he went to New York on a binge that took him to the *Ziegfeld Follies* and to champagne parties, in the course of which he blew his budget for the year. Harvard expelled him for "irresponsible conduct" (it was to readmit him later but again he left without a degree), and in expiation the family found him a job in Canada assembling a textile mill, where he discovered that he liked mechanics and quickly acquired a reputation for being an unconventional repairman.

This was the first flash of his genius and the next came in the First World War when he was put in

command of the crash boats with the Navy flying school at Newport News. The pilots flew without parachutes and when they "ditched," the planes flipped over. Bucky devised a reinforced boom and grappling hook which could right the plane before the pilot drowned. His post-war experience with big business soured him and he withdrew to ponder a better way to serve mankind and his family. In this impoverished interlude his little daughter died, a loss that had bearing on his motive for the first Dymaxion house (1927). There followed the Dymaxion car (1933), and then the incredible domes, vast and small, which have had the greatest use and prestige.

Buckminster Fuller's fantastic originality has made him, among his dedicated admirers, a semi-divine figure. Mr. Hatch has sensibly restored humanity to the cult hero and he has done so amusingly, with affection, intelligence, and respect. He knows, for instance, that although Bucky can hold an audience entranced for ninety minutes as he speaks his mind, his written pages are dense beyond belief.

CHAUTAUQUA:
The Evolution of an Idea
by Theodore Morrison
University of Chicago Press, \$10.00

Any college or periodical that survives for a century has able men to thank. Had the Chautauqua Institu-



BRITISH MAPS of COLONIAL AMERICA

William P. Cumming

This beautiful collection of maps—many published here for the first time—illustrates the great period of English mapmaking in North America, culminating in the brilliant cartography of the Revolutionary War years.

Of particular importance are Earl Percy's maps of the American Revolution, the maps of Sir Francis Bernard who was royal governor of Massachusetts, and the headquarters maps of Lord Jeffrey Amherst.

The accompanying text provides much new information on the historical and political significance of the maps and on individual map-makers and their methods.

The first two sections of the book explore the expanding knowledge of the Southern and Northern British Colonies; the third follows the charting of the coast from simple beginnings to professional accomplishment; the fourth is concerned with the "cartography of conflict," maps relating to the French and Indian War, and the Revolution. A bibliographic essay provides sources of further information on this fascinating subject.

Published for the Herman Dunlap Smith Center for the History of Cartography, the Newberry Library. \$10.95

Illustration: Fragment from *A New Map of the Country of Carolina*, Joel Gascoyne. Courtesy Yale University Library.

The
University of Chicago Press
Chicago 60637

tion, with its lectures and correspondence courses, pursued only its initial aim of improving the quality of teaching in Sunday schools, it would not be with us today. But its founders, John Heyl Vincent, the future Methodist bishop, and the prosperous inventor Lewis Miller, were urged forward by the rising tide of enthusiasm for adult education, especially for women. The modest summer school which they planted under canvas on the shore of Lake Chautauqua in August, 1874, attracted an attendance of twenty-five thousand for its initial fortnight. Vincent had the good sense to rule out revivalists and the flair to invite a former member of his congregation, Ulysses S. Grant, to the second session; and when the President, escorted by a large flotilla, came chuffing up the lake, the Institution's fame spread nationwide. It was Vincent's ingenuity which created, as a visual aid, Palestine Park, a large-scale contour map of the Holy Land, of sand with plaster villages; it was Miller's interest in science which prompted the lectures on physics and biology. The shift in emphasis from the religious to the secular, in music from choir-singing to the symphony, came gradually and with no lessening of dedication.

The spirit of self-improvement, fundamental in the American character, can be overserious, and it is the grace of Mr. Morrison's history that he can equate so fairly the aspiration in Chautauqua with the amusing human behavior. In the opening year, when it rained the dining "hall" leaked and "D.D.'s, LL.D.'s, professors, and plain people held up umbrellas with one hand and tried to cut tough steaks with the other." Ida Tarbell, who as a girl played tag on Palestine Park, recalled that "one rule of our game was that you could not be tagged out if you straddled Jerusalem." Tents were eventually replaced by cottages and guesthouses for the different religious denominations as the attendance rose and zeal was multiplied under the initiative of William Rainey Harper and Bishop Vincent's son, George, who carried the administration up to the First World War. Each is admirably characterized, and in their recruitment of lecturers, their encouragement of Home Reading Circles and of in-

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struction in foreign languages and music, one is reminded of Samuel Eliot Morison's description of Harvard under President Eliot: "We teach everything; you can learn anything."

At the outset Miller paid the deficits, then it was clear sailing, and his daughter's marriage to Thomas A. Edison assured the Institution of two more ardent supporters. The pinch came after the 1933 Assembly, when debts of \$785,000 forced Chautauqua into receivership. Loyalists would not let it die, and with final aid from John D. Rockefeller the slate was cleaned in two years. In the reorganization, the sale of lakeshore plots to summer residents brought new enterprise into the Foundation.

Chautauqua today provides a symphony orchestra, opera, and summer stock, but as Morrison well says, the speakers attract the ten thousand who come and go each week. Six Presidents have followed Grant, T.R. (1905) and FDR (1936) pulling the greatest throngs. Over the years it has been the moral force of such as William James, Jane Addams, Norman Thomas, Karl Menninger, Harry Emerson Fosdick, Eleanor Roosevelt, Norman Cousins, Reinhold Niebuhr, and Ralph Bunche that has given Chautauqua its permanence.

THE GRAND ACQUISITORS
by John L. Hess
Houghton Mifflin, \$5.95

The directors of American art museums have become infatuated with numbers: the annual tally of visitors who pass through their gates and the millions they pay for new acquisitions with which to attract the public. This costly delusion, that the value of a museum is to be measured by the head count, reached a climax in 1970 when New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art and Boston's Museum of Fine Arts, each celebrating its centennial, indulged in wheeling and dealing which resulted in scandals that shocked the art world. In Boston the much-touted portrait by Raphael, slipped illegally through customs, was demanded back by the Italian government, its return being followed by the resignation of the Director; meanwhile the probing of

the New York *Times* exposed the Metropolitan's secret policy of "de-accessioning," selling privately most of its magnificent coin collection and many paintings, a shabby performance grudgingly acknowledged by its Director, Thomas Hoving.

John L. Hess, formerly Paris correspondent for the *Times*, has been the most persistent prober, and his findings form a caustic, lively denunciation of Mr. Hoving, and of the practices which the Metropolitan trustees condoned. The museum was running on an annual deficit of more than a million dollars, but this did not deter the lavish preparations for its centennial, which must be celebrated by a fabulous acquisition. To raise the purchase price for a Euphronios vase, money was withdrawn from endowment and paintings were sold from the Metropolitan's reserve, including fifty canvases of the Adelaide de Groot collection. This latter was the cause of deep resentment, as Miss de Groot in dictating the terms of her bequest had requested the Metropolitan "not to sell any of said works of art," but to give any it did not desire to other museums in New York and Connecticut. Mr. Hess questions if in its private dealings the Metropolitan received anything like the proper amount for its rare coins and its canvases; he questions if the cracked and restored Greek krater was worth the sacrifice, and above all whether a publicly supported, tax-exempt institution should be so high-handed with its endowment.

HENRY AND OTHER HEROES
by Ezra Bowen
Little, Brown, \$6.95

The author dedicates this book to his late mother, Catherine Drinker Bowen, "the gentlest of the ferocious competitors," a tip to the reader that he is writing about his boyhood, his heroes and reproofs, as he grew up under the watchful dominance of the Drinkers of Philadelphia. It is the gay, earthy, refreshing chronicle of one who could be awed and put down, but not for long. In 1933, "after eight years of a defiant and ill-advised marriage," Mrs. Bowen, with Ezra and his older sister, found refuge on the third floor of Grandfather Drinker's

home in Merion. Here she began the writing of her biographies, and here the boy came under the benign influence of Grandfather Drinker, the former president of Lehigh, and was imbued with the distinguished performance of his four uncles, Harry, Jim, Cecil, and Phil, "whose bodies and brains . . . ran on high-octane ambition." He saw his elders in a different light than that in which his mother wrote about them in her *Family Portrait* and he naturally strove to impress them. In the beginning, Ezzy's competitiveness existed partly in his dream of becoming a famous athlete, and partly in his rambunctiousness. "Smoking, eating, fighting and fidgeting are what boys do," he writes of this amusing period, and he was not an easy companion for a woman who needed quiet, until he was curbed by his firm, austere stepfather, T. McKean Downs. His dream came true at Amherst College and aboard the carrier *Midway* (where he nearly lost his life), but it was not until he was working as an office boy for *Time*, lodging in Gramercy Park at the home of his beautiful Aunt Ernesta, that he had the notion of standing up to the Drinkers as a writer.

He is a ferocious skier and his first book was *The Book of American Skiing*; his love for mountains inspired *The High Sierra*. These celebrated sport; now he is writing about the hero-worship and a zest for life which he inherited from his mother. His understanding of her is the heartline of his book. In his maturity he realized that she was just as scared of her older brothers as he had been, and if he said "Kitty" in a gruff voice, she would stop whatever she was doing to "look at me in the smallest, quietest way, because Harry or Jimmy or Cecil or Phil had just barked at her again."

LIFE & LETTERS CONTRIBUTORS

Ward Just, a contributing editor of *The Atlantic*, is the author of *The Congressman Who Loved Flaubert* and, most recently, *Stringer*.

Richard Todd is an associate editor of *The Atlantic*.

Joseph Kanon, Edward Weeks, and Phoebe Adams appear regularly in these pages.

SHORT REVIEWS: BOOKS

by Phoebe Adams

EXECUTIVE PRIVILEGE: A Constitutional Myth by Raoul Berger. Harvard University Press, \$14.95. The title accurately sums up an argument supported by 399 pages of historical evidence and scholarly analysis by the Charles Warren Senior Fellow in American legal history of the Harvard Law School. Dense reading, but important and by no means too technical for a non-lawyer's comprehension.

MY DAYS by R. K. Narayan. Viking, \$8.95. The noted Indian novelist has written a charming partial autobiography, concentrating on his early life. The tone is gentle, humorous, and affectionately nostalgic. The episodes reveal that young Mr. Narayan was, in his diffident fashion, willful to the point of intransigence. Stubbornness may well be the one indispensable qualification for a literary career.

THE RADETSKY MARCH by Joseph Roth. Overlook, \$8.95. There seems to be a Roth revival in prospect, and this novel, at once sympathetic and sardonic, about a witlessly loyal family in the last days of the Hapsburg Empire certainly justifies one. Translation by Eva Tucker based on an earlier translation by Geoffrey Dunlop—which leaves responsibility somewhat adrift.

A POET'S JOURNAL: Days of 1945-1951 by George Seferis. Harvard University Press, \$7.95. While this journal reveals understandable despair at postwar Greek politics, it covers many other matters: literary opinions, the love life of the Seferis cat, vivid descriptions of places, poems sketched out, phrases for reworking, encounters with fishermen and boats, meditations on Cavafy, tinkering projects, memories, visions, and dreams. The poet's interests were unpredictable and his sensibilities were exceptionally acute, which made life uncomfortable for him but has produced a fascinating document. Translated by Athan Anagnostopoulos. Introduction by Walter Kaiser.

SICK AND FULL OF BURNING by Kelly Cherry. Viking, \$8.95. Yet another novel about liberated woman's woes, but this one is mischievously funny, although the troubles it describes are real and even tragic. Ms. Cherry is a deft tightrope walker.

THE DECAY OF THE ANGEL by Yukio Mishima. Knopf, \$6.95. Mishima sent the manuscript of this final novel in The Sea of Fertility series off to his publisher on the morning of his suicide, which may account for a certain impression of downhill hustle in its later pages. Until that point, the book has the narrative drive and psychological sharpness to be expected of this brilliant author. It does not, incidentally, make any sense in isolation from its three predecessors.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF YUKIO MISHIMA by Henry Scott-Stokes. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$10.00. Mr. Scott-Stokes, an English journalist posted to Tokyo, knew Mishima and enjoyed both his company and his work. Like the rest of Mishima's circle, he viewed the author's preoccupation with blood, violence, suicide, and military charades as a harmless eccentricity, about on par with Mishima's regrettable taste in domestic architecture. The actual suicide—reconstructed in pathetic, sickening detail—shook him badly but led him to run down the facts of Mishima's upbringing and early manhood, most of which proved to be quietly appalling. One is surprised, in the end, not that Mishima killed himself, but that he lasted as long as he did. Illustrations.

THE SCHOOLGIRL MURDER CASE by Colin Wilson. Crown, \$5.95. Mr. Wilson has concocted a brisk puzzle, suitably enlivened by the bloody, the perverse, and the bizarre.

LOVE AND EVIL: From a Probation Officer's Casebook by Dan Sakall and Alan Harrington. Little, Brown, \$8.95. Mr. Sakall is Senior Deputy Adult Probation Officer for the Arizona State Superior Court, which means that his personal judgment frequently determines who goes to prison, on what charges, and for how long. It also determines what happens to them when they get out. This is an awesome responsibility

for a conscientious man, and made worse by the kind of people whose fates Mr. Sakall is required to impose. If any common factor can be located in the gaggle of criminal unfortunates roaming through these memoirs, it is a total inability to see beyond the present instant or to think of more than one item at a time. Mr. Sakall, who has himself survived a deplorable upbringing, is inclined to sympathize with his charges. He has also developed strong doubts about the court system designed to control them. The purpose of his book is to urge reconsideration of the system of justice, and with Mr. Harrington's help, he has managed it effectively.

THE ROAD TO MANY A WONDER by David Wagoner. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$7.95. The style is imitation Huck Finn and the subject is the adventures of a couple of teen-age honeymooners goldrushing Pike's Peak with a wheelbarrow. Strictly a matter of the reader's taste whether this is lode or lollypop.

PRIMATE ODYSSEY by Geoffrey H. Bourne. Putnam, \$9.95. Practically everything that anybody could possibly want to know about apes, monkeys, lemurs, and shrews turns up somewhere in this fat book. Illustrations, bibliography, index.

PRIZE STORIES 1974: The O. Henry Awards edited by William Abrahams. Doubleday, \$6.95. A lively and varied collection of good short stories proving that the form is a long way from moribund.

SAKHAROV SPEAKS by Andrei D. Sakharov. Knopf, \$5.95 and \$1.65. As a high-ranking Soviet physicist, Dr. Sakharov displays enormous courage and a formidable capacity for self-sacrifice in objecting publicly to the actions and ethics of his government, in trying to warn the world against that government's possible duplicity, and in appealing to all governments to prefer compromise to thermonuclear suicide. Edited and with a foreword by Harrison E. Salisbury.

WALKING THE BOUNDARIES by Peter Davison. Atheneum, \$6.95. The latest collection of poems by the director of the Atlantic Monthly Press.

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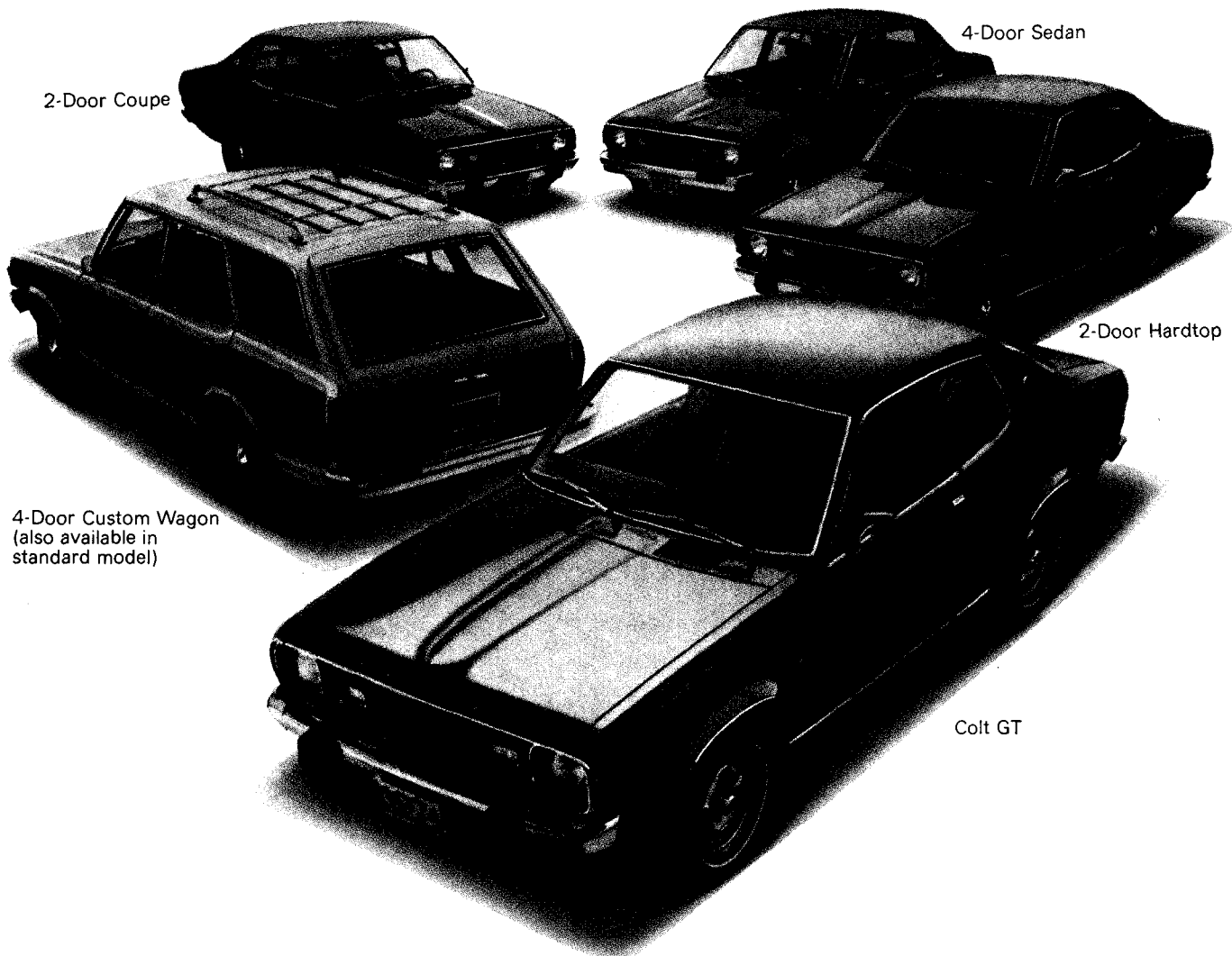
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